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# The American Catholic quarterly review



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THE  
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REVIEW

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Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini  
ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem  
sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. cxxxxviii, AD PASCENT.

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YOGA AND MEDITATION

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the Review not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from *Salutatorian*, July, 1890.)

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## THE CATHOLIC APOLOGIST.

### VIII

#### THE PAPACY

WE HAVE already seen that Christ built upon Peter a Church, One, World-wide, Infallible, Indestructible; the Church known to St. Paul as "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (I. Tim. iii, 15.) It constantly occupies His thoughts, He alludes to it in various parables under the title of His Kingdom, in these parables forestalling many of the objections that would hereafter be raised against it. It is like a grain of mustard seed, small indeed in the beginning but growing to be very great: it is like a net cast into the sea gathering all kinds of fish, bad and good: it is like a householder with an inexhaustible supply of precious things in his treasury: it is like a king who made a marriage for his son to which he invited many and was met by refusal: it is like wise and foolish virgins at a marriage feast: and so forth. To Pilate He expressly speaks of it as the Kingdom of truth. (John xviii., 37.) It is His one true Fold to which eventually all His sheep, all men of good will, must be brought.

From the frequent application of the term "Kingdom" one would be disposed to infer that Christ intended to give His Church a monarchical constitution, and so indeed He did.

There is one Apostle, whom from the very first He singles out conferring upon him a marked pre-eminence. When first this Apostle is brought to Him, He immediately gives him the significant

appellation of the "Rock." The name of this Apostle invariably heads the list whenever in the Gospels the names of the twelve are given. Christ is always closely associated with him; when Jesus transferred His residence from Nazareth to Capharnaum it seems likely that He lodged in Peter's house, at any rate, Christ bids him pay the didrachma "for Me and for thee;" in some way the twain were very closely associated. It is from Peter's boat that Christ teaches the multitude. On this Apostle He states as clearly as words can express that he will build His Church in recognition of Peter's confession of faith in His own divinity, "And Jesus answering, said to him: Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father Who is in Heaven. And I say to thee: that thou art Peter (a rock); and upon this rock will I build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

Now! no sane person multiplies meaningless phrases to perplex his hearers without purpose: much less Incarnate Deity. It is, then, quite certain that by these words Christ meant something and something very great. We may well ask, if He did not intend by them to confer upon St. Peter the primacy in His Church, goodness gracious! what did He mean? Like the wise man in His own parable He built His house on a rock not on the shifting sands of human opinion.

Again, shortly before His Passion, when He knew He was soon to depart out of this world He says to Peter: "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you (plural) that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee (singular) that thy faith fail not: and thou, being once converted (or perhaps better, 'thou in thy turn'), confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii., 31-32). Most decisively Christ makes St. Peter the confirmer of the faith of his brethren. If this is not what we know as "papal infallibility," it is extremely hard to say what is. The house does not give stability to the rock on which it is built, it is the rock which gives stability to the house.

St. Peter falls into the personal sin of denying his Lord. Lest, therefore, the others might think that, on this account, he had forfeited his official prerogatives, Christ, in the presence of them all, once more confirms him in his office of "Supreme Pastor" (John xxi., 15-17), whereby, we know that the official capacity of Christ's duly appointed minister is not dependent upon his personal holiness.

These are the words of Incarnate Deity: and there before our eyes stands the Papacy, a staring, glaring patent fact: the most outstanding fact in the entire history of Europe and the world, the one imperishable throne. Those words have begotten that fact. Now! what are we to say about it? The Papacy is one of two things, either it is a divine institution, or else it is a human accretion, part illusion, part fraud, founded upon a misinterpretation of the words of Jesus Christ. Here again we are up against a dilemma from which there is no escape. Is it conceivable that the most stable throne which ever existed, the greatest, most permanent, most widely extended power the world has ever known, is based upon nothing better than a misinterpretation of the words of Christ? I ask, is it conceivable? The Papacy is the nerve-center, the unifying principle in the Catholic Church, it is the means, and the only means one can think of as possible, by which that miraculous unity of faith is preserved amongst all those far-flung millions. Can this be the result of illusion and fraud? Again I ask, is it conceivable? Yet no other alternative explanation is left to those who deny that the Papacy is a divine institution. A Protestant officer once remarked to me, "If I had to build a Church, I would build it like the Roman Catholic Church." Of course he would, what other way is there of building a Church which is to preserve a revelation and teach it till the end of time?

Furthermore, those who still maintain that the Papacy is nothing but a human error, must perforce admit that Christ uttered words most apt to lead His followers into error, which as a matter of fact did lead them into that error, in which error the greater part of them remain to this day.

But if it is a divine institution, the only alternative left, then all Christians are under moral obligation to submit themselves to that authority ordained by God.

If it be urged that these words were addressed to St. Peter alone and were not intended to apply to his successors, I answer that this objection strikes at the very root of Christianity much more deeply than those who urge it realize; for the most part they are sawing off the branch on which themselves are sitting. The objection, however, is altogether invalid; Christ built His Church to endure for all time: whatsoever, therefore, appertains to the essential constitution of the Church, the Primacy, the Hierarchy, the Sacraments, etc., are by a necessary inference for all time to come also. You cannot separate a thing from what is of its very essence, without destroying the entire fabric. To say that Christ built His Church on Peter only for Peter's life-time is simply absurd: it is like saying that a

man built a house, the foundation of which he subsequently intended to remove. There are undoubtedly many silly people in the world, but Christ was not one of them.

## IX

### COUNTER THEORIES

In this chapter I will briefly pass in review a few of the theories which are put forward to supersede the old Catholic ideal of One, Living, Indestructible, Infallible Church, guardian and interpreter of Christ's revelation to man.

At the outset, I will ask the reader first to call to mind what was said in the chapter on the Nature of Revealed Truth. We saw there that Christ delivered His revelation demanding from men its acceptance, promising eternal life to those who believed and practised it, threatening with eternal damnation those who refused to believe. Obviously, then, there is some body of truth beyond the reach of reason, yet which we are most strictly and sternly called upon to believe; a body of truth sure as God is sure; quite clear-cut and definite; accessible to all, even the most illiterate; easy to find if we will but seek it aright and dispose our souls to receive it.

Now let us glance at some of the theories put forward to replace the ancient Catholic position.

(A) There is the old-fashioned Protestant theory that each one should read the Bible for himself, and, trusting in the guidance of the Holy Ghost, extract therefrom revealed truth.

It will be seen at a glance that this theory bristles with insuperable difficulties. In the first place it altogether excludes the illiterate, who even at the present day must number, I suppose, a good half of the human race. In the nature of the case these must rely upon an interpreter: which is indeed a great concession. These must either choose the Catholic Church claiming, on Christ's authority, to be an infallible guide in matters of revelation; or they must be content with the exposition of one or other of the multifarious sects, not one of which will dare to claim infallibility; with them he cannot feel sure that what he is told is what Christ taught.

Then again, the Holy Scriptures are not in the form of simple catechetical instructions: on the contrary, they are often most deep and difficult. To study them with thoroughness would require as a preliminary equipment the knowledge of at least three dead languages. On the face of it they call for a divinely appointed interpreter.

Finally, the crucial test of experience shows that those who apply

this method, do not arrive at unity of faith, but rather have become a byword of disunion and discord.

(B) Let us now consider the Undenominationalist, Non-sectarian, Broad, Liberal attitude or by whatsoever other name it is known, for we can group them altogether as more or less the same. They hold that there is only one thing really important and that is to lead good, straight, clean lives in accordance with Christian morality; that in every denomination there is a certain residuum of basic dogma common to all, which suffices: that all questions outside this small residuum are to be counted non-essential, and concerning them there must be a mutual, good-humoured give and take. This all sounds very charitable and tolerant, the main objection to it being that it is utter nonsense. It is nothing but a counsel of despair, which many, perceiving the hopeless confusion generated by the individual interpretation of Scripture yet unwilling to submit themselves to Peter and enter into Catholic unity, have adopted as the only expedient left.

Just examine it. My submission to the Christian moral code rests on precisely the same basis as my belief in Christian dogma, namely the Authority of Christ Whom I believe to be God Incarnate. If I did not believe this, why should I submit myself to the Christian moral code? The yoke of an impostor, who, claiming to be God, was not God: who, claiming to change bread and wine into his own body and blood did not change bread and wine into His body and blood: who, claiming to confer upon his ministers the power to remit sin, did not confer upon his ministers any such power. Why on earth should I adopt his moral code? I certainly should do nothing of the kind. Slowly but surely people are beginning to see this. Why not with Nietzsche clear away the "accumulated rubbish" of the centuries?

But for one who believes that Christ is God, as he accepts His ethical teaching as divine, so also he accepts as divine His dogmatic and speculative teaching; when Incarnate Deity says over bread and wine, "this is My Body, this is My Blood: do this in remembrance of Me": when He says "whose sins ye remit they are remitted, whose sins ye retain they are retained"; when He says "thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it": how can the believer in Christ's divinity ignore as meaningless, utterances so solemn. Yet the undenominationalist calls them non-essentials, he would have it that there is no difference worth speaking about between two persons, one of whom affirms and the other denies the same predicate of the same subject

under identical conditions, in matters so solemn, so awful, and so fraught with consequences as these. Heaven above us! what are we coming to as reasonable beings.

Cato was wont to say he wondered how two augurs could meet each other without smiling: I am disposed to wonder how two non-sectarians can do so.

Moreover, in perusing the epistles of the New Testament there is nothing that more forcibly strikes us than their rigid intolerance of false doctrine. The latitudinarian may not like it and might wish it were otherwise; but he may just as well face manfully the facts of the case and acknowledge what is so patently evident, that the Apostles knew nothing of adjustment and compromise.

(C) The last theory with which I will deal is that of the high Anglican. He admits the necessity of a teaching Church guardian and exponent of revealed truth. This is a step in the right direction. But he goes on to say that owing to schisms (who was right and who wrong apparently does not matter very much) the Church remains now in a state of paralysis and cannot any more decide matters of controversy. To know the true faith, therefore, we must search into the records of what he calls the undivided Church. This does not appear to be any easier than the method of searching out the faith by an individual appeal to Holy Scripture: and it produces much the same pleasing variety of conclusions.

Then again, how far back are we to go to find the Anglican's undivided Church? Who should be included in it, and who not? These are questions extremely hard to answer; whenever the Anglican attempts to do so he immediately finds himself involved in an inextricable tangle. Wisely enough, therefore, he usually leaves the question in its present nebulous condition. Furthermore, it does not take into account that Christ did not say, "Going teach all nations and behold I am with you up to the end of the fourth or fifth century," but He said, "Going teach all nations and behold I am with you to the consummation of the world."

The fact of the matter is that all these and such-like are engaged in the absolutely illegitimate logical operation of what we may call, for want of a better name, "faking the middle term."

The Baptist says:

The true Church of Christ consists of those who reject infant baptism. But, etc. Therefore, etc.

The Presbyterian says:

The true Church of Christ consists of those who are ruled by presbyters instead of bishops. But, etc. Therefore, etc.

• \*

The undenominationalist says:

The true Church of Christ consists of those who lead good lives and do not worry about dogma. But, etc. Therefore, etc.

The high Anglican says:

The true Church of Christ consists of all who have valid orders and sacraments and maintain the doctrine of the Church of the first few centuries. But, etc. Therefore, etc.

And so on with them all.

Give me leave to make my own term of comparison or middle term and I will prove anything you like. Why should not I found a sect of the Feet-Washers, whose principal religious exercise would consist in this agreeable occupation? I could make my middle term "those who wash one another's feet" and argue thus:

The true Church of Christ consists of those who wash one another's feet. But, etc. Therefore, etc.

My sect would certainly have far better warranty of Holy Scripture than many others.

You can no more fabricate a middle term than you can create a universe, you have got to accept what is given you by nature or revelation as the case may be.

The short cut, therefore, to the confutation of all these theories is simply to apply to them the term of comparison laid down by Jesus Christ. It is this: (a) My Church, i. e., having none other than Christ Himself as its founder, (b) built on Peter, (c) Catholic or world-wide, (d) visibly One, (e) infallible, (f) indestructible. Will any of these be found to agree with Christ's middle term? Not one of them. The only Church which does agree with it in every point is the Catholic and Roman Church; this, then, is the True Church of Jesus Christ, guardian and exponent of His revelation.

## X

### CURRENT OBJECTIONS

I shall now touch upon a few current objections urged against the Catholic position. They have been so often refuted before that it seems scarcely worth while to waste time and space over them. For the most part I shall content myself with pointing out the logical fallacy which they contain, since this will not be altogether wanting in novelty.

At the outset I will call attention to the fact that almost all the current objections put forward against the Catholic argument are side-issues, the main position remains not only impregnable, but

practically unassailed. Our adversaries rarely, if ever, venture on a frontal attack.

We will begin with an objection of some subtlety. The Church guards revelation from error by formulating dogmatic definitions on articles of faith. It is argued that human language cannot express divine mysteries, and so these definitions are worthless.

The argument would run thus:

Human language cannot express divine mysteries.

The dogmas of the Church are couched in human language.

The dogmas of the Church cannot express the divine mysteries they profess to express.

This argument at first sight looks formidable; the mind is more subtle than its instrument, language; yet the mind cannot grasp divine mysteries; much less then can language express them.

If, however, we examine it more closely we shall see that the fallacy is to be found in an ambiguity in the major term. "To express" has two meanings, i. e., "to express adequately" and "to express accurately." Granted that language cannot express adequately divine mysteries, but neither can it adequately express the simplest thing in nature. The chemical formula  $H_2O$  does not adequately express what water is: but it expresses it quite accurately, and if you depart from that formula you are inaccurate about the composition of water. In the same way a dogmatic definition though necessarily inadequate, can yet quite accurately express a divine mystery, so that anyone who departs from it errs from the faith. These definitions are accurate but not adequate expressions of divine things.

I will here give some examples of objections involving the fallacy of the ambiguous middle term, for example:

To worship any but God is idolatry.

Catholics worship the Virgin Mary.

Catholics are guilty of idolatry.

"Worship" is ambiguous: it may mean "divine worship" which is due to God alone, or it may mean that "inferior worship" or "giving honour" which everyone accords to those who are eminent in rank, genius, or sanctity.

With this we may class the objections raised against the veneration of relics and images. Nothing could be more in accordance with the dictates of our human nature than these practices. We all reverence mementoes and pictures of those we hold dear: nor does the first commandment do more than forbid the making of images for the purpose of idolatrous worship, for if it were taken according to the rigour of the letter, all painting, photography, etc., would be unlawful: yet God Himself expressly ordered the making of images

for the tabernacle and the temple. The whole objection rests on nothing but the fallacy of an ambiguous term.

Again the objection: that Jesus Christ is the One Mediator, but that Catholics in praying to the Saints introduce other mediators, is founded on the same fallacy. The term "Mediator" is ambiguous, it may mean "Mediator of redemption" Who is only Christ, or it may mean "mediator of intercession" which we all are whenever we say the Lord's prayer.

Very similar to this is the fallacy of the undistributed middle term. In this case also though you seem to have only one term of comparison, you have in reality two. For example:

To prohibit freedom of opinion cramps the human intelligence.

The Church prohibits freedom of opinion.

The Church cramps the human intelligence.

Here we have seemingly one middle term, but in reality two, i. e., the prohibition of freedom of opinion in matters open to discussion, and the prohibition of freedom of opinion in matters closed to discussion.

Once God has revealed a truth it is as much closed to discussion as that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. To accept truth revealed by God does not cramp the intelligence, but expands it.

Somewhat analogous to this is the fallacy of the illicit process of the Major or Minor term: that is to say when the Major or Minor term is distributed in the conclusion over everything it stands for, but is not so distributed in the premisses. For example:

All doctrines contained in Holy Scripture are doctrines revealed by God.

Some Catholic doctrines are not contained in Holy Scripture.

Some Catholic doctrines are not revealed by God.

This does not follow, for there is an illicit process of the Major term. There may be doctrines revealed by God which are not at any rate explicitly contained in Holy Scripture. St. Paul expressly tells the Thessalonians (II Thess. ii., 14) to "hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by Epistle."

Or again:

To visit the fatherless and widows is true religion.

Enclosed Orders do not visit the fatherless and widows.

Enclosed Orders have not true religion.

One might just as well argue:

All soldiers are human beings.

All civilians are not soldiers.

All civilians are not human beings.

The fallacy is precisely the same; in both cases there has been an illicit process of the Major term. Another anti-Catholic objection arises from the low moral tone of some Catholic countries. The argument may, of course, be easily returned, for so is the moral tone of some Protestant countries very low. It is better, however, to leave that alone, for two blacks will not make a white. It will be found more convincing to point out that your opponent is guilty of the logical fallacy known as the "fallacy of the Cause." We can only judge of a religion by the principles it inculcates, not by the conduct of those who disregard its teaching. Not the Catholic religion, but its neglect, is the cause of all these disorders.

Similar is the argument drawn from the material progress of some non-Catholic countries, and the backwardness of some Catholic countries. Many causes besides religion contribute to material progress, nor did Christ ever allude to it as a distinguishing mark of His true followers, but rather the reverse.

Another kind of fallacy known as the "ignorance of the question," consists in supposing a contradiction where none exists: for example:

The use of Ceremonies in worship is not commanded in the Gospels.

Catholics make use of Ceremonies in worship.

Catholics depart from the simplicity of the gospel.

The argument is altogether inconclusive, because a thing is not expressly commanded, does it therefore follow that it is forbidden? Not at all. Christ's saying, "You shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth," neither commands nor forbids ceremonies. We do, however, find them expressly commanded in the worship of the Temple. They are prophesied by Malachi in the worship of the New Testament, and they figure largely in the gorgeous visions of the Apocalypse.

Then again, watch the scope of an argument: the premisses can only generate the conclusion contained in them; they cannot do more. For example, those scurrilous stories that are sometimes passed around about walled-up nuns and convents full of babies' skeletons and such-like rubbish. These things, by the way, are always located in Mexico or Paraguay or somewhere sufficiently remote to render verification extremely difficult. But supposing they were really true, what would it prove? Would it prove that the Catholic Church was not the true Church of Christ? Nothing of the kind; it would only prove that there are tares among the wheat, that the net gathers of both kinds, bad and good. It would not prove less, it would not prove more.

Then there are those who object to confession, although when

Christ instituted the Sacrament of Penance, He could not possibly have put it in plainer language. When He said, "Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted; whose sins ye retain, they are retained," either He meant to institute the Sacrament of Penance, or He meant nothing. When Christ healed the man sick of the palsy (Matt. ix., 6.) He did so expressly in proof of His power as "Son of Man" to forgive sins "upon earth." His language is significant, for it implies that His Sacred Humanity as the instrument of His Divinity possessed this wonderful power. Which power He transmitted to His Apostles as an essential part of the Constitution of His Church, whose mission to the end of time is to combat sin. Strangely enough there are those who profess to believe in baptism for the remission of sin, yet refuse to believe in Absolution for the remission of post-baptismal sin. Is one more difficult than the other? Or is Christ less clear in the one case than in the other? But the objection of these persons is rather practical than speculative; confession may sound somewhat formidable, and only experience can teach them how really simple and how very consoling it is.

I have even heard an anti-Catholic controversialist object to the title of "Holy Father" given to the Sovereign Pontiff, because Christ said, "Call no man your father upon earth," the objector was apparently oblivious of the fact that St. Paul, who might be presumed to understand what was in the mind of Christ when He said it, nevertheless, lays claim to the title "father" (1 Cor. iv., 15): oblivious also that in the same breath Christ forbids the title "Master," which the objector uses over and over again without the slightest scruple. Evidently Holy Scripture requires an interpreter, if for no other reason, at least to indicate what must be understood according to the rigour of the letter and what according to the spirit.

Objections raised from the history of the Catholic Church and the promulgation of her dogmas would require special treatment, demanding more space than I care here to give it. Bear in mind, however, that by a dogmatic definition the Church does not and cannot add anything to the faith; she merely declares what it is. At the same time, it has been clearly recognized from the first that this process of declaration is progressive. Such is indicated to be the case by Christ when He says that the Spirit of Truth would bring to the mind of His Church whatsoever He had taught. Whereby He gives us to understand that the Church will declare the Faith as occasion demands and the impact of heresy requires. It is in this sense that St. Jerome interprets the parable of the mustard seed in his commentary on Matthew xiii. "The branches of the evangelical

tree, which grew from the grain of mustard seed, I hold to be the diversity of dogmas."

Scientific objections are best left to such competent apologists as Professor Windle. I will content myself with merely remarking that between natural and revealed truth there can never be any real opposition. If such seems to arise, it is either through the indiscretion of some theologian laying too great stress upon what is not an article of faith, but no more than an opinion; or more often through the dogmatism of men of science insisting on mere theories as though they were well-established facts. Moreover, whatsoever discoveries in natural science may be hereafter made, nothing will ever do away with the fact that there lived upon earth a Man Who claimed to be God and Who, by the fulfilment of prophecy, by stupendous miracles and finally by rising from the dead, established His claim. Nor will anything ever do away with the fact that He professed to build on Peter a Church which should endure forever.

I must not expend more time over objections. I have given some examples that the Catholic Apologist may know how to meet them. Let him bear in mind the monitions I gave in my first chapter. Do not seek controversy, but never be afraid of an antagonist, for the Catholic position is impregnable. Never lose your head or your temper. Be in no hurry, if you do not see an answer at once you have always plenty of time to think it over: he is a bad fighter who rushes wildly and hits blindly. See to it that your opponent does not assume a contradiction where none exists. Watch the scope of his argument; he cannot conclude more than his premisses will allow. Examine with searching scrutiny his middle term. And after every excursion in a side-path bring him back again and again to the main issue, that the Church in which the Spirit of Truth abides forever cannot falsify Christ's revelation. Have infinite patience with your adversary; you can clear away difficulties and you can show the reasonable basis of Faith. But you cannot give Faith; that belongs to God alone.

#### CONCLUSION

Having now accomplished what I set out to achieve, I may conclude. I have put into the hands of the Catholic Apologist the arguments of reason upon which our Faith rests. No one who has ever studied them, whether he believes or whether he does not believe, thinks of denying that they are of the utmost cogency. So cogent are they that with the greatest ingenuity they can hardly be evaded. They are indeed as they were intended to be sufficient to convince, sufficient to condemn. Only invincible ignorance can excuse

anyone from not entering into that One Fold founded by Christ the Lord. This we are thankful to feel we can grant in the case of the vast majority of our fellow countrymen. But we must not assume it too readily, for there are some such as those of whom St. Paul says: "If our Gospel be also hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of unbelievers that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, Who is the image of God, should not shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv., 3-4.) The god of this world working upon pride of intellect, human respect, covetousness, ambition, ill-regulated passion, or that sheer slothfulness of those who cannot be bothered with it! Alas! the number of these is not small.

By the arguments here set forth our Apologist will but have conducted the candid and earnest inquirer as far as the atrium and vestibule, the Faith itself lies enshrined within. Should he enter, he will find, very likely quite contrary to his expectations, that instead of his intellect being straitened and hemmed in there opens out before him a new and ample world of inexhaustible beauty. He will know that the Faith is not a mere jumble of burdensome and distressing dogmas, but a majestic and harmonious whole; the human utterance of the Word Eternal. Born anew of water and the Holy Ghost, we become incorporated in the Mystical Body of Christ; we acquire a new heredity to replace the vitiated heredity of Adam. We grow to love the Church of the Living God with a love far exceeding the most exalted patriotism. No other history is so intensely interesting. No other institution can show anything to compare with her illustrious roll of fame in every field of human endeavour.

As life goes on, we realize more and more fully the wonders of the Incarnation, that supreme expression of the love of God. Daily we come to know better the Motherhood of that Immaculate Virgin, who bore into this world the Redeemer, the first-born among many brethren. We perceive how little really separates us from the Angels of God and the spirits of the holy dead, for we are all one in Christ. The Faith enters into the very fibre of our being, uplifting us, refining us, enflaming us, spiritualizing us. In a sense the Faith is Christ, "in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (Col. ii., 3.) The more we meditate on it, the more we see that it has no confines: it rises before the mind's eye, splendid and awful, yet entrancingly sweet like a foretaste of Heaven. For the Faith is Christ, and Christ is the Word, and the Word is the Beatific Vision.

REV. P. M. NORTHCOTE.

## KANT AND THE PROOFS FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

**T**HERE can be little doubt that the two forces which, in modern times, have done most to confuse men's minds on the vital question of religion, are agnosticism and the theory of evolution. Of the former Kant is the progenitor—indeed the protagonist; of the latter—as all the world knows—Charles Darwin is the *principium et fons*. All the sneers of Voltaire, all the vaporings of Diderot, all the air castles of Rousseau, all the hate of the Encyclopedists, have been but so many passing storms—violent tornadoes, if you will, but yet passing, and without any real lasting effects. Hume's onslaught on miracles and the philosophy of cause and effect scarcely survived himself, while the polished periods of Renan, and the atrocities of Strauss are now almost forgotten. The august personality of the Man-God possesses a divine secret charm which renders pointless all the poisoned arrows which these swaggering archers—and their modernist followers—have aimed against His Divinity. The effects of the Kantian philosophy and those of the Darwinian theory alone remain—the fertile sources of unrest and confusion. In spite of all appearances, man is still a rational animal, and any theory of knowledge, or any doctrine of religion, which produces a lasting effect upon his beliefs, must have at least an apparent foundation in reason, or a plausible scientific basis. The heated effervescences of ardent sentiment soon evaporate with the enthusiasm which gave them birth. In order to be even of comparative duration, error must entrench itself behind at least a show of philosophy or an appearance of science. With all his mental vagaries, it seems man must have, for a haven and refuge, reason—or its counterfeit. We are too near the outbreak of the Darwinian dementia to form an accurate estimate of the damage it has done. Insanities and inanities—to use a Huxleyan phrase—have swelled to immense dimensions. Featherheads have been sent flying into all sorts of eccentric orbits. Men who are incapable of forming opinions for themselves and who take their thought from others are swept completely off their feet by the bustle and noisy clamor. The unstable and unthinking have lost their balance and are buffeted about by the winds of uncertainty. The din of the camp followers of evolution they take for argument, or science,

or fact; while the heirs of Darwin and those who imagine they are carrying on his work—men without learning, without knowledge, without science, without judgment, without talent, without any of the equipment necessary in leaders of thought—still endeavor to keep up the false excitement for the sake of the cause. But no progress in science is being made. There is not a single step in advance. Men who would hardly be able to recognize a real fact when they saw it, or give an intelligent opinion on its significance, maintain the hubbub and frighten the rabble into a species of doubt and unbelief. All, however, is but superficial and must of necessity be shortlived. With Kant the effects are much more lasting. They have come down from the eighteenth century even to our time. His sophistry is arrayed, not in the garb of science, but of philosophy, and philosophy in its most mysterious form—metaphysic. To his contemporaries he seemed to have staged a real earthquake. His incantations were deep and far-reaching, and he succeeded so well in wrapping them up in mystery that few of his followers were able to uncloak the imposture. Indeed it is doubtful if conjurer ever succeeded so well in deceiving his disciples. His self-assurance, his perfect confidence in his own powers, his posturings, his solemn pronouncements in the name of reason, his air of perfect infallibility, his sublime and lofty mission, as he called it, his transcendentalisms, of so many kinds, his complete mastery of the whole realm of reason (as he claimed), his extraordinary flights into the hitherto unexplored kingdom of metaphysics,—all surrounded him with a prestige unequaled in the history of philosophy, and men began to be of an opinion that to question his doctrines was little short of philosophic sacrilege. *Laudatus a laudato viro*, Lord Chesterfield told his son, was the highest form of all praise; and one is astounded on reading the encomiums of Kant by so many men, themselves eminent and renowned. In philosophy at least, it is certain that no man who ever lived succeeded so completely in duping his disciples, and it is really a question whether Kant's powers of incantation were not carried so far as even to deceive himself. Even in our day some countries in Europe are still under the spell of Kant; while everywhere, otherwise scholarly men are to be found who firmly believe that Kant has given us the last word in philosophy and metaphysic. The reason is not far to seek. Metaphysic, of its very nature, is the most obscure of sciences. Its demonstrations at best are difficult to the ordinary intellect. But Kant multiplies the difficulties. He is ever hovering on the border of mystery. His language is always the most obscure possible. He deliberately avoided illustration, and by means of a preposterous and revolting jargon he wraps his thoughts in fourfold obscurity. He makes

no secret of this. In fact he even boasts of it in his preface to his preposterous work. He admits his obscurity. He defends his abstruseness. And of deliberate purpose he avoids all attempt to render his thought intelligible. Indeed this seems to be part of his method. He veils his thoughts in such verbiage that one is reminded of the pagan priests who awed their followers into obedience and worship by the mystery with which they surrounded their religious rites. There can be no doubt that he adopted this method with full deliberation and with a real purpose. One is surprised to find so intelligent a writer as Max Muller, his most successful translator, candidly confessing that it is only on the fourth or fifth reading one can begin to understand the Critique of Pure Reason. Schiller and Schopenhauer, not only followers, but idolators, of Kant, acknowledged that it was only after successive readings they could grasp his meaning. Quite possibly, on the principle of *ignotum pro magnifico*, this obscurity may be the reason why the sinister and baneful influence of Kant remains.

Throughout nearly a whole decade of generations, prior to Kant, the great question, not of philosophy but of the philosophers, was: How to overthrow scholasticism. From the time of the so-called reformation, the warfare against the scholastic philosophy was open, bitter, virulent, unceasing. Leader after leader in the realm of thought, general after general led his forces against the entrenched citadel. Hatred, vituperation, scorn, derision, contempt—these were the weapons which, in vain, were leveled against the walls of the impregnable fortress. Plato and Aristotle, as the precursors of Augustine and Anselm, Aquinas and Scotus, came in too for their share of the obloquy. There was no indignity of language too foul to be hurled at the hated and despised enemy. But all in vain. At last all the venom and hatred seemed to find its culmination in the scheme of Kant. It was only when he assumed the leadership and took command of the forces of thought that the dethronement of the enemy seemed to be assured, and it was only when he gave to the world his famous Critique of Pure Reason that men began to breathe freely, to assure themselves that the work was at last done, and that the pagan philosophers of the eighteenth century felt that they might now put back their swords in their scabbards and turn their spears into pruning hooks; for now Kant had defined the limits of human reason, assigned to it its proper and only legitimate sphere, curbed its false claims and pretensions, so that to use his own phrase "men might live in peace for ever after." It is true that in his supreme effort, Kant completely overshot the mark; for, in his attempt to overthrow Catholic philosophy, he was obliged to

dislocate all supernatural religion. But so desperate were men's minds and so intent were they on the purpose for which they had striven so long in vain, that, in their enthusiasm, they failed to perceive that in his strenuous endeavors, Kant had damaged Protestantism even more than Catholicity. It was only when the enthusiasm had subsided, that men began to realize that their vaunted victory was really after all but a Pyrrhic one.

Kant's scheme was an ambitious one, and it was as comprehensive as it was ambitious. Its end and object involved a new and elaborate program. All philosophy must be recast in an entirely new channel. All the world's wisdom must be again placed in the retort. New tests must be applied to ascertain its true value. All alloy must be resolutely consumed in the fire of true criticism and only the true gold of human knowledge allowed to remain. And for this, it must be admitted, Kant constructed the most marvelous philosophical machinery the world has ever seen. We do not intend here to go into a detail of the Kantian system; but merely to call attention to the fact that his entire philosophy was elaborated for the express purpose of excluding the supernatural from the domain of knowledge altogether, and to dismiss all cosmological problems as wholly outside the field of knowledge, and hence, not capable of human consideration or discussion. His entire system of metaphysics was constructed especially for the purpose of showing the inability of the human mind to reach the supersensible. The staging and scaffolding as well as the structure itself all have the same objective—the exclusion from the field of knowledge of the supersensible. But not content with all this he had resolved that he must completely discredit the proofs for the existence of the Supreme Being, and thus rigidly exclude God from the field of human knowledge. It is with his efforts in this especial field that this article is engaged.

For the purpose of expelling from the domain of human knowledge the notion of God, Kant looked around him for a proper place in which to posit the philosophical fulcrum on which to rest his metaphysical lever to overturn the universe, and finally decided that his *Pou Sto* must be the existence of God. The schoolmen had given to the world irrefragable proofs that a necessary cause and a supreme ruler of the world there must be. Their arguments were strong, forcible, conclusive. They showed that the world must have had a cause and that its order postulated a supreme intelligence. The cosmological argument, the ontological argument, the teleological argument made a convincing appeal to human reason. Each alone carried with it a powerful force of conviction which it was hard to resist. But all taken together constituted

a formidable bulwark against the assaults of atheism. Even the old pagan philosophy of Greece and Rome found itself compelled to recognize the validity of this line of reasoning. The idea of a Supreme Being as the cause of the world had obtained possession of men's minds in every age of the world's history, and even the untutored savage was not without his conviction that he was subject to a higher power who ruled and governed things with absolute dominion. This, then, must be the point of attack. But how meet the difficulty? What military tactics could be brought into play with any hope of success? A direct attack would be sheer folly. These truths were too deeply embedded in the minds of men to be dislodged by the play of any random artillery. The human mind was too logical to give up its cherished truths for palpable sophistry; and sophistry it certainly must be, that would undertake by the force of reason to shake the foundations of a conviction so firmly established on logical principles. And here it was that the perverted genius of Kant came into play. Was it necessary that the sophistry should be so palpable? Was there not an ancient Eleatic philosopher who could prove and disprove any proposition in the same breath? His arguments for and against carried equal conviction. It is true that Zeno was severely reprimanded by Plato for the sophistry of his subtle dialectics. But Plato and Zeno were dead and there seemed to be no reason why a philosopher of the eighteenth century should not try his skill in the juggler's art. The cause was an exalted one and it was well worth trying. Why not give sophistry a veneer of reasoning and so disguise it as to be beyond recognition? And to give the coup an unparalleled audacity, why not start with reason itself? Surely here was an enterprise worthy of the genius of Kant. Investigate reason itself, challenge it, dissect it, analyze it—see what could be made of it—find out whether it could not be made to lend itself to the deception. Outlawry! Yes, that was the magic word! There lay the road to success. Declare all supersensible questions as outlaws entirely beyond the powers of reason. Reason could not solve them; hence it was entirely outside its sphere when it undertook to discuss such problems at all. But in order to accomplish this, there must be a complete revolution in the realm of philosophy. This, in turn, called for an entire reconstruction of the whole problem of man's knowledge—a tearing down and building up anew from the very foundations. A Herculean task truly! But Kant was not dismayed.

Could not be himself recast the whole structure of human thought, put the whole mass of human knowledge again into the melting pot, remould it in an entirely new fashion, lay down its laws, frame

its legislation, establish its guiding principles, in such a way as to exclude forever from the consideration of human reason the troublesome cosmological problems which were forever disturbing the peaceful serenity of human learning by their persistent clamor for a solution at its hands. Bundle the whole clamorous tribe out of court altogether and let philosophers live in peace, henceforth and forever. Leave no room in the new structure for these problems at all, and the question is solved. And Kant assumed the gigantic undertaking with a jauntiness and a confidence unparalleled in the history of the human mind. The timbering of the mighty structure on his entirely new and unknown plan was a mere holiday sport in view of the golden goal which he saw in the distance and which was to render his name immortal. And surely enough the task was in due time accomplished. All the vast and stupendous machinery had been removed. And there stood the singular edifice before the world in its extraordinary proportions, its grotesque columns, huge unwieldy buttresses, its rambling stairways and galleries, and, above all, with its crowning glory the exclusion of the supersensible for which it was especially designed. The world gazed in astonishment and bewilderment and it has been gazing in astonishment and bewilderment ever since. Not a few, it is true, have pretended to be edified, and a certain number of his admirers showed a disposition not to be satisfied with anything short of Kant's apotheosis; but the midsummer madness has passed out of existence and sober second thought has led the less emotional among them to reconsider the grounds of their idolatry which they have concluded was greatly exaggerated and to some extent hysterical. The illusion, it is true, has not altogether vanished; and in many cases "the spell of Kant," as it has been styled, still retains its charm. But all this strange vast structure was erected for the express purpose of removing from even the most remote contact with reason every question of the supernatural—in brief to shut out God from the region of philosophy altogether; and there it still stands, a challenge to every lover of philosophic truth. It is not the intention here to undertake to pull down the weird edifice, or at all to assail the main structure. To cover all the points in the new metaphysic would require a treatise; but fortunately this is not necessary; for Kant, apparently not satisfied with constructing his extraordinary God-proof fortress, to make assurance doubly sure, has been at pains to hack to pieces, as well, every vehicle of thought that might possibly be used to frustrate his own main purpose—in other words (to dismiss metaphor), he applied all his extraordinary powers directly and especially to the

task of refuting the arguments for the existence of God. It is this latter labor that shall engage our attention in this article.

Kant himself puts the arguments for the existence of God with tolerable fairness. Here are some of his admissions:

"If we admit the existence of something, whatever it may be, we must also admit that something exists by necessity. For the contingent exists only under the condition of something else as its cause, and from this the same conclusion leads us on till we reach a cause which is not contingent, and therefore unconditionally necessary. This is the argument on which reason founds its progress towards an original being."

Kant then proceeds to tell us how reason begins

"to look out for the concept of a being worthy of such a distinction as the unconditioned necessity of its existence . . . in order to find out among all concepts of possible things one which has nothing incompatible with absolute necessity. For that something absolutely must exist, is regarded as certain after the first conclusion. And after discarding everything else, as incompatible with that necessity, reason takes the one being which remains for the absolutely necessary being."

And he concludes that

"the concept of a being of the highest reality (*ens realissimum*) would therefore seem of all concepts of all possible things to be the most compatible with the concept of an unconditionally necessary being. . . . This therefore is the natural course of human reason. It begins by *persuading* itself of the existence of *some* necessary being. In this being it recognizes unconditioned existence. It then seeks for the concept of that which is independent of all condition, and finds it in that which is itself the sufficient condition of all other things, that is, in that which contains all reality. Now as the unlimited all is absolute unity, and implies the concept of a being, one and supreme, reason concludes that the Supreme Being, as the original cause of all things, must exist by absolute necessity."

We have italicized two words in the last paragraph in order to call attention to the fact that when Kant seems, with all apparent candor, to be setting forth this argument in all its fulness, he begins at once to be the juggling sophist and endeavors by a simple substitution of terms to weaken the force of the argument which he finds himself compelled to admit. But reason, as Kant well knew, does not begin "by *persuading* itself of the existence of *some* necessary being"; rather reason finds itself, by the force of its own logical powers, *compelled* to recognize the existence not of "*some*" necessary being but of *a* necessary being. It is not a question of

persuasion but of compulsion; and it is not a question of *some* but of *a* necessary being; for there is but one, and hence we are without a choice. Although Kant tries *en passant* to neutralize the force of his admissions in various other ways, he is nevertheless forced to say:

"We cannot deny that this argument possesses a certain foundation, when we must come to a decision, that is, when after having once admitted the necessity of some necessary being (mark the *some*), we agree that we must decide where to place it; for in that case we could not make a better choice, or we have really no choice, but are forced to vote for the absolute unity of complete reality, as the source of all possibility."

This reluctant admission which he finds he cannot withhold, he at once hastens to cancel by the preposterous claim that "however we are not forced to come to a decision," and much more of the same sort which need not engage our attention here; for we must hasten on to his great point of attack and meet him in his full and direct assault on the argument which he girds himself so resolutely to overthrow. For him it is a hand to hand conflict—a struggle for life and death; and he resorts to warfare that is desperate and an extremely reckless use of weapons. Yet again, before he dooms the victim to the slaughter, he lingers long enough to tell us:

"This argument, though it is no doubt transcendental, as based on the internal insufficiency of the contingent, is nevertheless so simple and natural, that the commonest understanding accepts it, if once led up to it. We see things arise, change and perish, and these, or at least their state, must therefore have a cause. Of every cause, however, that is given in experience, the same question must be asked. Where, therefore, could we more fairly place the *last* causality, than in that Being, which originally contains in itself the sufficient cause for every possible effect, and the concept of which can be easily realized by the one trait of an all-comprehending perfection? That supreme cause we afterwards consider as absolutely necessary, because we find it absolutely necessary to ascend to it, while there is no ground for going beyond it. Thus among all nations, even when still in a state of blind polytheism, we always see some sparks of monotheism, to which they have been led, not by meditation and profound speculation, but by the natural bent of the common understanding which they gradually followed and comprehended."

And then, in spite of all this, Kant decks himself in his most crimson war paint, snatches up his tomahawk and scalping knife,

announces that no quarter is to be given, and, as a victorious warrior who is always sure of his victim, marches to the conflict, soon to return in triumph, with the scalp of his bleeding victim dangling at his belt, the while his whole tribe joins in the song of victory—the chant of which continues even to the present day.

Kant's attack was direct and instantaneous. The enemy had three heads into a single one, thus disposing of all three at a vainly wished that all his subjects had but one head which he might sever at a single blow, Kant was not long in combining the three heads into a single one, thus disposing of all three at a single stroke. There were three proofs for the existence of God, he announced: "the first proof is the physico-theological; the second, the cosmological; the third, the ontological; there are no more and there can be no more. I shall show" he adds, "that neither on the one path, the empirical, nor on the other, the transcendental, can reason achieve anything, and that it stretches its wings in vain, if it tries to soar beyond the mere world of sense by the mere power of speculation." Kant reverses the order of these proofs beginning with the ontological, but he assembles all three under the head of this one, in order to have the pleasure of accomplishing his purpose at a single blow. This strategy saves time and energy and moreover is much more spectacular, and therefore more likely to draw the acclaim of the multitude which is always spellbound by sleight of hand performances. Indeed it is not impossible that the ease and dexterity with which he performs his gymnastic feats may have imposed on Kant himself. In order to lay bare the tissue of false reasoning by which Kant pretends that he has shown "the impossibility of an ontological proof of the existence of God" it will be necessary to follow him in his tortuous windings through the attenuated atmosphere of transcendental thought, where he has endeavored to conceal his sophisms, by sailing at such a height above the heads of the multitude as to baffle discovery of his fallacies, and confuse and bewilder the ordinary worker in the field of everyday philosophy. In the rare atmosphere of transcendentalism an intellectual twilight could be easily created where glaring fallacies might not be so apparent. We could, of course, as has been said before, show the utterly absolutely worthless foundations on which he has built his entire structure of "metaphysic," and thus let the whole system topple to the ground; but, as the late Professor Huxley (who was by no means an enemy of but rather a sympathizer with the Kantian Critique) well says, "his baggage train is so much bigger than his army" that immense quantities of powder would

be necessary to cover the whole field. It is much simpler to deal with his disproof itself. At the very outset Kant tells us,

"that the concept of an absolutely necessary being is a concept of pure reason, that is, a mere idea, the objective reality of which is by no means proved by the fact that reason requires it."

The question of the objective reality of the concept of the necessary being is the rub of Kant's entire argument on this point. We have here, then, the admission that reason requires the concept of a necessary being—an admission which the sheer force of logic has wrung from Kant at the very outset—although he makes many a frantic effort and has recourse to many a wily strategem to cancel the damning effects of this admission. He adds:

"It seems strange and absurd, however, that a conclusion of an absolutely necessary existence from a given existence in general should seem urgent and correct, and that all the conditions under which the understanding can form a concept of such a necessity should be entirely against us."

This statement has a very plausible appearance until we remember that "all the conditions under which the understanding can form a concept of the necessity," and which are "entirely against us" are by no means the conditions of philosophy in general, but the very conditions which Kant himself has factitiously interposed for the express purpose of being "against us." Should, for instance, Henry Ford or the Ku Klux wizard, wishing to exclude the Hebrew from the right of the American franchise solely on their own recognition, lay down as conditions under which an American citizen could exercise that right, that he must not bear a Hebrew patronymic, that he must not observe his Sabbath on Saturday, that he must regard swine's flesh as unclean, etc., and then challenge his Jewish neighbor's vote, because all the conditions under which he could exercise the franchise were against him, he would be arguing precisely as Kant argues here. For the conditions were not recognized by anyone except by those without authority, who had framed them and then undertook to enforce them. Kant expressly framed these conditions—which no one recognizes but himself and his followers—and then tries to enforce them as though they were the real law to be followed in the case. Hence all that need be said here regarding Kant's cunning attempt to make it appear that all the conditions of legitimate philosophy are against the admission of this concept of a necessary being (which he himself is forced to confess is "urgent and correct") is, that these conditions must first get themselves approved by philosophy before they can become operative against anything, and that from the very outset they must fall under

suspicion, since they were introduced by Kant for the sinister purpose of debarring the necessary being from the right of recognition; and that in spite of all Kant's gigantic labors for the purpose of excluding it, the concept of this absolutely necessary being, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, but is so absolutely necessary for the scheme of things that it cannot by any possibility be excluded. The necessity of its recognition is therefore as absolute as its necessity for the existence of the universe. And, in spite of himself, Kant is forced to acknowledge this necessity, if we are to have a universe at all.

Kant then proceeds to define this concept (which he has vainly tried to commit to non-existence) as "something, the non-existence of which is impossible." But again alarmed at the force of his own testimony, he tries to break the force of his own words by telling us:

"This, however, does not make us much wiser with reference to the conditions that make it necessary to consider the non-existence of a thing as absolutely inconceivable. It is these conditions which we want to know," etc.

Here again Kant tries the trick of raising a little dust to blind us to the real question. But with all due deference to his extraordinary powers of prestidigitation, it is not "these conditions which we want to know." What we want to know is, whether or no, we must consider the non-existence of this necessary being, which Kant is forced to admit, as "absolutely inconceivable." The "conditions" under which this knowledge is forced upon us is of far less importance to philosophy than the *fact* that its non-existence is inconceivable. That is the supreme question and metaphysics and philosophy both are at one in the ringing answer that the non-existence of the necessary being is absolutely inconceivable. Kant's sly ruse to throw the reader's mind off the track, by raising irrelevant issues, is to no purpose. That these sallies are but a mere species of reynard's tricks to throw his pursuers off the scent, is evident from the ridiculous dispute among his followers about the context as to whether Kant in the above definition used the word "necessary" or the word "impossible," each destructive of the other, it being evidently a matter of indifference to his interpreters and to his text, whether he wrote "the conditions that make it necessary" or "the conditions that make it impossible," to consider the non-existence of a thing as absolutely inconceivable. Usually the words "necessary" and "impossible" are regarded not as synonyms but as antonyms; we are now, however, within the realm of metaphysics—and Kantian metaphysics at that—where things are not always what they seem. All this, however, is but preliminary skirmishing on the part of

Kant and we have called attention to it merely to show that Kant never hesitates to have recourse to deliberate sophistry when it serves his purpose.

The next step in the famous disproof is Kant's assault on that fortress of logical truth commonly known as "logical necessity." Logical necessity in its various forms and disguises has ever stood as the bulwark of philosophic truth. In all departments of human thought logical necessity has been the respected power to which all disputation bowed. From it there has never been an appeal. No one of approved sanity has ever dared to question its authority, to deny its force, or to stand up for even a moment against it. It has always been regarded as the court from which there could be no possible appeal. *Roma lucuta est, causa finita est* was not more decisive for the devout ultramontane than was the verdict of logical necessity for the philosopher who knew anything about the principles of truth and error—that is, until Kant came. But in his blind zeal for the overthrow of scholasticism, Kant seems to have flung all caution to the winds and to have rushed madly into a wild and reckless determination, at any cost, to accomplish his purpose. He takes his firelock in hand, resolutely closes his eyes to consequences, and madly fires in all directions, utterly regardless whether it is truth or falsehood, friend or foe is struck down in the wild encounter. What matters it if profound and vital truths are trampled on in the mad riot, if only he can claim to have demolished something? We doubt if ever demented man rushed so madly on a wild and reckless career of indiscriminate slaughter, or with such an utter contempt of results, or of truth. These are strong words, but we have already seen some of Kant's methods which, however, are but a slight foretaste of the unmitigated boldness with which he undertakes to browbeat philosophy into an acceptance of his sophisms.

The argument from effect to cause, as we have seen, was too palpable to be trifled with. The logical necessity which demands a necessary cause for the universe no man in his senses could undertake to gainsay. There it stood, this philosophical fortress, like a rock of adamant, against which the waves of sophistry had hitherto beaten in vain. Kant perceives this insurmountable obstacle in his path, and, by fair means or foul, is determined to get rid of it. In a happy moment it occurred to him that this necessary cause never came into the realm of human experience. It was not, like the external world, within the range of our senses. Neither was it possible of approach by way of the internal sense. Never, in this life, could it be brought within the range of experience, either actual or possible. It never became tangible at all except through

thought and reasoning from thought. It was after all but an idea, and an idea that never could be realized in any experience. Why then not outlaw it? *Eureka!* The answer is found! Why not confine the necessary being to the realm of concepts—and empty concepts at that? Why not *imprison* it therefore where it would give little trouble to Kant and his school, and forbid it ever to appear beyond the boundaries of the mere idea (which is objectless); and since it never could appear to plead its own cause in the court of experience, why not declare it an outlaw in the realms of philosophy and knowledge? Why indeed? And, strange to say, the fraud has succeeded so well that no one since Kant's day has been found to challenge the justice of his high-handed proceeding. Admitted, he says, that the full force of logical necessity compels us to accept the existence of a necessary cause of the world, and hence a necessary being; all this is merely in thought, and thought does not give or prove the existence of the thing.

He tell us, "All those pretended examples are taken without exception from *judgments* only, not from things, and their existence. Now the unconditioned necessity of judgments is not the same as the absolute necessity of things. The absolute necessity of a judgment is only a conditioned necessity of the thing, or of the predicate in judgment. The above (which he has used as an example) did not say that three angles were absolutely necessary, but that under the condition of the existence of a triangle, three angles are given (in it) by necessity. Nevertheless this pure logical necessity has exerted so powerful an illusion, that after having formed of a thing a concept *a priori* so constituted that it seemed to include existence in its sphere, people thought they could conclude with certainty, that, because existence necessarily belongs to the object of that concept, provided always that I accept the thing as given (existing), its existence also must necessarily be accepted (according to the rule of identity) and that the being therefore must itself be absolutely necessary, because its existence is implied in a concept, which is accepted voluntarily only, and always under the condition that I accept the object of it, as given."

This, then, is the Kantian view of logical necessity. Aside from the too palpable trickery or knavery in the concluding words, the argument at first blush would seem to carry some force, and has a certain air of plausibility. Let us treat it fairly and with the candor and honesty which it does not deserve. To the ordinary reader who does not take the pains to go beneath the surface, the argument that the necessity which compels reason to admit a necessary being is entirely psychological, and that the necessity of an unconditioned

being from which all things proceed is "taken from judgments and not from things" might seem altogether reasonable. It also sounds quite plausible that, since it is in thought only that we arrive at the conclusion of a necessary being, and not in experience, the argument for its existence loses its efficacy and fails to prove that a necessary being actually exists. To use the language of the street, the concept of the necessary being does not "deliver the goods." It never brings into experience this necessary being, so that we make its acquaintance. It gives us the concept; it does not give us the thing. Translated from the Kantese dialect, that is the real meaning of Kant's argument here. Kant prided himself on the subtlety of his distinction. He boasted of his perspicacity in perceiving this distinction. And his followers have regarded it as the crowning glory of all philosophical greatness. Let us then examine this marvel of Kantian achievement.

Kant says "the unconditioned necessity of a judgment is not the same as the absolute necessity of things." Now, in the name of all the Kantian categories, what is it that compels reason to regard a thing as absolutely necessary? What is it that in mathematics compels the mind to accept the conclusion if it be not "the absolute necessity of the judgment"? What is it that compels the mind to accept the conclusion that the whole is greater than its parts; that a triangle must have three angles; that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, if it be not the absolute necessity of the judgment? The fact is, that there is not a single conclusion in natural science, in philosophy, in mathematics, that is of any value, which carries with it anything like apodictic judgment, that is not forced upon us by the absolute necessity of the judgment and by the absolute necessity of the judgment only. And what is more, if we take away this absolute—apodictic—certainty of the judgment, and its necessity, we take away all ground for certainty of belief in the conclusion; and without the judgment's express sanction no man will be willing to accept the conclusion. Hence if we take away the absolute necessity of the judgment, we at the same time take away the absolute certainty of the thing.

Again, such is the nature of a logical necessity that it never fails. It is the seal which always give sterling value to a conclusion. The needle does not point to the pole with more unfailing accuracy than a logical necessity points to truth. This is a rule which admits of no exception. Were it to fail in any one case, its extraordinary power were lost forever. When the necessities of logic—honest logic which every honest man is able to recognize at a glance—call for a decision,

and judgment is pronounced by reason, not as a mere opinion, or a probability, but as an absolute certainty, because, by the laws of reason, the necessity of the mind demands it, no man in his senses dares to question the validity of that conclusion. Kant himself understands this fully and finds himself forced to recognize it. In fact, he could not move many paces in his metaphysic if he attempted to deny or ignore it. Throughout the whole realm of logic, throughout the whole field of philosophy, throughout the whole world of thought, the infallible potency of the logical necessity reigns supreme. No one ever before Kant thought of questioning it. But if Kant's argument has any value, there is, and must be, a case where the principle of the logical necessity is an absolute failure. There is not in the whole realm of thought an instance where the voice of logical necessity speaks out in more ringing tones, proclaiming the absolute necessity of its judgment, than in the argument that the world cannot have made itself, and that for all things that exist there must be a necessary cause—or, what Kant himself calls a necessary being. Yet here in the most conspicuous and illustrious case of its application, Kant tells us it proves false; it deceives us. He says there is no necessary being. It exists only in our thought. He boldly challenges its validity. He tells us in effect that here logical necessity fails, that in following it we are following a mere illusion, and thus he undermines the very foundations of all apodictic certainty. That Kant was wholly unconscious of this difficulty we are quite willing to believe. In fact, we are forced to believe this rather than suppose that he deliberately stultified himself. In his insane and reckless efforts to overthrow scholasticism he has, however, completely overreached himself. He has placed himself on the horns of a dilemma from which nothing can possible rescue him. For either the logical necessity here is efficacious or it is not. The existence of a necessary being as the cause of all things, which reason forces upon us as a logical necessity, must be either affirmed or denied. Its necessity is shown by the logical demands of reason. Without it reason will not rest satisfied. This concept of a necessary being which reason forces upon us, then, has objective validity or it has not. If it has, Kant's contention is at an end, for he simply commits an intellectual suicide and all his vaporous claims are not worth the smoke engendered; whereas, on the other hand, if there be no object behind the concept, and the logical necessity is merely a voice crying in the wilderness, he undermines all apodictic certainty by placing a stick of dynamite beneath the very principle on which all certainty of this nature rests; for he calls in question the very axiom of reason upon which certainty depends, and proclaims to the world that apodictically

certain conclusions are no longer to be trusted. Hence the sheet anchor of knowledge is gone; and Kant, as far as in him lies, has destroyed the entire value of all the valid conclusions of reason. Given one instance in which this indispensable principle of reason fails, and you have made it absolutely worthless for every other purpose. It cannot be depended upon. It is not to be trusted. For if it is so urgent and insistent (in accordance with all the laws of reason) in its information that there is and must be a necessary being as the cause of all things, and on the other hand, as Kant assures us, this being is not real at all, but merely a figment of reason, which must be wholly disregarded, where are we to look for certainty since all the *a priori* principles of knowledge fail us? If this principle rings true in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases, but in the thousandth rings false, it must be flung aside as a worthless instrument of knowledge. It is not a little strange that Kant did not foresee this and realize that his arbitrary distrust of reason, here, imperiled the usefulness of this, the soundest of all philosophical principles. But we surmise that, as Kant had nothing whatever of sound reason to warrant him in treating reason so cavalierly on this point, he was so completely blinded by his prejudice that he did not see the consequences; or, that, seeing them, he determined to deliberately ignore them.

But, to some extent, Kant's objection has somewhat the nature of a boomerang. For it can be retorted on Kant that he actually furnishes the strongest kind of proof against his own system of philosophy. For if in his new boasted metaphysic, the principle of a logical necessity does not fit in (whereas throughout the whole realm of thought it has never before been known to fail), so that no one before Kant had ever dreamt of questioning its validity, the presumption must be that, since the principle is valid everywhere else while in Kant's system he tells us it completely fails, the difficulty is not with the principle but with Kant's system of philosophy. For, in reality, this principle is a touchstone of the truth or falsity of a system. Hence when Kant claims that it is not workable in his system, but only produces results totally different from those which it invariably produces elsewhere, it devolves on Kant to show why it is not his philosophy rather than the principle of logical necessity that has been discredited; and if he fails, as he certainly does and must, to show this, all the more firmly does the ontological proof for the existence of God stand unshaken. Kant calls the idea of the necessary being a concept (or an idea, if you will, for he calls it both) of pure reason. Now in every other instance, without any exception, in which reason requires a pure concept and insists on bring-

ing it into the realm of dialectics, so that it is admitted, discussed, recognized, properly allocated, that concept has objective validity. The only instance where objective validity is denied to a concept of this kind is where Kant denies it to the concept of the necessary being. Every other concept of pure reason has a corresponding object which is never called in question. Kant's vaporings that those objects are to be met with in experience, is wholly beside the question. Whether the objects of these concepts are or are not to be met with in experience, has nothing to do with the case. That they are met with in experience does indeed prove the validity of the concept, but it by no means proves that in cases where the object does not come into experience that object does not exist. It shows that there are cases where experience can prove the validity of these concepts, but it does not prove that where the objects do not come into experience their objective validity is lacking. Kant's theory that these concepts are intended only for experience he has by no means proved; and all his desperate attempts at proofs are lamentable failures. Hence, if, in every other instance, the concept of logical necessity works with unerring precision—and it is by no means a mere experiment that is placed on trial, but is itself the very keeper and master of the fortress of reason—the fact that it fails to function and produce its object in the Kantian system—which is merely an experimenter asking for a trial—proves nothing whatever against the objective validity of the concept of the necessary being, but at once brings discredit on the Kantian experiment. Not only that, but it brings the whole Kantian experiment under the suspicion that it is not constructed on sound philosophical principles—to say nothing whatever of the failure of Kant's philosophy to furnish a proper deduction of his categories. The whole subject may be summed up thus: Here is an old established principle of reason which has never been brought in question by any philosopher of any school, nay without which any system of human knowledge is utterly impossible. It works with the utmost precision alike in philosophy, in science, in metaphysic. It never slips a cog. And then comes Kant with a brand new, untried and unproved system of human reason, devised especially for the purpose of discrediting the old established principle, and because the oil and water will not mingle, Kant immediately cries "I told you so" and claims that the old established principle must be discarded and his own installed instead—regardless of the other false consequences which follow on the substitution. Shall we say the fault lies with the old infallible principle—or with the newcomer with which it will not work? Kant assures us the difficulty lies with the

old reliable principle which is as sure as the sun in the heavens; the world will, however, have its own opinion—which can hardly fail to be the true one—viz., that the fault is wholly with the usurper which has promised so much and given nothing but doubt. The only verdict must be that the newcomer is an impostor. The would-be-usurper relies on claims that are altogether spurious; the Kantian system fails. Here is the true test of its sufficiency or insufficiency—the touchstone which determines real value. By this test it is discredited. It completely fails. The preposterous claims of Kant for the scope of his categories are at once swept away by the very simple fact that, according to Kant himself, they are at variance with the very essence of all logic.

These, however, are by no means the only difficulties which Kant must overcome, if he wishes to establish the efficacy of his contention. He tells us that the concept of a necessary being is invalid for the reason that the object of that concept can never be met in any experience. But whence, then, have we the concept? It is imperative that Kant should clearly explain this, if the concept has, as he maintains, no objective validity. In Kant's system, the pure concepts of the understanding are forms or moulds of the mind which lie inoperative until their object is presented to them by the senses. Without this sensibility and its contact with the object we would never even know that we were in possession of these concepts at all. Kant himself says these concepts have "their first germs and beginnings in the human understanding in which they lie prepared, till at last, on the occasion of experience, they become developed" and are brought into activity. What is more, he tells us that "no concept is ever referred to an object immediately, but to some other representation of it"; so that we may regard those blind concepts as wholly inoperative until they are brought into contact, immediate or mediate, with their object. Hence a concept such as that of a necessary being is the joint product, as it were, of the form that lies hidden in the understanding and the object which is presented to it, and by which it is aroused, so to speak, from its dormant or passive state and becomes active. Now if there be no object to correspond with the concept of the necessary being, as Kant maintains, and by which the passive concept becomes active, whence do we derive the notion of a necessary being with which Kant claims we are all so familiar? This notion is universal—even necessary. It is to be met with everywhere in spite of the fact that Kant tells us it is merely a blind concept without an object. Kant says, "people have at all times been talking of an absolutely necessary being." He also tells us that "no doubt a verbal definition of that concept is quite easy!"

If, then, people are so familiar with the concept that they have always been talking about it; and if the definition of it is quite easy, and yet, according to Kant, it is wholly without an object to correspond with the concept, from what source have "people" derived their knowledge of it? How has the world become so familiar with it? This is a paradox which needs elucidation. If this concept be out of the reach of reason, and if its object cannot be given, it is passing strange that "people" have always been so familiar with it, that "people have been at all times talking about" it, and that a definition of it is "quite easy." All this implies an acquaintance with the object, an easy familiarity with it, and a clearly definite knowledge of it; and yet Kant tells us that it is without objective validity of any kind! In every other instance in which reason postulates a necessary concept, that concept has a corresponding object which can be reached by the senses, by intuition, by deduction, so that it becomes manifest that the object is really there and hence the idea in the mind is not, to use a Kant phrase, a mere empty concept. This is true of all logical necessity. But if this be true—and there is no denying it—there must be somewhere in the universe an object which corresponds to the concept of the necessary being; and if Kant persists in maintaining the contrary, it devolves upon him to show that there is here an exception, and also to satisfactorily demonstrate to reason why it should be an exception. It is much more consonant with reason—and, indeed, with the laws of common sense—to say that the object is there—must be there—though we do not perceive it, than to say that where the principle is most urgent and the necessity is greatest, the thing which is demanded most peremptorily by the necessity, is absent. Who is the more likely to have made the mistake? Kant or nature? For to say that we have this concept of the necessary being—and this is absolutely unquestionable—but for no other purpose than that of mere ornament, would be to bring suspicion on all Kant's categories; for we would thus have an empty concept without an object or without hope of one. There is only one alternative to all this absurdity, viz., that since it is only in Kant's system of metaphysic we are confronted with such a monstrous absurdity, his system must be absolutely false. As, according to Kant, all concepts are inoperative until they come into contact with their object, and are hidden away and unperceived until the object calls them into activity, it devolves on Kant to explain how and why this particular concept of a necessary being is an exception to the rule, and although, according to him, it has no objective validity, why it should nevertheless be called into such irrepressible and enduring activity.

It is really difficult to absolve Kant from the charge of trickery

and even sheer knavery in his manner of dealing with this problem. His skill in metaphysical jugglery is sufficiently attested in his famous swaggering antinomies. In the antinomies, however, it is mere sleight-of-hand performance for the benefit of the galleries, and the pastime injures no one. But here, where the principles of all truth are at stake, we have even a more glaring example of his reckless artifice. He admits the absolute necessity of the necessary being. Reason, he admits, demands it. Without it the whole chain of reasoning and also of existence sinks into the abyss. Without a necessary cause of the universe, the whole structure of thought and things collapses. Try as we may we cannot avoid the necessity of the necessary being. It is a logical necessity. Reason cannot rest at ease without it. Unless it is admitted, the understanding will not and cannot be content. Convinced of its absolute necessity and realizing how indispensable it is in the courts of human reason, the mind sets out in quest of information concerning it. It endeavors to obtain some notion of what it looks like. It would draw its portrait. It wants its photograph. It uses all the means which ingenuity can devise to catch a glimpse of it. It figures to itself all that the concept of a necessary being can suggest in order to represent to itself what may be the characteristics and qualities of this necessary being. It decides that it must have absolute reality. It must be the *ens reale*, aye, even the *ens realissimum*. It is forced to concede that it must be the *ens summum* (the highest being); that it must be the *ens originarium* (the original being); the *ens entium* (the being of beings). All this, Kant has figured out, with mathematical precision and with great satisfaction to himself, the necessary being must be. Nay more, he shows that it is entitled to the name of necessary being, for he demonstrates fully its absolute necessity. He says it is:

“. . . the complete possession of all reality. It is a transcendental *ideal* which forms the foundation of the complete determination which is necessary for all that exists, and which constitutes at the same time the highest and complete condition of its possibility, to which all thoughts of objects, with regard to their content, must be traced back. It is at the same time the only true ideal of which human reason is capable, because it is in this case alone that a concept of a thing, which in itself is general, is completely determined by itself, and recognized as the representation of an individual.”

And yet, in spite of all this investigation by reason and its unquestionable results, he insists that reason must relinquish all its claims to any knowledge whatever of this necessary being, because we do not meet with the object of the concept in experience. That is, the

same faculty of reason which has so conclusively demonstrated its existence, which has taken its portrait, and which proves that without it we can know nothing whatever of phenomena, must be resolutely excluded from all knowledge—or even recognition—of that being. It must relinquish all its pretensions to acquaintance of any kind with the necessary being whose legitimate claims it has so conclusively established. The necessary being must be banished wholly from the entire territory over which reason holds sway. Although the conviction of its necessity is persistent and absolute, its existence must be ignored. It must be excluded from all experience, although without it there would be no such thing as experience. It must not claim recognition either in the internal or in the external world, although it is frankly admitted that without it there would be neither internal nor external world. Kant catalogued his categories and so manipulated them that they must absolutely exclude the supernatural. Unlike Aristotle, who first investigated the *a priori* possessions of the human mind, that is, the whole content of the mind prior to experience, Kant insists that some one—doubtless the rejected necessary being—placed in the mind at the very outset certain forms or moulds into which all the experience of the senses and all intuitions must be poured and thus moulded into the forms which we call knowledge. It is only experience, however, that can have this privilege. Nothing that does not come within the range of experience can have the honor. Phenomena, by your leave, and phenomena only, are entitled to admission tickets. These moulds—which are so choice in the selection of their guests—are by no means figurative with Kant. They are real—genuine—“compartments” into which phenomena are poured in a constant stream and out of which these same phenomena emerge to us in the form of judgments, knowledge, etc. But the necessary being not being a phenomenon or phenomena is rigorously denied the luxury of the moulding process. Therefore about the necessary being, in spite of all that we know about it, we can know nothing. Now this mental rigging which Kant has been at such pains to invent and on which he has spent so much time and labor, as he tells us, is surely a marvel of mental industry. We have no room here to examine it in detail, nor does it come within the scope of this article to do more than point out the main blunder which would give to philosophy a gigantic metaphysical blimp, inflated to an extraordinary degree, instead of the sure and simple teachings of philosophers of every school up to Kant's time. All his lumbering machinery which fills so large a space in his impossible system of metaphysic, and on which he prided himself so much, is but a hallucinated distortion of the very simple fact that the human mind is endowed with the capacity

to acquire knowledge—a capacity which has been recognized in every age by every philosopher of every school. The mind of man is pliable, plastic, elastic, and receives and retains impressions from objects in a thousand different ways. But Kant maintains that this mental capacity for knowledge is in reality a piece of metaphysical “carpentry, mechanical if not automatic in its workings, and containing compartments” or “pockets” in which to pigeon-hole the various forms which it is to meet with in the course of experience; there being no compartment left, however, for the knowledge of the necessary being, who, evidently, according to Kant, built a structure with apartments for everything else, but unfortunately seems to have forgotten to save a room for himself. Kant, astute metaphysician that he is, immediately takes advantage of the oversight and insists on excluding the necessary being and all its relations from the field of knowledge altogether. He maintains that since we have no concept of the necessary being that can come into experience, the mind can never obtain any knowledge concerning it. This, of course, is simply a gratuitous attempt on the part of Kant, cavalierly to circumscribe man's mental capacity, to clip the wings of the human understanding, and without warrant of any kind either from reason or experience, to limit arbitrarily the powers of the human mind, of the extent of which neither Kant nor any one else has any knowledge whatever. Kant has simply reversed here the real order of things. True philosophy, however, will easily brush aside all Kant's fantastical trumpery and fling into the rubbish heap all his factitious and worthless mental mechanism, his artificial “moulds,” “forms,” “compartments,” etc., and leave human reason free to take care of itself and adjust itself to whatever kind of knowledge is presented to it, without placing any arbitrary restrictions on its investigations or any limitation on its powers. Perhaps there never was a more preposterous proposition presented to the world than that because the supersensible world is not given to us in experience, that is, that we can never have experience of it while here, the human mind is incapable of arriving at any knowledge concerning it, and that consequently all questions regarding it and all answers to these questions are entirely illegitimate; yet this is not only what Kant claims, but what he wrote his whole system of philosophy to prove. The reverse of all this, however, is the true state of affairs. The soul, of which the understanding is but a faculty, is constructed on no pinchbeck pattern. It is no mere mechanical frame containing dies, “moulds,” “forms” and “compartments.” It has indeed the faculty of assimilating to itself and acquiring knowledge of the various things which are presented to it by the senses; but this is by no means the extent

of its capacity; and Kant falls into an egregious error when he imagines that the external world is capable of exhausting the powers of the understanding, and, therefore, since this is the only field of observation that is presented to us here, our minds are limited in their capacity by the world of sensibility. Kant's catch phrase is: the understanding is limited by experience. This is about equivalent to saying that the possibilities of a mighty organ are limited by the capacity of a third rate-performer on the instrument, or that a magnificent concert-grand is capable of producing no more majestic music than a tyro can extract from it, and furthermore that it would be wrong, wicked and altogether impious to attempt to draw more harmonies from the superb instrument than a musical clown could produce. But the fact is, not that the powers of the human mind are limited by experience—but that the external world, phenomena, all experience are incapable of exhausting the powers of men's minds. That the understanding is limited by experience is, indeed, to a certain extent true, but not in the sense in which Kant uses it. It is true that here for the most part our minds are confined to experience and taken up with the things we find in experience; but it does not mean and cannot mean that the external world, or experience, is capable of exhausting the resources of the mind or its capacity for knowledge. That this is not a matter of mere theory or conjecture, but a truth established beyond mere peradventure, is evident from the fact that, prior to all experience, as Kant himself admits, the mind is already furnished with *a priori* knowledge which is really the basis on which rests all our knowledge from experience and which alone can give validity to our knowledge derived from experience. Hence, when Kant claims that our knowledge is limited to experience, he is simply contradicting the first principles of all knowledge. The mind can outsoar all experience; for it is certain that the principle of contradiction and the principle of causality are before all experience, that they are the most valuable possessions of knowledge to which the mind can lay claim, nay, that without them the mind cannot take a single step forward on the road to knowledge. And yet, in the face of all this, Kant will undertake to tell us that the human mind is not capable of any knowledge outside of experience! The extent of the powers of the human mind we do not know, for the reason that we are able to present to it merely the world of phenomena; but whether the mind is or is not capable of understanding and knowing (for that is the sore point with philosophy) a world of a totally different order, were it presented to it, is what neither Kant nor any other philosopher can either affirm or deny. Consequently it was triple-plated brazen assurance in Kant to announce to the world that,

because he had drawn from the depths of his inner consciousness a hairbrained system of metaphysics, specially constructed for the limitation of the powers of the human understanding, all philosophy must come to his terms and then proceed to issue a formal imperial decree that the mind of man, by its very nature and constitution, must be limited in its scope to a knowledge of phenomena and phenomena only, and that this edict must be strictly obeyed. Kant has simply reversed the real order of things. Although he boasted somewhat ostentatiously that he was the Copernicus of philosophy, his theory (or dogmatism, rather) is really reactionary; for he makes the sun of his system move round the earth. He makes the mind with its categories and other paraphernalia revolve around phenomena, mapping and cataloguing it in various ways according to the tables of weights and measures with which Kant has so magisterially provided it. He boldly proclaims that the mind is limited by the phenomena which it finds in experience. It was made for phenomena, for the knowledge of phenomena, and beyond the limits of experience it can never pass. It is a satellite which must revolve around phenomena in the region of experience, but can never be diverted to any other use. But Kant is mistaken. The world is not an instrument on which the human mind manipulates the keys. If this were the case we would be able to change the face of the world at will. If we look deeply into the matter, we shall find—and this is an all important truth—that just as the heavenly bodies seem to move around our earth while our planet remains motionless, so all our investigations of nature and all our impressions received from phenomena, which we proudly dub philosophy, are the action of all this phantasmagoria on our minds which are all the time stationary while they are receiving the impressions. The human mind is seated like the sphinx by the roadside and the phantasms pass by in endless procession presenting their problems to it for solution. But whether, if another procession of phenomena of an entirely different order, of which we have now no comprehension, were to replace that which now engages us, the mind would be able to grasp it as fully as it now grasps the world of sense, is a problem to which Kant seems to answer an emphatic "No," but to which the rest of the world will answer just as emphatically "Yes." To return to our metaphor, the mind is the mighty organ. The external world—or experience, if you will—is the performer. That there are yet stops in the mighty organ which experience—all phenomena—have never drawn but which could mayhap reveal to us other worlds of harmony and knowledge Kant can neither prove nor disprove. The deep majestic bourdon of the principles

of cause and contradiction have not been drawn by experience. They were making their music when experience came into play and they have been resounding through its music ever since. Consequently the extent to which the powers of the mind can be attuned, or the limits of its flexibility to the requirements of knowledge, is something about which neither Kant nor any one else is qualified to dogmatise. Hence the absurdity of Kant in his herculean attempts to limit the boundaries of knowledge by the phenomena of experience!

We have already alluded to Kant's method of dealing with the idea of the necessary being and the difficulty of believing that he can be at all sincere in the utterance of his glaring fallacies. There would seem to be a laughing devil in his eye as he follows sophism with sophism, or as he envelops his argument in haze and smoke which bewilder the usual reader. He uses consummately all the arts of the accomplished prestidigitator. Reason, he admits, must have the necessary being. It is there. We cannot avoid it, or bribe it, or strangle it, or assassinate it, or rid ourselves of it by any means fair or foul. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down. It is a logical necessity. He recognises it as the unlimited all, the Highest Being, the Supreme Being, the Being of Beings. And Kant then straightway forgets all about the necessity which is so urgent and clamorous. He treats this absolute necessity as non-existent. He begins to mince his language, to hedge on his statements, to substitute *may* for *must*, and *in order to* break the force of his concessions, as far as he can do so without complete stultification, to discount all his admissions regarding the necessity of the necessary being. In a word he undertakes to weave a web of sophistry around the idea of the necessary being in order to blind his readers to the force of the admissions which have been wrung from him by the sheer logic of the case. This shiftiness is really a disgrace to all philosophy. With an adroitness known only to the professional sophist, he substitutes the *ens realissimum* for the *ens necessarium* and then keeping the necessity completely out of view he begins to argue the claims of the *ens realissimum* out of existence; the substitution of terms throwing the unsuspecting reader entirely off his guard. Then when he imagines his reader has lost sight of the notion of necessity, he brings all his forces into play against the *ens realissimum*, emasculated, as he believes it, of all the strength of its necessity. We shall briefly give an instance of two of his methods. First, in spite of his forced admissions that reason requires a necessary being, he has the effrontery to tell us that the idea of a necessary being is "a concept which

is accepted voluntarily only." Voluntarily, indeed! when all the laws of logic force it upon him against his will and when he can neither avoid nor evade it!

Next he tells us in as fine a piece of sophistry as even Kant can weave—but let us give his own language, for a paraphrase of it would spoil the jewel of reasoning.

"If in an identical judgment I reject the predicate and retain the subject, there arises a contradiction, and hence I say, that the former belongs to the latter necessarily. But if I reject the subject as well as the predicate, there is no contradiction, because there is nothing left that can be contradicted. (A piece of solid wisdom in the very best form of Kant. He then proceeds to explain the obvious by adding) To accept a triangle and yet reject its three angles is contradictory, but there is no contradiction at all in admitting the non-existence of the triangle and of its three angles."

Passing over the obvious comment that it is only inside of bedlam that people argue about things that are non-existent, we come to his masterpiece—his conclusion from the foregoing. He tells us:

"The same (that is the argument of the triangle and its three angles) applies to the concept of an absolutely necessary being. Remove its existence and you remove the thing itself, with all its predicates, so that a contradiction becomes impossible." How simple it all is when a master shows you how! And we can imagine Kant smile at the ease with which he solves a problem which perplexes the rest of mankind. But alas for all Kant's logic! For the reply is not far to seek; and it is absolute and crushing. By hypothesis the necessary being cannot be removed! It is easy enough to remove a triangle, real or imaginary, with its three angles; but the case is entirely different with "an absolutely necessary being." Neither in thought nor in reality can the absolutely necessary being be removed. If we undertake to remove it we remove with it all things even Kant and his absurd metaphysics. Kant's own definition of the necessary being is that "it is something the non-existence of which is impossible." Hence to "remove the subject" of Kant's proposition, you must remove its existence and make it non-existent; but its non-existence Kant, himself, tells us is impossible. From this conclusion there is no possible escape for Kant.

But we are not yet through with Kant's aberrations on this point. He continues:

"If you say God is almighty, that is a necessary judgment, because almighty cannot be removed, if you accept a deity, that

is, an infinite being, with the concept of which that other concept is identical. But if you say, God is not, then neither his almighty-ness, nor any other of his predicates is given; they are all, together with the subject, removed out of existence, and therefore there is not the slightest contradiction in that sentence."

The sophistry here is that of substitution of terms to which we have called attention above. God is, however, but the theo-logical name for the necessary being; and it is best not to get philosophy and theology confused, as Kant does here, whether deliberately or unconsciously we know not. Hence as we are discussing the question theologically, we shall stick to philosophy, and put back the term necessary being in the place of God. If we say, with the fool, God is not, the contradiction is not at once apparent, although, in spite of Kant's statement, it is there just the same. But if instead we say—as we should—the necessary being is not, we have the most glaring kind of contradiction. We assert the non-existence of a being whose non-existence, even according to Kant, is impossible.

After perpetrating this logical solecism, Kant, evidently aware of the unsoundness of his contention, capers off into all kinds of wild discursions, all of them abounding in sophisms which we have no room here to follow (interesting as the game would be), and, evidently, in order to divert attention as soon as possible from his palpable contradictions. He indulges in dogmatical disquisitions on analytical and synthetical propositions which might be challenged at every turn, and then proceeds to put into the mouth of an imaginary opponent a varied argument constructed by Kant himself which he forthwith proceeds to demolish. We shall give one more sample of these random disquisitions which he undertakes to palm off on the world as the highest philosophy and the purest metaphysics. He says:

"Being is not a real predicate, or a concept of something that can be added to the concept of a thing. It is merely the admission of a thing, and of certain determinations in it." Kant evidently believes that there can be no such thing as the absence of being. But—and we do not think we are taking an unfair advantage of Kant's statement—if being "is not a concept of something that can be added to the concept of a thing," then certainly it must be the thing itself, and Kant proves against himself the being or existence of the necessary being. For since being is not something that can be added to the concept of the necessary being, being must be in the necessary being itself. There is no escape from this conclusion. If we doubt it we have merely to read the

very next words of Kant: "It (being) is merely the admission of a thing and of certain determinations in it." Consequently, since being is neither the concept of something that can be added to the concept of a thing; and since moreover it is the admission of a thing, being is not added to the concept of a necessary being, which, according to Kant's statement, must have had being (that is existence) from the outset; it is merely the admission of the necessary thing (that is being) itself and consequently the admission of its existence. There is no escape from this conclusion either, the road to which Kant has unguardedly left open wholly unconscious here, we think, of its far-reaching results.

He then, with about equal parts of truth and error, proceeds to analyse the notion of being and concludes thuswise. "If I then take the subject (God) with all its predicates (including that of almighty), and say, *God is*, or there is a God, I do not put a new predicate to the concept of God, but I only put the subject by itself, with all its predicates, in relation to my concept, as its object. Both must contain exactly the same kind of thing, and nothing can be added to the concept, which expresses possibility only, by my thinking its object as simply given and saying, it is. And thus the real does not contain more than the possible. A hundred real dollars do not contain a penny more than a hundred possible dollars. For as the latter signify the concept, the former the object and its position by itself, it is clear that, in case the former contained more than the latter, my concept would not express the whole object, and would not therefore be its adequate concept."

If Kant had set out to argue the case against himself, we do not see how he could have done it better; for if the real does not contain more than the possible; that is, as Kant puts it, if the object does not contain more than the concept of it, and if a hundred real dollars do not contain a penny more than a hundred possible dollars, then the inversion of these propositions must also be true; for, though the proposition is in negative form, it is really an identical proposition. Hence it must be true that a hundred possible dollars contain exactly as much as a hundred real dollars. For the same reason the objective reality of the necessary being, that is, its existence, does not contain one iota more of reality than the concept of the necessary being; for with Kant, the concept of a thing and the possibility of a thing, are one and the same thing, as we have seen in the above quotation. In other words, according to Kant's own argument, the concept of the necessary being includes the existence of that being, and thus we find Kant hoist with his own petard. That the reality of the necessary being

is contained in the concept, Kant, all unconsciously, it is true, has proved against himself, just at the moment he was exerting all his powers to disprove the objective validity of that concept. We do not stand sponsor for Kant's logic or conclusion; but Kant here reminds us of the precocious freshman, home for his first holiday, who undertook to astonish his parents by the profundity of his knowledge, and when two eggs appeared in the dish, offered to prove there were three. Pointing, he said, "That is one, and that is two; but two and one are three." As the story runs, the father disposed of his precocious boy's sophistry in quite a practical manner, by subjoining: "Wife, you take the first egg, I will take the second; and let our smart boy take the third." Like pater-familias with his precocious boy, we take Kant at his word. We shall accept the hundred real dollars, and are perfectly willing that Kant should help himself to the hundred possible dollars, thanking him all the while for proving against himself, that there is nothing more whatever in the reality of the necessary being than in the concept of it; in other words, that, if the concept of the necessary being be a logical necessity, it contains just as much of the reality of the thing as the necessary being itself. In plain language that the concept of the necessary being implies, of necessity, its objective reality. This is Kant's own conclusion and we leave his followers to extricate him from the contradiction as best they can.

In spite of all this, however, Kant still endeavors to maintain that the concept of the necessary being is without objective validity. And the ludicrous position into which he, accordingly, succeeds in manoeuvering himself is amusing enough. He finds that labor as he may he cannot rid himself of the logical necessity of the necessary being. At the same time he is determined that this necessary being shall not be allowed objective validity. Like the president who complained that he had Congress on his hands, Kant finds that he has the necessary being on his hands, and what is more, that his system of philosophy cannot proceed with it or without it. Of all his predicaments, metaphysical and otherwise, this is the most serious and annoying. How dispose of this necessary being so as to let Kant run amuck through the hazy territory of metaphysic? That is the problem that confronted Kant. And in the whole course of philosophical absurdity there is nothing so supremely ridiculous, when properly understood, as Kant's method of disposing of it. This necessary being and the concept of it, he, in substance, tells us, is a mere joke! This necessary being which reason forces upon Kant, and without which everything would

fall into chaos, is but a mere make-believe, a pretender. With all its pretensions it is nothing more than a regulative principle which someone has had the forethought to put upon the mental apparatus of foolish man. Like the regulator on a steam-engine—lest the whole apparatus should blow up in an explosion—a safety-valve has been very thoughtfully placed on human reason (not so bad an idea after all; it often needs it) to prevent disaster—and this necessary being from which the world and all things in it derive their origin and existence, is just this safety-valve and nothing more!!! Kant is really in earnest. He quite gravely assures us that “it makes a great difference whether something is represented to our reason as an *object absolutely*, or merely as an object in the idea,” the latter term of which may be more clearly understood and would have been much better expressed had Kant frankly said “an object all in my eye”; for with Kant this is its true meaning. For, strange as it may sound on the lips of a philosopher, Kant in all sobriety informs us:

“Thus I say that the concept of a highest intelligence is a mere idea, that is, that its objective reality is not to consist in its referring directly to any object (for in that case we should not be able to justify its objective validity); but that it is only a schema, arranged according to the conditions of the highest unity of reason, of the concept of a thing in general, serving only to obtain the greatest systematical unity in the empirical use of reason, by helping us, as it were, to deduce the object of experience from the imagined object of that idea, as its ground or cause.”

Hence according to Kant, reason is a born schemer, and from the very start has been a perfect adept in the wiles of the twentieth century—not surpassed in this special line by the veriest bucket-shop of them all. In fraud and graft it is in the foremost rank, and on this particular point, on which its whole stock-in-trade depends, to use the language of the craft, most successfully “puts one over” on the whole mass of mankind. It pretends to us—for its own purposes, no doubt—that there is and must be a necessary being, the cause of the world; but this is only because reason is compelled to do so (which possibly might be regarded as an extenuating circumstance, since it cannot do otherwise), and this pretence helps us, “as it were,” to spin the universe from this idea, which, however, is only “imagined”—and which, in all confidence, we think should be locked up for masquerading under false pretences. Lest we might be thought to be misrepresenting Kant, let him speak for himself on this point.

“Thus we are led to say; for instance, that the things of the

world must be considered (note the *must*) *as if* (italics Kant's) they owed their existence to some supreme intelligence"—whereas they do not; it is all make-believe. He adds:

"If then it can be shown that, although the three transcendental ideas (the psychological, cosmological and theological) cannot be used directly to *determine* any object corresponding to them, yet all the rules of the empirical use of reason, will lead, under the presupposition of such an *object* in the *idea* (that is the object all in my eye), to a systematic unity, and to an extension of our empirical knowledge, without ever running counter to them, it becomes a necessary *maxim* of reason to act in accordance with such *ideas*."

In other words, in the concoction of his scheme, drawn from his own inner consciousness, to overthrow the argument for the existence of God, Kant finds himself confronted with this idea of a necessary being, whose claims are so overwhelming that they cannot be set aside or ignored, but which, however, bar the path of Kant's pretensions, and being at his wit's ends to discover some escape from his difficulty, he at last hits on the by no means novel scheme of incarcerating this necessary being in an asylum for troublesome ideas, while at the same time he uses its name, its prestige, its powers, its great royal seal to stamp all transactions, as if the imprisoned sovereign were actually on the throne; whereas it is a mere dummy that is governing the empire of reason. The imposture, however, must be kept secret, all things must be done, all business transacted "as if" the true sovereign was on the throne. The main point is to keep up the imposture—if Kant's philosophy is to be saved. Make the world believe there is a necessary being while there really is none—nothing but a notion, an idea, deceive the world by admitting the inevitable truth of a necessary being, which cannot be denied, as the cause of all things; but, in order to save Kant's face, make that necessary being a farce. It is but a safety valve of reason, a regulator on Kant's system of metaphysic, where surely it is sorely needed. And all those contrarieties and contradictions are supposed to be the basis of a great philosophic system! Nay, the greatest which the world has ever known! Again he tells us

"We must consider everything that may belong to the whole of possible experience as if that experience formed one absolute but thoroughly dependent, and always, within the world of sense, conditioned unity; but at the same time, as if it, the whole of phenomena (the world of sense itself) had one supreme and all-sufficient ground, outside its sphere, namely an independent, original,

creative reason, in reference to which we direct all empirical use of *our* reason in its widest extension in such a way as if the objects themselves had sprung from that archetype of all reason." That is, we must regard the entire world of sense *as if* it had one all-sufficient ground of its existence; whereas it has nothing of the kind. This is all make-believe. There is not and cannot be any such thing. What seems to be an all-sufficient ground for the existence of the world is but the regulative principle, the safety valve, which someone has hung on reason to prevent it from running off the track.

And although from this "all-sufficient ground" which is "an independent, original, creative reason, we direct all empirical use of our reason in its widest extension in such a way as if the objects themselves had sprung from that archetype of all reason," it is all a joke. This "all-sufficient ground," supreme though it be, and this "archetype of all reason" from which all things and objects seem to spring, is merely a splendid hoax which reason, evidently on a frolic, perpetrates on itself. Kant solemnly assures us we are to pay no attention to it; "We ought not to derive the order and systematical unity of the world from a supreme intelligence, but borrow from the idea of a "supremely wise" intelligence. That is, the necessary being is there. We cannot deny it. We cannot get along without it. Nevertheless, we must ignore it. We must avoid it. We must shun the very possibility of it. It would be treason to reason even to hint that it existed at all. A recognition of it would upset Kant's theory of things; and, at any cost, this must not be risked. Yet, since we need it, and since reason must have it in some shape, we must set up a straw figure and palm it off on the world—and on reason, which cannot get along without it. Here is Kant's justification of the humbug:

"Thus if we admit a Divine Being, we have not the slightest conception, either of the internal possibility of its supreme perfection, or of the necessity of its existence, but we are able at least thus to satisfy all other questions relating to contingent things, and give the most perfect satisfaction with reference to that highest unity in its empirical application that has to be discovered, but not in reference to that hypothesis itself."

And here Kant seems to begin to hedge on his high-handed dogmatism—for he gives no reason that is worth a moment's consideration—and to take refuge in subtle distinctions. It would be excellent sport to follow him in his varied divagations and expose the transparent fallacies, but we have no room. It is, however, amusing to find him now using terms that might seem to be from

the camp of scholasticism itself, and again fully abreast of St. Anselm in this presentation of the ontological argument. But soon discovering that he is yielding his whole contention, he once more stiffens his vertebrae, and proceeds impenitent to the end. The glimmering of reason is of short duration, and he says—what we may take for his final profession of faith:

"We misapprehend the true meaning of the idea of the necessary being, if we accept it as the assertion, or even as the hypothesis of a real thing to which the ground of the systematical construction of the world should be ascribed."

And here we must take issue with Kant on this wild notion of his regulative principle. For he has here, quite unconsciously, uncovered the real problem. That problem is, not what Kant or his vaporings tells us about the nature of the idea of the necessary being; but the question is: What is the testimony of that necessary idea itself (whether in the concept or in the reality matters not here), for, in the long run, it is the only witness we have to the nature of the necessity in the case. What is the testimony which it gives as to the reality of this necessary being? This witness Kant has endeavored in a thousand ways to browbeat into silence, but what we want to know—and it is the only question worthy of consideration at all—is, what does it tell us of the objective validity of the necessary cause of the universe? Is it that it is merely a regulative principle? Is it that the necessary being is just a huge humbug given for the purpose of imposing on and deceiving reason? Is it that the mere concept of a necessary being is all that is required as the cause of all things? Or is it that the reality behind the concept, it is, that brought the universe into being? Is it that there must be a real, existing cause for the universe, or simply that the mere concept—the idea—is all that is necessary? It is insistent and urgent about the necessity; is that insistence and urgency merely for a mere concept; or is it for a real, existing cause? It is only the logical necessity that can give us any answer at all in the matter. What is its testimony? Will Kant insist that its answer is, that a mere concept is the cause of the universe, and thus stultify all knowledge; or will it be that it is the object which the concept represents that is the cause of all things? Does it tell us that a mere "regulative principle" is, in a word, the cause of the universe? Yet with all its absurdity, this is precisely where Kant's regulative principle would land us. Reason, common sense, assures us that it is not the mere idea, but the object which the idea represents which is required as the cause of the universe. Nay, even for the systematic

unity which forms the burden of Kant's pleading throughout, the mere concept is insufficient. What reason demands throughout, both for the necessary cause of all things and for the systematic unity of all its own philosophic findings, is not the mere idea which is absolutely worthless, but the object behind the idea, the reality which the idea represents. This can be the only possible answer that this logical necessity can give; and this logical necessity is the only competent witness in the case. No sane mind that grasped the situation fully could possibly give any other answer, and all the vaporings of Kant are just so much resounding brass and so many tinkling cymbals. Yet this phase of the question does not seem to have dawned upon Kant at all. But all the same, the testimony of the only witness, nay the witness without which we would not have the problem at all, is, that it is not the idea that is conceived as the cause of all things; it is the object back of the idea. The idea can do nothing but appease the cravings of reason for systematic truth; but this systematic unity demands a real necessary being as the cause of all things. All the childishness and puerility of Kant is blown to pieces, like a soap-bubble, by the very question: What is the testimony of this logical necessity? That testimony decides the whole question. The idea would be barren without the object of the idea in operation. It is not the idea that is absolutely necessary; it is the reality corresponding to the idea. It is the Being—not the concept of it—that is absolutely necessary—the necessary being. It is not the mere idea of a necessary being that reason demands; it is the necessary being itself. This is so self-evident that no man will question it when attention is called to it. But Kant has so lost himself in vain speculation, that, like the aeronaut lost in the clouds, his sense of direction is completely gone, and he not only does not any longer seem to be able to determine north, south, east or west; but what is more, he loses all notion of aboveness or belowness and cannot tell whether he is sailing towards the zenith or the nadir. Indeed, on reading the wild aberrations of Kant on the regulative principle, and pursuing his wild vagaries through the realm of metaphysics, one begins to wonder whether, after all, philosophical speculations are of any value whatever, especially when we find otherwise sane men incapable of grasping the problem to say nothing of the arguments, and wildly applauding the wildest aberrations as the quintessence of truth. And this is the weighty solution of the great question for which all the world had been waiting until Kant came!!!

We have dwelt long on the Kantian delusion; but we have not exhausted one half its possibilities. We have dealt only with his

sophisms on the ontological proof for the existence of God. His argument against the cosmological and physiotheological proofs are, if possible, still more sophistical; and the fallacies are equally transparent.

SIMON FLIMONS.

## THE POLISH PEASANT

## I

ONE of the most interesting figures in the world today is the European peasant—that man of the soil, who, by the fortunes of the world war, has in half a dozen countries suddenly found himself rising to the stature of a living factor in the making of history. And of all the peasants of Europe, Russian, Roumanian, Czech, Hungarian, Serbian, or what not, perhaps the most interesting is the peasant of Poland, because of the vital part he plays in the fortunes of the one country destined above all its neighbors, by reason of its peculiar geographical situation, to preserve the future peace of Europe. Vastly in a majority in the Polish population, and holding a dominating position in the Polish congress, the peasant of Poland is a man well worth our getting acquainted with.

But he is interesting from more than merely the political viewpoint. Simply as a human being, he is, in fact, one of the most picturesque figures in the world today. "Good stock," the salt of the earth, with qualities like iron, he lives a rugged and wholesome life in his little *wioska* or village, a life which, despite the changes of time, still bears many marks of an ancient communal system, holding his councils, electing his *soltys* and *starostas*, and realizing in his own small circle a rudimentary democracy such as his ancestors knew further back than history goes. He is a traditionalist to the marrow, the most conservative creature on earth, clinging to age-old customs and habits with the greatest tenacity; not very progressive, it is true; hard and rather inflexible, if not intractable, in the modern movement of affairs, but sure, solid and dependable. As for his conservatism, it shows at every angle of his daily life. In no corner of the world, for example, have the inroads of fashion in dress made less headway than on the Polish countryside among the Polish peasants. The spinning-wheel and the loom still hold their place of honor in the cottage. Homespun is still the garb of solid respectability. Men's coats and women's skirts are cut as were those of their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers for generations back. When they come into the cities they still wear unabashed the brightest and

best of this picturesque garb, though, alas, I must confess that in the case of the women I have seen its fine primitive beauty spoiled more than once by staggering experiments with French high heels!

The peasant's cottage is small, either of frame, logs or brick, white-washed often, and usually with a thatched roof which is the owner's special pride. He may have a telephone or an electric light wire strung to his gable, but the thatch seems to stay. If, however, the roof be shingled, its long sloping surfaces are not left to fate unadorned, but are often painted with a design of conventional squares and angles, red or blue, which give an effect of neat gaiety to what might otherwise be a drab spot on the landscape. High up alongside the door, or on the roof, or at the end of the cottage, under the gable, one will almost invariably see a cross either painted or made with the bricks set out in the desired cruciform lines. Thus the Polish peasant puts a blessing on his little home, even while he is building it, embedding that blessing into the actual structure, as it were; and at the same time he proclaims to all who pass that his is the house of a Christian. These are the definite intents of this typical Polish decoration.

Such is the cottage of the plains, in the dooryard of which will be often seen in the early autumn months neat piles of peat fresh cut from the neighboring marshes and seasoning for winter use. In the mountain districts of the Tatry quite a distinct building pattern, entirely of wood, is found, now known among architects as the Zakopané style. The steep roofs of the Tatry cottage tell the story of heavy snows, while its wide eaves and galleries and colonnades are made for the torrential rains and the blazing sunlight of mountain regions. Whole villages are found in the Tatry hills built in this picturesque and airy fashion.

The garden around the Polish peasant's cottage, plainsman or mountaineer, is bright with flowers. Flower-boxes often fill the windows. All the old friends we know at home bloom there in profusion, lilacs, the sweet-smelling pink, the tall, lusty hollyhock, pansies, asters, roses galore, and invariably the sunflower, the seeds of which are in some districts a staple delicacy.

When you enter the cottage of a Polish peasant you will encounter good manners that may astonish you. Your host, in the first place, will be sure to greet you with a hearty "May Jesus Christ be praised!" It is the greeting of the Polish countryman for a thousand years; to which you must answer, "For ever and for ever." This custom may surprise you at first; but if by chance you should surprise him—if you are an old acquaintance, let us say, arriving unexpectedly—you will hear another exclamation, this time straight out of the Book:

"And the Word became!" It is not irreverence but sincerity and honest piety that speaks thus. As for the manners, everyone I know who has come in contact with the Polish peasant in his home has been impressed by the unconscious grace of his modest etiquette. I was continually opening my eyes at revelations of gentle breeding in the most unexpected places. The manners of the children, neither bashful nor forward, were a constant source of delight to us.

The interior of the cottage, not well lighted, would be dark were it not for the white-washed walls. There is always one great central feature, the oven. This is built into the house, or rather the house is built around it; a huge permanent affair, which not only bakes the family bread and cooks the family meals, but serves also as the single heating apparatus of the home, beds even being made, in the coldest season, on its broad stone flanks. After the oven the next thing that catches the visitor's eye is the "Holy Corner"—I know no other term to use—in which hangs a crucifix or a picture of the Blessed Virgin, the Madonna of Chenstohova. This is the family shrine, before which the rosary or other family prayers are recited. Often a miniature sanctuary lamp burns on the shelf under the crucifix or image; there are blessed wax candles on either side; many festoons of colored tissue paper cut into the most delicate lacelike patterns; and fresh flowers, if it be the season, breathing the tribute of the fields to the peasant's holy of holies. Here also, or perhaps upon one of the rafters, if not over the door where you have entered, you will see the little cluster of grain and flowers which has been blessed in the village church on Lady Day, and which is treasured the year around along with a spray of evergreen or palm given out at Mass on Palm Sunday.

If there is a baby in the house—and there always is a baby in the peasant's house—you may see a cradle that you won't forget. A supple elm pole bends down from the rafters, with a strap or a heavy cord on the end of it. The cradle is a basket tied to the cord. With what a gentle motion, rise and fall, it hushes the little one! It is as if a soft wind in the trees were rocking him.

## II

The land, the countryside of Poland, is so intimately woven into the life and language of the people that even the names of months of the year are taken directly from the fields. Thus April, "Kwiecien," is "the flowering time"; Lipca," July, is "the month of the blooming linden"; August, "Sierpien," is "the sickle"; September, "Wrzesien," "the heather"; November, "Listopad," "the falling leaves"; while "Pazdziernik," October, is "the month of the flax," the word signi-

fying the hull of fibre of the flax straw. If you happen into a peasant village at this season you will see a curious and a very ancient process going on, as the flax is threshed and drawn and worked into its eventual linen fabric. "Bees" are held, peasant women going from house to house to help their neighbors, making much merriment and enjoying plenty of gossip and singing and dancing on the way.

The flax is hauled in from the field, either in the low narrow wicker-work carts, which Americans in Poland have christened "puppy baskets," or else by hand, usually by the women, to whom the entire ritual of the flax seems to more or less belong, and who take special pride in the ease and grace with which they can walk up the road with huge bundles poised on their heads, or with broad wooden yokes across their shoulders, a bundle or pail swinging from each end of the stick. The straw is first soaked, either in the village stream or in a big primitive vat hewn from the trunk of a tree; pounded and worked by a great pestle into the proper degree of softness and pliability; then drawn and redrawn with a large wooden comb until it becomes fibrous and stringy.

One often sees long strands of this fibre draped on the fences, where it is hung out to dry before it goes to the spinning wheel and the loom, to be woven into great bolts, which later must be carefully washed and spread on the grass to bleach. Seventy-five per cent. of the garb worn by the Polish peasants is homespun.

Flax and the homespun linen of the countryside play an intimate part in the life of the Polish peasant. His days are woven into its fabric, from birth to death, from his swaddling clothes to his funeral sheet; from the time that he runs knee deep through its blue flowery fields till he is wrapped in his shroud, not to speak of the good old-fashioned uses to which his wife puts it, making oil from its seed and poultices for his back. It enters into the Polish folk-lore, too, one of the peasants' favorite legends being the story of the coming to Poland of the first flax, the "treasure from Heaven." According to this legend the flax was planted in the beginning by the Madonna of Chenstohova to befriend a motherless peasant girl who was in distress over her parents' illness and the ruin of their crops. "Worry no more, my daughter," said the Queen. "I shall send you a treasure from Heaven. Tomorrow, when the sun rises you shall find new flowers in your garden, smiling up at you with eyes blue as the sky. Pluck them and they shall serve you well."

So it befell, as the legend goes; and the bewildered girl obeyed, though she did not know what to do with the flax after it was plucked. But the Madonna came in the night, attended by troops of angels, who set up a workshop in the poor cottage, and taught the

child how to work the flax and spin and weave it. "And when morning came Hela held in her hands the first piece of linen in all Poland. And she made a shirt of it for her father, and at once he was cured. And from that day there has been linen in Polska, and that is why the flax is a holy flower. How could it be else? Was not the Lord Christ Himself wrapped in it both at His birth and at His burial?"

Reymont, the most famous of living Polish novelists, whose analysis of Polish character is so keen that the German authorities, during their occupation of the country, ordered his writings read by all the Prussian military officials, writes at his best when he deals with the Polish peasant. There is one page in his novel, "The Comedienne," which sums up in a few sentences the whole life of the peasant. "Imagine for a moment the fields," he writes, "green in springtime, golden in summer, russet-grey and mournful in winter. Now behold the peasant as he is, from his birth until his death—the average normal peasant." And he goes on:

"The peasant boy is like a wild, unbridled colt, like the irresistible urge of the spring. In the prime of his manhood he is like the summer, a physical potentate, hard as the earth, baked by the July sun, grey as his fallows and pastures, slow as the ripening of the grain. Autumn corresponds entirely to the old age of the peasant—that desperate, ugly old age, with its bleared eyes and earthly complexion, like the ground beneath the plough. It lacks strength, and goes about in tattered garments like the earth that has been reft of the bulk of its fruit, with only a few dried and yellow stalks sticking out here and there in the potato fields; the peasant is already slowly returning to the earth whence he sprung, the earth which itself becomes dumb and silent after the harvest and lies there in the pale autumn sunlight, quiet, passive and drowsy. . . . Afterward comes winter; the peasant in his white coffin, in his new boots and clean shirt, lies down to rest in that earth which has, like him, arrayed itself in a white shroud of mist and has fallen to sleep—that earth whose life he was a part of, which he unconsciously loved, and together with which he dies, as cold and hard as those ice-covered furrows that nourished him."

### III

I never shall forget the first time I visited the Polish village of Lowich. It was Sunday, and when we arrived Mass was being celebrated in the old Abbey Church. The place was packed, with the congregation overflowing at all the doors. A young peasant mother, in brown and orange stripes, knelt by the main entrance with her

little three-year-old girl, the child dressed in an exact duplicate of her own gay garb, even to a wee kerchief folded on her baby breast. But oh, how sleepy and noddy she was in her warm Sunday gown! . . . One or two young fellows, in top boots and long, black much-befrogged and braided coats, loitered by the iron gate. They carried their flat beribboned hats in their hands, and knelt when the Consecration bell rang.

Within, in the dim light of the large church, we could see nothing but a great irregular floor of color, a mass of kneeling people clad in such rainbow hues, such kerchiefs and cloaks and shawls and skirts as I had never seen before, not even in the Warsaw ballet. And then a hymn began; and it grew and grew till the whole church echoed with it, and the kneeling mother by the door and the loiterers by the gate joined in. The little one, her eyes still dewy with sleep, awoke, but she stayed very still. The hymn went on, sad, minor-chorded and chant-like and very long. . . .

The scene brought back memories of Chenstohova, that chief of all the shrines of Poland, where as many as eighty thousand pilgrims have gathered at one time to kneel and pray for their country. It is an historic spot, the scene of the famous defense of the monks of Yasma Gora against a Swedish invasion in the seventeenth century, and also the shrine of the celebrated "Black Madonna," an ancient painting on wood, so called because of the discoloration with which age has darkened it. According to tradition, this picture was painted by St. Luke the Apostle. It is deeply venerated by all Poles. I have seen thousands of peasant pilgrims kneeling before it, their packs on their backs, their bright garb dusty with travel over many miles on foot. I have heard thousands singing at the altar of Chenstohova, their faces and their voices lifted in rapture as the curtain was slowly raised from the sacred picture, while the organ pealed, and bugles high in the galleries above the shrine blew a thrilling aria of praise.

When the hymn was finished at Lowich that Sunday morning and the congregation began to pour out of the church, the sadness of the peasants' chant was quickly forgotten in the gay picture they made. Such a massing and movement of color it is impossible to describe. I had seen touches of it before at the Diet in Warsaw, or when an occasional peasant appeared in the city streets, or a little group crossed the open fields near the roads where we happened to travel. But here there were hundreds of them, crowding through the big church-yard gates, streaming into the wide street and the square beyond, all clad in their famous rainbow wool, a great animated blur of color, rich and bright and gay, like an illuminated page from a story-book come suddenly to life.

The men's trousers, tucked into high boots, and the women's skirts, all were of the famous Lowich wool, broad striped, dyed much in canary yellow and orange, alternating with blacks and browns, violet and amaranth, rich chocolate hues, deep purples, green and rose and cream color. But yellow seemed to prevail, a yellow so radiant and luminous that I can liken it to nothing so much as to the hue of the California poppy.

The men's vests were very gay, but their coats were more sober, black, long, and much befrogged and trimmed with braid. The women's fancy aprons and their cloaks, very full and gathered at the neck, were of a piece with their skirts; and their skirts were so ample, one might think they were wearing hoops. Most of them wore high-laced boots, the laces of a color to match the dress; a few wore tan top boots, cut like a cavalryman's. Many carried their cloaks on their arms, displaying linen bodices literally crusted with rich colored embroidery. Around their necks endless chains of coral or amber beads; on their heads kerchiefs, tied close if they were matrons, worn loose if they were unmarried, with long braids reaching below their waists. When a Polish peasant girl marries, she cuts her hair and binds her brow with a tight kerchief of wifehood. But she dresses none the less prettily whether she shows her braids or not. And she clings to this gaiety of raiment even into old age; she walks all her days in its rainbow hues. We saw scores of tots, some blue eyed and flaxen hair, some dark as gypsies, like dolls out of the Warsaw shops, clinging to their mothers or their grannies' skirts. The grannies, too, though wrinkled and grey, were dressed in the gayest of Sunday "rainbows."

The hand of nature weaves a bright thread through the whole fabric of the Polish peasant's life. Flowers especially play an intimate part in his history—at his christening, at his betrothal, at his wedding. A christening in Poland is a joyous affair, while to witness a Polish wedding is a privilege not to be forgotten. If it be summer, bride and groom are wreathed with flowers. On the eve of betrothal her bridesmaids have crowned the bride-to-be with rosemary, barberry blossoms, rue and the green leaves of the periwinkle; but on the wedding day her crown is a much gayer one, of daisies, rosebuds, whatever flowers the season affords, built high like a coronet and tied with streamers of multi-colored ribbon worked in rich patterns of flowers and leaves, these ribbons themselves telling a gay story, since they are the traditional gift of Polish peasant beaux to their ladies; a girl's collection of streamers on her wedding day representing the extent of her popularity in maidenhood. There is dancing on the lawn, a feast spread out of doors; or else, if it be fall or

winter, in the house, where the tables creak under their festive load. The cup of cheer brims for days before and after, to welcome any and every guest, friend or stranger, who happens along. The bridesmaids sing; the older folks chat in the corners; the dancing keeps up for hours, till the sod thunders or the floor of the cottage trembles under the gay stamp of boots. The wedding cake, which in the eastern border region is called "korowaju," has a very special significance, and must be first cut by the "match-makers," usually the god-parents of the bridal couple. After the wedding, when the bride first enters her new home, she is welcomed with the traditional gift of bread and salt, symbol of homely plenty; and this is a custom equally honored among the gentry.

Sometimes a Polish wedding lasts for days. I went to one one Saturday evening in the district of Lodz. We danced till six o'clock the next morning—there was no breaking away; left for Liskow; returned Monday night—and found the wedding still going on! But, elaborate as the affair was, the *pièce de resistance* of the feast was truly a reminder of war times. Plain rabbit. There was fun and hospitality enough, however, to more than make up for all the fatted capons in Europe.

Summer evenings the peasants often set their table out of doors, eating their simple fare in the shade of the family apple tree. Then they have music, of flute or fiddle, and they sing and chat till the frogs begin their nocturnal chant. The stork on the roof has already given the signal. The old Polish legend says that what the frogs sing when bedtime comes and the stork, their daytime enemy, disappears in his nest, is a joyous refrain, "The stork is dead! the stork! the stork!"—first the froggy chorus leader, then a duet; a quartette; finally a vociferous song in unison, "The stork is dead! Kro-ak! Kro-ak! Hurrah-h-h!" The peasant who told us this, having talked of the problems of his country and his kind, particularly of invading Bolsheviks and Germans, smiled dryly at the frogs and said, "But he isn't dead. He'll eat them again tomorrow, if they don't look out." Frogs, as it happens, figure a good deal in Polish folklore and fairy tales, and give rise to many proverbs, such as the classic, "Frogs in the pond know nothing of the sea."

The peasant's work is hard and his hours are long. But if he and his kind are a quiet lot, not given to loquacity, they seem to be always ready to sing. In the fields they improvise songs as they go along, with tunes that are always melodious, and words that are either witty or sharp or very tender and sad. They set all their thoughts and feelings to impromptu music. It was from long days listening

to peasant melodies that Chopin drew much of the material embodied in his immortal compositions.

The Polish peasants are a long-lived and prolific race, age into the nineties being common, and families always large. They are vegetarians in spite of their heavy toil; yet what strength, what ruddy skin, what clear good-humored eyes! The men are big framed fellows, often of almost giant stature, and strong as oxen. When they appear, as I have seen them on occasion, in the uniform of their military service, wearing the enormously tall caps of the Ulans, for instance, they are veritable giants. Powerful, broad-backed, with the stamp of the wind and sun on them, they are a hardy, sturdy people, women as well as men; the women (as I have frequently seen them in wartime) doing the tasks not only of the men but of the beasts, drawing plough or wagon like horse or oxen. In the mountain districts I have seen men bearing a strange resemblance to our southwest Indians, almost bronze in coloring, high cheekboned and supple. Their costume, brightly trimmed with braid and buttons and beads, and their white wool close-fitting trousers cut to the shape of the leg and slit at the ankle, not unlike the buckskin breeches of the Indian, heightened the effect, which was completely topped off by the "ciupapa" or mountaineer's stick, the handle of which is practically a tomahawk.

#### IV

The peasant of Poland has a deep-seated respect for books and learning. He takes readily to schooling, and is already making the most of the new educational laws of the country, which are not by any means designed exclusively for the younger generation. Numbers of men and women of middle age may be seen already attending the evening classes opened in towns and villages, figures which would be pathetic were it not for the admirable pluck they show studying their A B C's and trying to learn to spell and write. Pupils of this kind are far from being ignorant, however, for their general knowledge of Polish history and geography is much greater than might be expected, thanks to the traditional teaching of the countryside, which usually has had its centre in the manor house. That the peasant's eagerness for learning is fruitful is evidenced in the fact that he has already shown his capacity in letters and art and affairs by giving some of the best-known men of the nation to public life. Witos, the prime minister of the Republic today, is a peasant.

The whole subject of Polish art and architecture might be touched upon here, in relation to the peasant, for it is an interesting fact that through all the centuries during which Polish culture developed,

inevitably shaped and moulded by France and Italy, the arts and crafts of the Polish peasant remain untouched by outside influence. While the formal architecture of Poland, for example, passed through the varying stages of Roman and Renaissance and Baroque, common to all European countries, the Polish peasant learned to build his house and his church in a style uniquely his own, designing its steep roofs with their sloping curves and wide eaves—like the careful toppling-off of a grain stack—to shed the heavy snows and rains of his northern climate. In woodcraft and weaving, pottery and basket-work too, he and his women-folk made their own expressive way from aboriginal crudity to finished art, developing a mode of line and symbol unlike any other in the world, except it be, curiously enough, that of our south-western Indians, whose bright colors and stripes, at their best, often resemble the more primitive Polish peasant hand-craft. In this regard, it is interesting to note the strange fact that, in far off Europe, the peasant of the Polish plain, without any possible foreign inspiration, invented the art of Batik supposed to have originated solely in Batavia: exactly the same process of designing and coloring with wax springing up ages ago in these two immensely different lands. In Poland it began with the coloring and picturing of eggs, at a time when Christianity, just introduced, appropriated the old Festival of Spring to the celebration of Easter: and this fact brings up another interesting detail of the history of the peasant and his art. It was due to the foresight of Italian and French missionaries that the faith finally took root in the Polish soil, at a time when its introduction was being fiercely resented because the earlier German missionaries had ruthlessly stripped the land of every sign and symbol of its heathen age, stamping the iron "verboten" of the Teuton on all the old customs and usages grown dear to the people from immemorial ages. The Italians, knowing better than that, followed the wise policy of the early Church in Rome. Instead of tearing down the old pagan structure of festival and folk-lore, they put a Christian blessing on it and preserved it with a new significance.

Today it is from the peasant art of Poland, thus originating in the very soil and thus preserved, that the modern art of the country is drawing its strongest inspiration. One needs to see with his own eyes the rich and curious designing of Polish peasant furniture, wood-carving, leather-embossing, pottery, rug-weaving or embroidery, to realize what a fund of originality it furnishes to the artist of the new Poland; a glimpse, for example at the treasure-chest of a peasant bride—a treasure in itself of delicate carving and chassing and coloring, almost Oriental in the sumptuous intricacies of its deep-cut lines and figures. So also in the case of architecture:

the whole story of modern building design in Poland to-day draws its inspiration from peasant origin. And so also, as time goes on, the whole structure of the new Poland of modern times will draw much of its strength and stability from the peasant, the Christian God-fearing Catholic man of the soil.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

## POETRY

**P**OETRY is both an imitative and an imaginative art. As a choice and condensed form of emotional speech, it possesses the reality which depends on its directly recalling our previous thoughts and feelings. But as a system of rhythmical and melodious effects—not indebted for their potency to their associated ideas alone—it appeals also to that mysterious power by which mere arrangements of sound can convey an emotion which no one could have predicted beforehand, and which no known laws can explain.

In poetry man seems to identify himself with the power that has found its expression in the hierarchy of created things. The impulse of this creative power appears, again, to be twofold—towards perfection at each stage of an ascent—and towards that ascent itself. Poetry has the same twofold impulse. In the ideal poem there must be perfect fusion of form and substance which is sometimes identified with beauty and is one aspect of the beautiful; the ideal is, in this aspect, static. The ideal is dynamic also, because, as the poet's grasp of things deepens and widens, its expression in terms of beauty takes corresponding scope, increasing in dignity and splendor, or in freshness and radiance. There is thus a hierarchy of beauty in the works of man as in those of nature. Also, in poetry as in nature, though with a difference, beauty descends upon the work.

One function of poetry is to express emotion, and there is much emotion that can only be satisfactorily expressed poetically. Take the emotion of love. It is not by chance that the lover begins to appreciate poetry, and sometimes to write it, or that the love poetry of the world is one of its most enduring possessions.

Prose fails to express what is desired. And it is the same with religion. A high religious emotion naturally approaches in its expression to the poetical form, as can be seen, for example, in the Hebrew prophets. Again, it is not by chance that saints like St. Teresa or St. John of the Cross found that it was in poetry that they could come nearest to the expression of those high mystical aspirations for which, however, every mystic tells us no words can really be found.

Poetry, and all art, is one of the ends of life; not that every man

must be a poet or an artist, but that no mind is fully mind which does not respond æsthetically to the experience of life, does not feel the sense of value or prize any clear and intense expression of it. It is only when we begin to think, and to think perversely, that we question the value of poetry or any art. Primitive peoples practice the arts, without asking such questions about them, as they eat and drink. Yet the questions are worth asking, because they lead to precise statements of the value of art and turn what was only instinct into faith. While Peacock was saying that poetry was obsolete, the poets were enriching it with new intellectual material; Shelley, for instance, was making poetry out of concepts that once had been the property only of philosophers. Poetry may become obsolete if it ceases to be poetry and becomes mere verse making; but, while it remains a living art, it makes discoveries like science, turning novelties of thought into novelties of art, digesting and transforming them for its own purpose. Browning, in his essay on Shelley, has a fine passage on this process of poetry, where he speaks of "thought and passion lavished by the poet on the else incompleted magnificence of the sunset, the else uninterpreted mystery of the lake."

Good example in art itself will stir latent perceptions; it may even hope to persuade a few who seemed to have no faculty for perceiving at all; but, although it has been a common practice among poets to leave the making of their poetry at moments to expound the virtue of their art, it is to be feared that their counsels do not, even as often as their creating, bring the deaf to hearing. How rare it is to find a good listener! Watch their faces, examine their eyes, and you will meet with no sign of attention, no effort to grasp what is being said to them. Most people we meet have preoccupied eyes. It is above all in children that we meet with that pure, direct look which goes out from them to the person or the thing they are endeavoring to understand. A man either understands the nature and significance of poetry by intuition, or he does not, and there is, truly, no middle state. If he has the instinct, circumstance may have much to do with its development and discipline; most of us know of cases where an alert feeling for excellence has been paralyzed for years by bad teaching and ill-chosen nourishment, only to be regenerated by what seemed to be mere accident. If he has not the instinct, little chance as good example may have with him, the most courageous argument will have less.

The spirit of man has two activities; the æsthetic or intuitive activity by which he gains perceptions, and the intellectual or scientific activity by which he makes concepts or judgment. Poetry is the expression in human language of our intuitions; prose is the

expression of our judgments. When a child says "Hark, bell!" he is expressing an intuition, and, in a limited sense, he is making poetry as Gray was making poetry when he wrote "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

It is true that the limits of melody within which poetry works are very narrow. Between an exquisite and a worthless line there is no difference of sound in any way noticeable to an unintelligent ear. For the mere volume of sound—the actual sonority of the passage—is a quite subordinate element in the effect which is produced mainly by relations and sequences of vowels and consonants too varying and delicate to be reproducible by rule, although far more widely similar, among European languages at least, than is commonly perceived. But this limitation of the means employed, which may itself be an added source of pleasure from the sense which it may give of difficulty overcome, is by no means without analogies in other forms of art.

Poetry is something that cannot be defined; yet what profit and pleasure may accrue from our struggles for a definition! The best of creative criticism is often nothing more than a joyful quest for some Absolute or Alkahest of great poetry.

The main pleasure or satisfaction derived from poetry by the man who hears or reads it is the enjoyment of a new and more perfect world. Of all the possible emotions, the strongest and most binding is felt when the poet's consciousness of this world is tinged with man's universal longing for a world more perfect; for when the life which he creates is nearest to the life we must ourselves live, then the eternal contrast is most visible and most poignant.

The idealist philosophy on which this conception of poetry is founded is here enlarged into idealism of another kind—that of the spirit of man, which must ever be making for itself a new and better world. Abstract value is exceedingly difficult to express in poetry without a sort of barrenness—though occasionally imagination may enter in.

The poet is a creature of moods in an extraordinary degree. His life is one of sudden reawakenings, unpremeditated responses to long silent voices; of discoveries by chance, and prospects that sparkle through unsuspected glades. He is to be believed intensely, and frankly disbelieved in many of his expressions. He remarks as he points to a cloud that it has almost a camel's shape. We look, and by the mass it has! Almost without waiting for our agreement, he turns the cloud into a weasel. It certainly is backed like a weasel. Or like a whale? Very like a whale. In truth, it is the habit of this strange being to let the shifting clouds be what he pleases, and

there is in him that power of mesmerizing which compels us to accept his blends of truths and fallacies. Himself, he is compelled to accept. Even in such a question as that of taste, or the faculty of selecting harmoniously, he is not his own master. This "man in love, none knoweth where," to-morrow finds in those very materials which to-day so inevitably discarded themselves from his esemplastic impulse, the essence of a new imagination. In short, whatever the reflection communicated through the means of a poem, the gift of poetic genius enshrines it, and in its context it becomes truth.

The mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconsistent wind, awakens to transitory brightness, and the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble shadow of the original conceptions of the poet.

A poet's verse can pierce no further than his inward vision. His own heart is all he has to feel with, his own faith to live for. But the impulse must come before it can be obeyed. Skill is something—a great deal; imaginative intensity is everything. However high the cause and grave the issue, there is no need for a rigid solemnity, nor for too sedulous a reflectiveness. "In all heroic poetry the passionate interest is in the thing itself, rather than in thoughts about it," and, above all, the importance of realizing that poetry should inspire rather than teach; this last being, perhaps, the key to the work as a whole.

Poetry is part of a universal tendency to beauty—a tendency in the humbler walks of creation almost universally realized. Beauty is paramount in the natural world; and man, as he contemplates it, experiences delight and aspiration. The beauty of a butterfly, for instance, is a miracle for which nothing in the nature of a butterfly accounts. Heaven's rainbow has descended upon a trivial insect's wings. More than aptitude, more than perfection of fitness, beauty is thus the reflection upon the creature of the spirit of the created world. It is completion in incompleteness. The response to it of the perceiving soul is desire as well as delight.

"Too much is made on occasion of the relationship between poetic utterance and the revealed truths of science," writes a *Times* critic. "The poet who would trace the history of humanity from its most ancient beginnings need possess no proper knowledge of evolution. Setting before us a world made in a twinkling and peopled with men and women on the instant, of like passions with ourselves, why should he not succeed? We have before us as we write the Blake-like illustrations of the Bible made by Isaac Taylor when Blake was still in his prime—the same which Rossetti eulogized. They bear in

their odd detail and large simplicity the weight of antiquity; they fascinate the mind into vast imaginings; and yet, they depend in no sense upon a literal fidelity. It is in their context that these maniacal fowl which scream round the exposed body of Saul, in the gaze of the cloud-ridden moon, are true. Ornithology knows them not. Thus with poetry; and nonetheless, while poetry at large is in agreement with matter of fact and of experience, so poetry in the individual, for all its variations and returns and derelictions, harmonizes into a definite attitude. It is unjust to a poet that we should expect of him a fully examined and elucidated philosophy, for it is for him that the wind bloweth where it listeth; and yet his expression does in fine yield his criticism of life. In emotional quality, not in creed, lies the uniqueness of a poet."

The mechanic has in him often something of the priest; the genius, something of the fool. And so it is in poetry. The absolute is relative; the realist has his romance; the poet of acceptance strikes his note of wistful wonder. We may make our distinctions between them as we do between fools and wise; but we have always to remember that in these fields, unlike the fields of science, distinctions cannot be classifications. For every poet is a spirit on whom all such prisoning bolts are barred in vain.

Why should a poet trouble to write down and to publish his poetry? Because, says Sir Henry Newbolt, of his desire for personal relations, through the sympathy of his readers, with his fellow-men. Partly so, no doubt; more, perhaps, because the greater the number of minds in which his creation finds a home, the more surely does it exist as a thing made. The poet will die, and with him, very likely before him, his own hold on his own creation. The thing that he has made will live on in other minds. The communication of it is only a part of the act of creation of the new and better world.

But the poet's conception is not, of its nature, "naked," like the philosopher's—that is to say, it cannot be expressed in general or abstract terms. It includes, from the start and in itself, all the circumstance in which it is expressed. There is no "naked truth" in *Hamlet*; try to separate Shakespeare's conception from the details in which it is expressed, the imperfections of Hamlet himself and the vices of the court, and nothing remains. Shakespeare did not temper his planetary music for mortal ears with any alloy of custom or habit; what Shelley calls the alloy is the music itself; and, in attempting to apologize for it, he misunderstands the process even of his own poetry. For he was fired by certain philosophic concepts, as other poets are fired by actions or characters; but these concepts

were, in his own words, the instruments and materials of his poetry ; they were in themselves no more his planetary music than actual people or things were Shakespeare's planetary music.

Poetry is the art of expressing an intuition in words, this intuition being in effect a spiritual expression of reality. Now, this sort of expression is not confined to a single clan ; it is the common activity of man, sublimated in the case of the poet by the poet's natural gift of universal interpretation. In poetry a fabric of great extent and variety is produced through the working of a complex intuition, grasped and expressed by one single act of the spirit. And the general public comes to the poet in quest of this interpretation, which will help it to a fuller realization of its own mind and soul. Therefore, while the artist works for the sake of his art alone, the public accepts him because his art, in process of self-expression, interprets also the public's own life, and finds a meaning for the hidden and secret impulses which distract it.

Notwithstanding the fact that the chief glory of English literature lies in poetry, it does not seem that the English are a poetical race. Few people read poetry, and probably fewer still regard it as of any practical value in the concerns of life. It is not a point that can be argued. Some have the passion for poetry, and find in it one of the greatest happinesses of their life ; others apparently are born without the taste and can never acquire it.

A poet, too, is of no country, unless it be of that which lies "far beyond the stars," "over the hills and far away, where the unchanging meadows are." He, if any man, is the true cosmopolitan. A faithful patriot can be of any country. But since a poet is a man, and every man, whether he be Swiss or Roman, Rhinelander or Eskimo, is in some degree, and for good or indifferent reasons, the lover of his country ; so every poet is a patriot.

The poet is concerned with what he himself values, for that alone is what he can immediately express ; but the philosopher is concerned, if with value at all, with what can be proved universally of value. Shelley does not try to prove the truth of his philosophic ideas ; they are to him only a means by which he expresses his value for that which he calls the Life of life, the Lamp of earth, and which is as real to him as men and women are to Shakespeare. And as Shakespeare must express his sense of the value of certain characters and actions by drawing them, so Shelley must express his sense of the value of this Life of life by drawing it, or her. The "living images" he uses are indeed living ; and they are not an alloy, but the poem itself, the very representation, in the terms of

his art, of that Life of life which he must draw for us because he values it, or her, so passionately.

It is all very well to point out that one poet has more of one quality and another of another. But to suppose that you can sharply divide them into distinct classes, almost into sheep and goats, is a delusion. You have no sooner said that there is one sort of poetry whose mental value consists in a distinct and logical enunciation of ideas, such as that of Lucretius and Wordsworth, and another sort, such as that of Shelley, whose mental value consists in the suggestive richness of passion or symbol latent in rhythm, than the symbolic rhythm of Lucretius, indeed of Wordsworth, to say nothing of the passion of either, or of Shelley's love of enunciating ideas, rush in to confute you.

Criticism is not to be judged by the help it gives to artists. One might as well suppose that philosophy was to be judged by the help it gives to the Deity. The philosopher does not tell the Deity how He ought to have made the universe; nor do we read philosophy for the sake of the judgments at which philosophers arrive. We do not want to know Kant's opinion because he is Kant; what interests us is the process by which he arrives at that opinion, and it is the process which convinces us that his opinion is right, if we are convinced.

Beauty is happiness, it is our chief delight, it satisfies. The morning air, the robin's song, the panorama of the heavens, a flower or the petal of a flower—does not the soul answer to these things, do they not summon us, do they not promise fulfilment for the whole of the soul's demands? The beauty of the world brings rapture, and the rapture is a rapture of security. The river of poetry rises from the rock of assurance; the voice of man singing is the voice of man established, man at home. Witnessing sublime harmonies, the poet works without fear of any morrow; for to-morrow can but enlarge to-day's promises.

The philosophic critic writes not as one who knows how to produce that which he criticizes better than he who has produced it, but as one who has experienced art; and his own experience is really the subject matter of his criticism. If he is a philosophic critic, he will know that his experience is itself necessarily imperfect. As some one has said, "We do not judge works of art; they judge us"; and the critic is to be judged by the manner in which he has experienced art, as the painter is to be judged by the manner in which he has experienced the visible world. All the imperfections of his experience will be betrayed in his criticism; where he is insensitive, there

he will fail, both as artist and as philosopher; and of this fact he must be constantly aware.

Poetry cannot be written. Its life is in sound. Few things are harder for an Englishman than to catch the metrical values of good French verse; but hear it declaimed by a Frenchman of competent taste, and you find something new in a language which you have probably decreed to be unsuited for poetry.

It has been said that the fault of the New Poetry is certainly not that it lacks life, but rather, principally, that it lacks beauty and spirituality. Life it has in abundance, the fierce, feverish life of a mind that has not yet established its relations with its environment, and is perpetually launching excursions into new territory, without consolidating the ground that it has won. The general atmosphere is that of a world in which there is no prevailing current of ideas, no pervading intellectual stimulus, and from which the natural refuge is found in the exaggeration of trivial incidents into some sort of symbolic relation of big movements, and in the acceptance of individual whims and wayward fancies in place of firm philosophic ideals.

The truth is that poetry is like the soul of man, a thing of infinite faculty, variety and elusiveness, and will not be confined in any particular pen or partition at the will of a classifying critic. The wise critic is he who studies poets as wise lovers of human nature study men and women; not in order to decide that this is good and that bad, this a fool and that a genius, this a mere lawyer and that a mere priest or a mere mechanic; but to see what there is in each of fine quality, what each contributes to the infinitely various universe of humanity.

Love is more than beauty, and the quality we observe in created things of a beauty that has descended upon them is clearly the gift of love. It is because beauty points us upwards to this halo of love that it satisfies the soul and assures it that the demands of love will be fulfilled. And since we know that in the life which death closes they are unfilled, it is an irresistible inference that the soul survives.

It is of sincere poetry like this that there is born that mood of exaltation which enables some to bear the most stunning loss, and helps them to see that there is more in these deaths than an occasion of personal sorrow, and the sadness at the sight of men cut off in their prime. Poetry helps us to see deeply into the true heart of things. In hours of sorrow many have found their truest comfort in poetry. Poetry, in short, becomes a subjecting of things to the mind, a testing of material interests in the searchlight of the spirit.

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There are, of course, proper safeguards against the abuse of this liberty enjoyed by the press. It is a misdemeanor to speak or write and publish anything incorrect or unjust which tends to bring into hatred or contempt the sovereign or his ministers, or the government and constitution of the realm, or either House of Parliament, or the courts of justice, or to excite His Majesty's subjects to attempt the alteration of any matter in church or state otherwise than by constitutional means. A noteworthy inhibition of English law as regards the press is that of anticipating the actions of criminal and civil judicial courts and endeavoring to influence such bodies by molding public opinion beforehand to the expectation of a certain course of action.

The American Congress is empowered under the American constitution to protect the right of free speech and liberty of the press guaranteed by the federal and state constitutions.

Both in England and in the United States anyone, although permitted to write and publish what he pleases, becomes liable to punish-

ment if he makes a bad use of this liberty in contravention of the law. If he unjustly attacks a person by written or printed words, or if his writing is treasonable or contravenes any law against morality he commits an offense for which he may be tried upon information or indictment. Such limitations upon the press do not infringe, but regulate its right to free expression, and preserve that right from an abuse by the few which is calculated to injure society and prove detrimental to the public welfare and which would bring it into well-deserved odium and contempt.

This liberty of the press which exults in its freedom to deal as it pleases with every topic under the sun, subject to the few limitations thus imposed upon it for the sake of the most sacred rights of the individual and the welfare of the state, too often degenerates into license. The secular newspaper frequently hastens to minister to all tastes, to all leanings and prejudices, beliefs and unbeliefs, and indeed its pages are generally filled with everything except the one thing most necessary—that which is lasting—appertaining to the spiritual welfare of man. Its imposing office, when built upon the foundation of passions and cravings which are purely ephemeral and prove or tend to prove mimetical to the real concern of man's redeemed and regenerated soul (just as when some costly public building owes its splendor to political exigency rather than practical need), is no proof of real success.

The exaltation of wordly success by word and photograph is ministered to by the daily columns of the "yellow press" with unquestioning existence that is most apt to pervert the judgment, especially of young and inexperienced readers as to what constitutes progress and success rightly considered.

On account of the advantage which the secular paper, free to deal with an almost inexhaustible list of subjects, possesses over the more restrained publication, possessed of higher ideals and carrying them into practice—the Catholic newspaper, for instance—it can obtain and retain an influence, a sort of mesmerism over the minds of daily readers in a field of circulation where a Catholic newspaper could not hope to have the slightest encouragement.

Milton, in his characteristically lofty and impressive style, protested in his *Areopagitica*, "a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing," against the orders issued by the Long Parliament, continuing restrictions similar to those imposed against the press by the Star Chamber, and he designated that speech as a protest written "in order to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered; that the power of determining what was true and what was false, what ought to be published and what suppressed might no

longer be entrusted to a few illiterate and illiberal individuals, who refused their sanction to any work which contained views or sentiments at all above the level of vulgar superstition." If Milton were living today he might indignantly protest against the great space given to frivolous and mostly inane details of sport news in our dailies, the flashy theatrical advertisements, the prurient scandals and police reports, the craze for novelties and for publishing sensational news, most of which is presented in such a way that grossly exaggerated inferences are drawn by the readers. He might, if living today, protest in noble prose or verse against the liberty extended by a recent English court decision to a society in England, designated as the Secular Society, to assail with impunity the truths of Christianity and spread the doctrine that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge, and not upon supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action. The ground upon which the court based its decision was that of public policy, a fact which might be construed as an ironical condemnation of the excessive liberty of the press at the present day, even in England, where time and again its courts have asserted that Christianity in England is part of its common law.

The habit of good reading must become a powerful aid in acquiring proper discrimination as to what is worth reading, and this is a cogent argument in favor of the Catholic magazine and of the daily Catholic newspaper as a counter-influence against the secular newspaper's monopolizing sway.

The financial difficulty of conducting a daily Catholic paper need not appall us. Might not the daily Catholic newspaper attain partially at least the same success as the secular paper attains by its frequency of publication and correspondingly frequent visits to our households? It is not necessary that a Catholic newspaper should wholly disassociate itself from the publication of matters not immediately relevant to the Church, but which will ever remain of wholesome interest to the reader.

When the present unstable world conditions are supplanted by true "normalcy" and there is a reconsideration of the question of what constitutes real value, the press, now laboring under such disadvantages as circulation (*the sine qua non* for its existence), must rearrange the curriculum of its subjects to the gain of good reading, and the Catholic press particularly then will find itself under very propitious circumstances.

It does not seem, however, that a consummation so devoutly desired as the general elevation of the secular press to higher standards by the proper use of its great liberty with a due regard for the propor-

tion of things, can be expected for some time to come. With European diplomats playing with fire and world conditions in a feverish state awaiting the cast of issues trembling in the balance, the greed for sensational news, even if it be a story of sin and shame, remains insatiate. Morbid appetites must still be satisfied by the newspaper reporter ready to defend his occupation as scavenger for certain readers whose vulgar tastes he creates and whets, on the plea that what he supplies them is news. To effect this purpose worth-while reading must be subordinated or even abandoned for space wanted to feature the sordid details of some sad story of misfortune, the miserable victims of which are exposed in lurid colors to the public gaze regardless of their individual guiltlessness and of the added pain and misery caused to distressed parents and others whose hearts tenaciously cling to the accused by the sacred ties of natural affections outraged by such callous indifference, the unlovely outgrowth of the worship for the great magician News. Always charity hopeth great things and well as believeth all things, and there is hope that in the regeneration of world institutions and the fall of this idol, screening a multitude of sins, will come the true use of the power of the press in serving the spiritual and intellectual wants of the people.

JOHN E. FAGAN.

## IN NATURE'S REALM

## ABOUT THE SAND-WASP

"And a bank for the wasp to live in."—*John Keats.*

**T**HE sand-wasp exemplifies many virtues, but chiefly foresight, in that it not only makes a roomy cradle for its offspring, but provisions the cell as well. The proper pronoun, however, to use in this connection should indicate the feminine gender, since it is the female that possesses this streak of intelligence.

Like all digger-wasps, the species choosing to excavate cells in the earth as safe prisons for the young, are solitary in their habits. That is, each female takes care of her young, yet there is no family life whatever as in the social hornets and yellow-jackets. Her mate dies early, leaving her the entire work of bringing a new generation into the world and insuring its safety to adulthood. To this she is fully equal.

Digger-wasps are divided into several families, by entomologists, because of structural differences. Some species burrow into the ground, others in wood; others use the ready-made cavities of reeds or straws, or construct a tube out of mud. But sand-wasp, consisting of many species, chooses to confide her offspring to Mother Earth. Nearly all have the habit of storing up living animals as food for the young, first stinging this provender into a comatose condition. Some provide grasshoppers, others crickets, others flies, spiders, caterpillars, bees, beetles; but a selection of food once made, each species continues to use the one originally chosen.

"The nest-making habits, when carefully observed, will prove to be of absorbing interest," says Mr. Kellogg. "On the broad, salt marshes of the western shore of San Francisco Bay, near Stanford University, I have often watched an interesting species of wasp at work. This is one of the genus *Ammophila*, the thread-waisted sand-diggers. The marshes are nearly covered with a dense growth of a low, fleshy-leaved plant, the samphire or pickle-weed, but here and there are small, perfectly bare, level, sandy places, which shine white and sparkling in the sun because of a thin incrustation of salt. In September these bare places are taken possession of by

many female Ammophilas, which make short, vertical nest-burrows all over the ground.

"An Ammophila having chosen a site for its nest, bites out a small, circular piece of the salty crust, and with its strong jaws digs out, bit by bit, a little well. Each pellet dug out is carried away by the wasp, flying a foot or two from the mouth of the tunnel, and dropped. To emerge from the hole the wasp always backs upward out of it, and while digging keeps up a low, humming sound.

"After the tunnel is dug about three inches deep, she covers up the mouth with a bit of salt crust or little pebbles, and flies away. Some minutes later she comes back, carrying a limp inch-worm about an inch long, which she drags down into the nest. Away she goes again, and soon returns with another inch-worm, repeating the process until from five to ten caterpillars have been stored in the tunnel. All these are alive, but each has been stung in one of its nerve-centers so that it is paralyzed. Finally, down she goes and lays a single egg, attaching it to one of the paralyzed caterpillars. She then fills the tunnel with pellets of earth, carefully chewing up the larger pieces so as to make a close, well-packed filling. Lastly, she carefully smooths off the surface and puts a small, flat piece of salt crust on top, so that the site of the tunnel shall be as nearly indistinguishable as possible.

"Ammophilas are common all over the country, and the nest-building of various species has been watched by other observers. The use by an individual Ammophila of a small pebble, held in the jaws, as a tool to pound down and smooth off the earth has been twice recorded, once in Wisconsin and once in Kansas. These are perhaps our only records of the use of a tool by an insect."

The Kansas record, made by Professor S. W. Williston, of the State University, makes interesting reading: "When the excavation had been carried to the required depth, the wasp, after a survey of the premises, flying away, soon returned with a large pebble in its mandibles, which it carefully deposited within the opening; then standing over the entrance, with her four posterior feet she (I say she, for it was evident they were all females) rapidly and most amusingly scraped the dust with her two front feet, 'hand over hand', back beneath her, till she had filled the hole above the stone to the top. The operation so far was remarkable enough, but the next procedure was more so. When she had heaped up the dirt to her satisfaction, she again flew away and immediately returned with a smaller pebble, perhaps an eighth of an inch in diameter, and then standing more nearly erect, with the front feet folded beneath her, she pressed down the dust all over and about the opening, smoothing

off the surface and accompanying the action with a peculiar rasping sound. After all this was done, and she spent several minutes each time in thus stamping the earth so that only a keen eye could detect any abrasion of the surface, she laid aside the little pebble and flew away.

"A few minutes later she returned carrying with difficulty a paralyzed, soft-bodied caterpillar, which was laid on the ground beside the concealed burrow. The latter was then quickly opened and the stone cap withdrawn and laid to one side, the caterpillar was dragged down the hole, and soon the wasp emerged to close the opening as carefully as before. Then she flew off in search of another victim. Returning with it, it was also carried to the bottom of the burrow; and this little drama repeated until the wasp mother was satisfied that her young would be well fed until it was able to forage for itself. Then she closed the cell for the last time and went away."

— Another observer, Mr. Theodore Pergande, reported that while on a gravelly slope he noticed a female sand-wasp belonging to the genus *Ammophila*, flying about in a peculiar fashion.

"Presently it alighted, and ran briskly about in every direction with its head close to the ground and the abdomen elevated; while its antennæ were in constant agitation as if searching for something important, though nothing in any way striking the eye could be seen on the bare sand which possibly could have attracted its attention.

"Suddenly it stopped at a certain spot, pressed the head close to the ground, and commenced beating the ground with its abdomen, producing at the same time an audible and quiet sharp sound similar to *bss, bss, bss*, tapping with each sound the earth with its abdomen.

"It continued this performance for some time, running or lying off a short distance twice or thrice during brief intervals. Finally it picked up with its jaws a small pebble, carried it to the mysterious spot and deposited it on top, pressing the pebble down as much as possible to insure its remaining in position. Running then again a distance away, it picked up another pebble and placed it close to the first one; after a while a third was added.

"No more pebbles of the desired size being near enough at hand, it ran some distance farther, when it came across a pebble which appeared to suit its purpose, took hold and lifted it, but unfortunately the shape of this little stone was such that it slipped from its jaws. It tried again and again for quite awhile to obtain a good hold, though without success, when it left it in apparent disgust. Running about after this failure for some time in search of a more suitable stone, but not finding what was wanted, she returned to her little

monument of pebbles, and commenced to rearrange them and press thing was well done, she flew away, not to return.

"I removed the little stones carefully, but could find nothing in the sand immediately beneath them. At a depth of three inches, however, was a large caterpillar, as fresh and bright as if it had been placed there a moment before. A small, slightly curved, cylindrical egg was attached to the middle of the caterpillar's body. This was the egg of the *Ammophila*. For its protection, and that of the resulting larva, the mother instinct had taken the trouble of piling up the pebbles. Possibly she knew of some fly or other enemy which could burrow through the sand to the larva, and placed the stones as an obstacle not to be removed."

Mr. Weed describes a certain sand-wasp and her victim: "One hot August afternoon, while watching the wasps and bees about a small sand-bank thrown up by the spring torrent of a New England brook, my attention was attracted by a small, black wasp apparently digging promiscuously in the level sand. In a moment, however, she came to a concealed burrow, the mouth of which she cleared rapidly with her feet.

"Then she went to a place a couple of inches away, picked up a young grasshopper lying there in a comatose state, and dragged it down the hole, backing in herself and pulling her victim head first. She came out almost immediately and, facing away from the opening, began scraping sand towards its mouth, using all her feet, more or less, but especially the hind ones. This was continued until the surface was perfectly smooth, with no indication of a burrow. The wasp then turned around two or three times, going over the ground carefully to see, I supposed, that the work was well done and that no tell-tale traces were left. Apparently satisfied on this point, she flew away at 2.35 P. M.

"The wasp had been gone but a moment when a little two-winged fly appeared upon the scene and ran about over the sand as if looking for something. It continued to move restlessly about for three or four minutes and then flew away. At 2.41 Mrs. Sand-wasp returned, carrying another comatose young grasshopper of a different species from the first. She alighted with her burden about three inches from the concealed burrow, and dragged the victim a little nearer. Then she found the hole, dug out the opening, dragged the grasshopper down head first, came out immediately, covered the mouth of the burrow, and flew away, the whole operation occupying just one minute.

"The next grasshopper evidently proved harder to find, for the wasp did not return with it till 3.01, the little fly having come back

in the interim and spent some time in a fruitless examination of the region of the hole. When the wasp returned with her third victim, she placed it on the surface of the sand, found the opening, dug out the sand at its mouth, and dragged the grasshopper down head first. I then put my collecting-bottle over the hole, and three or four minutes later the wasp came out and was caught.

"Digging the sand carefully away, I followed up the oblique burrow, which was about three inches long, and ended two inches from the surface. At the bottom lay the three grasshoppers on their backs, each with its head toward the closed end of the burrow. On the neck of the middle one was a small, white, slightly curved, cylindrical egg which the wasp had doubtless placed there during the last visit.

"The grasshoppers were taken to the laboratory and placed in a glass tube, in the hope that the egg would hatch and the wasp larva be reared. But the conditions were not sufficiently natural, probably because the atmosphere was too dry, and the grasshoppers gradually shriveled up. When first brought in they were in a paralyzed condition, unable to walk or jump, although when touched they readily moved their legs and antennæ."

This habit of stinging the prey used to provision the nest so as to paralyze, not kill it, is well adapted to assuring the larva nicely preserved food right at hand, sufficient to nourish it during its growth. But how did the wasp learn that a paralyzed grasshopper would not decay, and would be living, but helpless as long as the waspling would need food? And how did she learn to sting her prey in just the right place to produce this paralysis? The amazing expertness and accuracy displayed in plunging the sting into exactly those spots where injury will give rise to exactly the condition desired, the whole scheme of nest-building and provisioning for the sake of the young the mother will likely never know; the fact that the offspring females will follow the same plans without ever seeing them carried out, has led to discussions as to whether it is a high form of instinct or a reasoning process which guides the worker.

The earlier opinion, of course, was that the insect is guided by inherited instinct incapable of any marked changes except through generations of slow adaptation. J. H. Fabre, the famous French scientist, was of that belief, and his two chapters dealing with the "Science of Instinct and the Ignorance of Instinct" are masterly studies. First, he pictures the routine of the nest-making, and the catching, paralyzing and storing of the living food by the solitary wasp, for its young. Then he shows the limitations of instinct.

"Nothing is impossible to instruct, however great be the difficulty," he says, and after this high tribute to the wonderful inner guide Nature

has implanted in unreasoning animals, he goes on: "Nothing is difficult to instinct so long as the action moves in the unchanging groove allotted to the animal, but, again, nothing is easy to instinct if the action deviates from it. The very insect which amazes us and alarms us by its high intelligence, will, a moment later, astonish us by its stupidity before some act extremely simple, but strange to its usual habits. The *Sphex* will offer an example."

He then describes the burrow of this species of sand-wasp; then goes on: "Now let us try some experiments to see how the insect behaves amid circumstances new to it." His four experiments are too long, fascinating reading though they be, to be given here, but they seem to prove his conclusion that "Nature has endowed her with only those faculties called for under ordinary circumstances by the interests of the larva, and these blind faculties, unmodified by experience, being sufficient for the preservation of the race, the animal cannot go farther. I end then as I began: instinct knows everything in the unchanging paths laid out for it; beyond them it is entirely ignorant."

But Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, of Wisconsin, who made extensive experiments with wasps, even those used by Fabre, believe their activities are guided sometimes by intelligence,—those conscious actions more or less modified by experience coming under this order. For instance, Fabre took advantage of the moment when the wasp was out of sight in her den to remove her prey to a little distance, with the result that when she came up she brought her cricket to the same spot and left it as before, while she visited the interior of the nest; Fabre repeated this experiment about forty times in succession with this one wasp and cricket, and always with the same result, drawing the conclusion that nothing less than the performance of a certain series of acts in a certain order would satisfy her impulse. She must place her prey just so close to the doorway; she must then descend and examine the nest, and after that must at once drag it down, any disturbance of this routine causing her to refuse to proceed.

But the Peckhams found that seven times was enough to cause the sand-wasp to break over her rule and carry her prey into the nest without the preliminary investigation. "How shall this change in a long-established custom be explained except by saying that her reason led her to adapt herself to circumstances? She was enough of a conservative to prefer the old way, but was not such a slave to custom as to be unable to vary it."

The nest made, stocked and sealed up, the egg develops in from one to three days into a footless maggot-like creature which feeds

upon the store provided for it, increasing rapidly in size, and entering the pupal stage in from three days to two weeks. In the cocoon it passes through its final metamorphosis, emerging as a perfect insect perhaps in two or three weeks, or, in many cases, after the winter months have passed and summer has come again. Probably no solitary wasp lives through the winter, those that come out in the spring or summer perishing in the autumn.

The great golden digger is a brilliant and powerful sand-wasp, of a rust-red color with a dense, golden down. It is common from Massachusetts south and is widely distributed. Mr. Packard describes his observation of this insect at work:

"In the last week of July, and during August and early in September, we noticed nearly a dozen of these wasps busily engaged in digging their holes in a gravelly walk. In previous seasons they were more numerous, burrowing into grassy banks near the walk. The holes were four to six inches deep. In beginning its hole, the wasp dragged away with its teeth a stone one-half as large as itself to a distance of eight inches from the hole, while it pushed away others with its head. In beginning its burrow, it used its large and powerful paws almost entirely, digging to the depth of an inch in five minutes, completing its hole in about half an hour.

"After having inserted its head into the hole, where it loosened the earth with its jaws and threw it out of the hole with its jaws and fore legs, it would retreat backward and push the dirt still farther back from the mouth of the cell with its hind legs. In cases where the farther progress of the work was stopped by a stone too large for the wasp to remove or dig around, it would abandon it and begin a new hole. Just as soon as it reached the required depth the wasp flew a few feet to the adjoining bank and falling upon a grasshopper, stung and paralyzed it instantly, bore it to its nest, and was out of sight for a moment, and while in the bottom of its hole must have deposited its eggs in its victim. Reappearing, it began to draw the sand back into the hole, scratching it in quite briskly by means of its spiny fore tarsi, while standing on its two hind pairs of legs. It thus threw in half an inch of dirt upon the grasshopper and then flew off. In this way one will make two or three such holes in an afternoon. The walk was hard and composed of coarse sea-gravel, and the rapidity with which the wasp worked her way in with tooth and nail was marvellous."

The cicada-killer is another giant of the family, measuring one and a fourth inches in length. It is black, sometimes of a rusty color, and has the abdomen banded with yellow. It digs burrows in the earth, two feet or more in depth, and provisions each with a

cicada. "Many a cicada-song has been suddenly silenced because the singer was pounced upon and carried off alive, but helpless to be buried in the den of this fierce, handsome insect of prey," says Mr. Comstock.

Dr. C. V. Riley has described the life history of this species, and her clever way of managing the large and powerful insect she makes her prey. For in the adult state the dog-day cicada, or harvest-fly, lives upon the branches of trees, where, during the hot summer day, the air vibrates with its noisy song. Pounced upon by a female wasp, and stung to paralization, it becomes a heavy burden to be transported to the neighboring bank in which the hollow cell has been prepared for its reception.

"As the wasp is unable to fly upward with so heavy a burden, she sometimes—when in the preliminary struggle both wasp and cicada have tumbled to the ground—laboriously drags its up a tree, from whence to start her flight. It also often happens that the burrow is too far off to be reached at a single flight, so that the wasp may have to drag her heavy load up two or three trees before the desired spot is reached.

"Her burrow is made in dry soil, and has at the end a spherical cell. In this the cicada is placed back downward. The wasp then deposits a long, white egg on the ventral side of the victim. In a few days the egg hatches into a larva that feeds upon the juicy tissues of the cicada, developing so rapidly that in about ten days it is full grown. It now spins a silken cocoon, within which it passes the winter without changing it to the pupa or chrysalis state. This transformation takes place the following spring, and shortly afterward the insect again changes to an adult cicada-killer, thus completing the cycle of existence."

Sometimes cicada-killer has several lateral cells in each burrow, with one or two cicadas in each and an egg in possession of the dungeon.

The velvet ants are sand-wasps resembling ants in the general form of the body; the males are winged and frequent flowers, the females are wingless, but can run very fast and are good stingers. The body is densely covered with hair, which gives the insect the appearance of being clothed in velvet; the colors are usually black and scarlet, arranged in rings about the body. The largest species abounds in Texas, where it is known as the cow-killer, because of a popular superstition that its sting is very dangerous to live stock.

Some species of velvet-ants dig burrows in beaten paths and store them with flies and other insects; others enter bee-hives and kill

and eat the rightful occupants; others live as guests or parasites in the nests of other wasps, or of bees, being fed or helping themselves to the general stores, according to their position.

Another set of sand-wasps dig into the ground until some underground insect, usually the larva of some beetle, is found, which is stung and left with a wasp-egg upon it. The female makes no attempt to build a nest or to remove the prey from its position as found. The hatched wasp larva feeds upon the grub, but in such a way as not to kill it before its own development is complete. These insects occur in sunny, hot and sandy places, more than forty American species being known. The most common one is a trifle over half an inch in length, is of a shining black, and deposits its eggs on the white grub of the June-beetle.

The spider-wasps are mostly black or steely-blue with bluish or light-bronzy wings. They are slender in form, with long legs, and with a buntly look due to the short "stem" which attaches the abdomen to the body. They are so called because they provision their nests with spiders. One of these is the giant tarantula-hawk, common in California and the Southwest, which stores its burrows with this poisonous spider. Many a hard-fought battle do they have, a most sensational combat for a watcher to witness. "It does not always come off victor in these flights," says Mr. Kellogg, "or at least conquers the tarantula only at the expense of its own life. After one such long and fierce battle I found both fighters *hors du combat*, the tarantula paralyzed by the wasp's sting, but the wasp dying from the poisonous wounds made by the great fangs of the spider."

It is not possible to mention the many kinds of sand-wasps, but one of them deserves special attention. This is the genus Bembex, with habits strikingly different from those of the tribe. For Bembex does not store up food for the larvæ in advance, but during the larval life of her offspring the mother continues to catch flies and bring them to the covered nest, having each time to dig away the loose soil and to scrape it in again as she leaves the nest.

Neither does she paralyze the two-winged flies upon which she preys, but kills them, by biting them on the back with her jaws. A cell about three inches deep is made in solid sand; in this a dead fly is placed with an egg of the Bembex attached to it. When the egg hatches, the larva feeds on the fly, and thereafter the mother brings freshly killed flies every day, seeking larger prey as the larva grows. When full grown, by which time the larva may have devoured eighty flies, it spins a cocoon of silk and sand, within which it changes to a pupa, then later to the adult wasp. Between the visits of the mother the entrance to the cell is usually covered with sand; often a small

stone is placed over each opening as an additional safeguard against parasites or other enemies.

Still another species prepares a cell and stores it with caterpillars, badly injured but not paralyzed. These lie at the bottom of the cell, and the egg of the wasp is suspended from a silken thread attached to the roof of the cell. Says the Danish entomologist who discovered this odd device: "When the young grub is hatched it suspends itself to this thread by a silken sheath, in which it hangs, head downwards, over its victims. Does one of them struggle? Quick as lightning, it retreats up the sheath out of harm's way."

As Mr. Sharp well says, the great variety in the habits of the various species, the extreme industry, skill, and self-denial displayed in carrying out their voluntary labors, render the solitary wasps one of the most instructive groups of the animal kingdom. "The individuals of one generation only in rare cases see even the commencement of the life of the next; the progeny for the benefit of which they labor with unsurpassable skill and industry being unknown to them. Were such a solicitude displayed by ourselves we should connect it with a high sense of duty, and poets and moralists would vie in its laudation. But having dubbed ourselves the higher animals, we ascribe the eagerness of the solitary wasp to an impulse or instinct, and we exterminate their numerous species from the face of the earth forever, without even seeking to make a prior acquaintance with them. Meanwhile our economists and moralists devote their volumes to admiration of the progress of the civilization that effects this destruction and tolerates this negligence."

HARRIETTE WILBUR.



# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the Review not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."

(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

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## PHASES OF THE PICTURESQUE

**I**N A DARK corner of the Louvre Picture Gallery there hung, many years ago, a picture of a large Lombardic church front, with black and white marble colonnettes, twisted and untwisted, set in the receding planes of the high doorways. Steps go down to the sea, and the waves throw their foam almost on to the marble pavement of the narrow piazzetta. Storm clouds hang above; and a Turkish-robed figure, with his boat moored against the steps, walks pensively up and down. Whether the architectural part of this scene exists, or ever has existed, on some Dalmatian island, I know not. But the contrast of architecture and restless waves, the marble piazza, the dark clouds and meditative Turk; all make together such a suggestive combination of contrasts, that looking back through these thirty years, I still remember it as a first-rate example of the Picturesque. And what please is the "Picturesque"? Ruskin says it is "Parasitic Sublimity." This is a strong phrase; but there is strength too beneath the grip. See this old woman who has set up her stall of vegetables between a buttress and the wondrous-carved portal of a mediaeval cathedral. There is something indeed of the parasite about this old woman, encroaching to her own profit on the venerable Gothic pile; but there is nothing of the sublime about her, or her cabbages. Moreover, looking at the noble pile in itself, there is nothing noticeably sublime even here. Yet we are conscious of something sublime somewhere; and I think we shall find it in the daring contrast. Those venerable walls rising so high to the glory of God seem only to rise all the

higher, while the rich carving of the portal looks all the nobler from its contrast with the ignoble parasitic cabbages below.

See now this group of youthful beauty, laughing in the shade of a ruined temple. The sublime is not in the decay of a noble building, nor yet in the grace and beauty of youth. But there is something suggestive of the sublime in the relationship between the two. Age, decay and ruin are not sublime in themselves, but only in their contrast with something else. It is only when the opposition, the disintegrating, the "parasitic" element enters on the scene, that beauty and strength become sublime. Now come back with me to that dark corner in the Louvre. There is perhaps something of the parasite in those foaming waves, and—perhaps, too, in the meditative Turk, who with his boat moored against the island steps, seems to have made a domicile of some sort in these Western isles, not perhaps so very far away. However, whether or not they be parasites, the architecture, the courage of man building thus in the very sea, planting his fine basilica in the midst of the waves; the unwordliness of Christian worship building so lavishly in an island where it will never be seen—all this seems to suggest the sublime: this sudden contrast of sea and land, East and West, Christianity and Turk, architecture and waves—the parasitic element in the one evoking the sublime in the other.

Now, to a certain point, I think Ruskin's aphorism does very well; only, if we take the words too strictly, they carry us too far. "Parasitic" is a strong, and an ugly word. Look at that old castle on a craggy hill. It is not a ruin, yet picturesque it certainly is. Where does the parasitic element come in here? Is it the rock pushing up into the walls of the old bastion; or is the castle itself the parasite, fitting so gracefully into the slopes of the hill and sitting in triumph on its crest? Whether or not we need a parasite to call forth the sublime, we certainly need contrast and opposition of some kind. Man's art is always imposing limits to the encroachments of nature, while nature is ever laboring to disintegrate man himself and his work. But the picturesque, I think, requires something more than opposition and contrast. The opposing forces must play into one another's hand, draw out the courage, and by their very opposition set forth the virtues of their antagonist; till finally, by compromise and mutual service, they combine into perfect unity of subject. See how gracefully that rock grows into the castle wall, and how naturally man's art grows out of the hill. The graceful combination of the contrasts—or, if you will, of the parasite and its victim—is as necessary to the picturesque as the contrasts themselves. If the contrasts call forth the sublime, the combination of them perfects and com-

pletes the picturesque. If the contrasts dominate in one subject, their combination predominates in another. And in our castle on the hill, it is perhaps the happy combination of the contrasts, rather than the contrasts themselves, which most goes to make up the picturesque.

Now the human figure is not, I think, an essential part of the picturesque. Yet if it does enter the picture it takes a prominent part in the contrasts and their combinations. *Contrasting* under one aspect, it will—*noblesse oblige*—*combine* under another with the landscape or architectural setting. One thing, however, it will never do. It never admires or enjoys the scene of which itself forms a part. Nevertheless, it will take on the mood, and share, though unconsciously, in sympathy with the scene. See how that beggar's rags by their very contrast draw your attention to the rich sculpture of the doorway under which he sits. See how his sordid misery seems to emphasize the generosity of those who planned and carved that rich ornament to the glory of God; how his irreverent unconcern provokes your veneration for the sacredness of the place. Yet, in spite of all these contrasting—these parasitic—elements, the beggar and his rags combine with, enter into, and form part of the subject. See how his impudent appeal to your Christian charity is perfectly in harmony with the sacred character of the place; see how he rests on its steps, shelters under its shadow, and shares in its stability and silence.

I gave it as my opinion that man need not form an actual part in the subject-matter of the picturesque. Yet the human element must, I think, be suggested. If the picturesque demands the sublime, the sublime involves some relationship with man, his difficulties, sorrows, struggles, consolations and triumphs. No solitary landscape can be picturesque without some trace of man. Yon hills in all their silent grandeur lay no claim to the picturesque. But now see that little path winding round and over the hills, now turning aside to give place to a huge boulder, now descending a ravine, now crossing a stony torrent by a tiny bridge, now climbing up by the side of a rill. Here we have the picturesque—and why? Because the arduous element brings inanimate nature into relationship with man. See the contrast of man's footprints passing in patient triumph over the huge bulk of the hills. Yet see, too, the combining element; how the little path identifies itself with the hills, traces their formation, betrays their material, emphasizes their grace and grandeur, and says so plainly, "See the beauty of the hills through which I climb." Yes indeed, the picturesque demands contrasts, disintegrating, in fact, very often, "parasitic" contrasts; but in the end the contrasts must meet in compromise, combine together, and coalesce in unity of sub-

ject. From all I have now said, I ought not, I think, to be accused of presumption, if I propose a definition of the picturesque, feebler perhaps than the aphorism of Ruskin, yet capable of a more universal application. The picturesque, I think, is a very perfect combination of contrasts, far removed in character from one another; so much so in fact, that one of the contrasts will often threaten the existence of the other; and this combination of contrasts must suggest the sublime.

And now comes an important question. What about the *reality* of the picturesque; is it merely subjective, or has it a real foundation in the thing itself? True—what is picturesque to me in a strange country and a strange scene, quite apart from my picturesque temperament, is not picturesque to one accustomed to the sight. There are no contrasts to him, for the daily repetition of such scenes has blended the contrasts into the commonplace. There are, I believe, some traits of the picturesque entirely subjective—such as dress, which besides being graceful, apt and pleasing in itself, is picturesque to me because I am accustomed to seeing the same human form in another, and a very different garb. Only one of the contrasts is here present *in concreto*, the other exists subjectively in my mind. Another subjective element in the picturesque is, I think, some particular fact of knowledge. The fact of these walls being beautifully colored with moss and weather-beaten stains is not alone responsible for their “parasitical sublimity.” It is because I personally—perhaps through the guide book—know them to have stood there two thousand years, that they form a striking contrast in my mind with the short-spanned life of the human figures seated in silence beneath them. Why again does that Byzantine column and capital—quite apart from its own beauty—become so picturesque built into a Saracenic doorway? True—they vary and blend well together; but apart from that, it is only the subjective element, my knowledge of history—meagre perhaps though it be—which detects the contrasts, and supplies the connection between them. I have read perhaps of the parasitic encroachments of the Arab, Saracen and Moor on our Western shores; of their gradual absorption into the native populations; and thus I am conscious, not only of harmony and variety in art, but also of the historical reality of the contrasts, and of their happy combination in such perfect architectural ornament.

But there is another phase of the subjective picturesque. It is when the contrasts are perceived not simultaneously, but following one on the other. A scene becomes picturesque from its contrast with another just presented to the mind: such, for instance, as the impression you receive on reaching the quiet stillness of a remote

hamlet, after walking for some time through the silence of a forest; or the deserted remains of an ancient city after leaving the thronged thoroughfares of an adjoining town; or again, when in your wanderings through the streets of an old city, the busy life of the inhabitants suddenly ceases, and you find yourself under the ancient gateway of the great walls, looking out upon solitary hills of rock and grass. These I class among the subjective picturesque, because the second scene suggests the sublime only to him who has already witnessed the first. Now in these examples of what I would call the *consecutive* subjective picturesque, the contrasts between the two scenes are evident enough. But this is not the case with the *combining* element, which is often difficult enough to detect. Maybe it is mere age, solitude, or perhaps the mere strangeness common to both scenes. Sometimes indeed it is a sort of intellectual intuition. Without knowing the story, your suspicions, or perhaps your mere wonder and surprise will supply to the contrasts some kind of connecting link. Some train of thought will suggest a reason without actually explaining the phenomenon. The sleepiness of the old-world hamlet is perhaps suggested by the very proximity of the big forest—it has been cut off from the rest of the busy world; some dire calamity in its history has cast a deep sleep over what was once a great and rich city, its people have migrated from the ruined streets, and built themselves a new city not many miles hence;—or again, the protecting walls of our citadel will perhaps explain the wild solitude of the hills around. Brigandage and violence have to be reckoned with. There is no smiling landscape here, but savage grandeur in those lonely, treeless hills without the city walls.

And what *now* about the reality of the picturesque? Is it all and always subjective? I think not. Doubtless those who know more will see more. There are degrees of perception in the sublime and the picturesque, as in everything else. Some will be satisfied with what jumps to the eyes, others from the same subject will penetrate deeper and ascend higher. Yet for all that, from its very popularity and universality, I think we may say, with all confidence, and without entangling ourselves in the question of the real and ideal, that there is a real *fundamentum in re*.

And now I come to the point I wish specially to urge in this article. The material of the picturesque is always ready for representation of some kind in one or other of the arts. Nevertheless, its mere fitness as a subject for a picture does not make the picturesque. Though the connection is very close between the picturesque and a picture, the picturesque does not in any way demand a picture, even of the mind's eye. And the reason is, that the perception of the

picturesque is an intellectual, and not a mere sensitive operation. Doubtless it begins to operate in the eyes, ears and imagination, but it does not rest there. To reach the sublime, it must ascend to the higher and intellectual powers of the soul. Hence the picturesque idea and its medium of expression are two distinct things. Though the medium requires the idea, the idea may be expressed in various mediums—color, form, words or music. The picturesque then is not merely the subject-matter for a picture. It consists rather in the contrast of impressions which it makes upon the mind. It is for this reason that the picturesque impression is so often not simultaneous, but consecutive, as in poetry or music; impressions which evidently cannot be expressed in forms and colors. Thus it often happens that the mere mention of two contrasting traits, which, though they do not exclude one another, are not ordinarily found together in one individual—traits which imply some art, courage or difficulty in their blending—may often call up the picturesque: A soldier-poet, a youthful sage, a merchant prince—are terms which suggest at once a certain happy combination of contrasts, in which there must be poetry in the soldiering, wisdom in young years, industry amidst magnificence, generosity in trade. I do not say that the *terms* of the contrast are intellectual ideas. They are concrete and sensible. What I wish to emphasize is that the connection, comparison and combination of the contrasts is an intellectual operation.

But more than this: the intensity of the picturesque is in proportion to the distance apart of the contrasts from one another, and to the difficulty and art of combining and embracing them in one idea. Hence it is especially where religion, or some phase of religion, forms one of the terms of contrast, that we have a very intense form of the picturesque. Witness that strange romance that ever hangs over the religious orders, and their courageous attempt at subjugating material life to a spiritual régime. One has only to mention the Monastic life, or the Knights of St. John, to evoke at once crowds of picturesque material. See that happy harmony of spiritual and earthly contrasts which the Franciscan life succeeds so well in combining together; poverty and books, ascetism and science, simplicity and travel, individuality of character with the common life: combinations without number of such contrasts that the world would hardly have dreamed possible had it not been witness to them! Now all these ideas, though not *pictureable*, are truly picturesque in the intellectual order, since the operation of the intellectual picturesque—that which is conveyed in words or mere thoughts—is exactly the same in the last resort as the visual picturesque in a picture or real life; for it is the intellect in both which perceives and

derives pleasure from its perception of what is sublime and picturesque.

I am afraid the word "sublime" has figured rather frequently up to now in this article—and I am far from having finished with it yet. But as to what has gone before, I have perhaps taken for granted what is in no way conformable to the fact. I have supposed that we all have the same conception as to the meaning of the word. Now I am going to give you my conception of what it does or ought to mean: The "sublime" is something pleasing to the higher, but repellent to the lower faculties of the soul; something agreeable to contemplate, but difficult to embrace in action. From the very thorns which encircle it, its perception is at first imperfect. We are conscious of its presence, but when we think to locate it, it eludes us. It is, I think, always more or less hidden beneath its medium of expression. And yet, whether architecture, landscape, human beings, words, colors or forms, this medium itself takes on something of the very idea it so mysteriously conceals. There is something about the casquet which betrays the jewel within; so that half unconsciously we are led to suspect something great and beautiful. However, whether in art or real life, the veil is thin. The sublime, like the picturesque itself, is something popular; it appeals to the crowd. Yet for all that, like the picturesque, it is not perceived at once in all its entirety. There are inner chambers, and we penetrate one only by passing through the other. Now all this about the sublime is not to no purpose, as the reader will presently see.

While the "sublime" has appeared so often, I have rarely so far mentioned the word "pleasure." Yet it is clear that pleasure—to the same degree perhaps as the sublime—will have an important part in the idea, emotion, or whatever else you like to call the phenomenon of the picturesque. This is clear enough. But what is that special kind of pleasure that marks off the picturesque pleasure from other pleasures of the aesthetic order? Now the foremost—and the one that seems to underlie whatever others there may be—is the consciousness, I think, that we are approaching the "sublime." One of the foremost pleasures indeed in the picturesque is that kind of awe and reverence we feel at being unexpectedly brought into contact with the *far-off*, whether in time or space; that sense of mystery we feel in things unknown; things of which, however, we know enough to have our interest aroused, yet not enough to have our curiosity appeased. We must know just enough about the thing to gauge somewhat the vast amount that lies mysteriously hidden from us. Thus age is one of the common elements in the picturesque; and then, perhaps, comes the unaccustomed sights of foreign lands.

Then, I think, comes that reverence we all feel for the wide range of gifts and virtues in our own human nature; its wonderfully rejuvenating powers;—and then, perhaps, that kindly law of nature's which we call "*compensation*."

Let us take one of the most obviously, vulgarly—if you like—picturesque subjects:—Venetian beauties, poor, laughing and knitting in the dilapidated courtyard of an ancient palace. Here, as always in the picturesque, one of the contrasts will emphasize some trait of beauty, or by its very opposition, evoke and create a beauty in the other. See how the contrast of their poverty in these young women emphasizes their delicate and refined beauty; how their merriment unites so happily with their humble apparel that poverty seems to have lost its sting. We look again, and we feel a reverence for the *present*, in seeing it at such close quarters with a venerable *past*. The sadness of crumbling marble architecture even provokes, by its contrast, our hope and confidence in the rejuvenating powers of our own human nature; when we see this nature ever being renewed in all the freshness of youth. But again, here is a walled city on a high and rocky hill. See the strange contrast of the commonplace monotony of a little town's social life combined with the quiet unconscious courage of the folk, old as well as young, dwelling in heights of such inaccessible approach. See, too, how the peace and quiet of domestic life in those little houses, nestling within the fortified walls, contrasts so happily with the stern prospect—or even perhaps the mere memories—of siege and war: How you admire unconsciously the wide range of powers and resources and virtues in that same human nature in which you yourself share.

And now we come to another, and a very frequent source of pleasure in the picturesque: that pleasure which consists in contemplating the progress of decay in the world's beauty and strength. Ruskin seems to condemn this as an unhealthy phase of the picturesque. And perhaps to some extent he is right. There may indeed be a morbid pleasure in contemplating even the true picturesque, just as we may make a bad use of the noblest of things. What I refer to now is that pleasure in the parasitical element; the delight in pain, ruin, and decay. Now, from the very nature of the sublime, such as I conceive it—attractive to the nobler powers of the soul, repellent to the lower—it follows that there are two ways of, or rather two motives in seeking it and admiring it. To contemplate suffering from the mere pleasure and excitement of beholding suffering is, of course, immoral and cruel. But to seek it out and contemplate it for the sake of admiring and contemplating the virtues called forth by suffering—this is quite another thing. One

may perhaps take pleasure in watching a boxing match or a bull fight out of a delight in cruelty; or—out of a delight in admiring courage and heroism in the meeting of danger and pain. So in the picturesque, there may be an unhealthy, melancholic pleasure in beholding the havoc of a parasite. But the same objection may be made to any irregular admiration of a thing good enough in itself. It seems to me that this pathetic kind of pleasure we feel in beholding strength and beauty in decay is by no means unhealthy or misanthropic, but only that natural consolation human nature experiences in finding companionship in misfortune and defeat. But more than this—there is the great Christian—and natural, too—law of compensation. We all have within us that innate conviction that all mere material prosperity and strength must some day give place to a higher and spiritual happiness, while the earthly must dissolve and vanish away. Those that mourn now will be comforted, patience and suffering will be compensated for, and the rich will be sent empty away. Hear the words of a mediaeval mystic on the pleasure in the pathetic in human life. "How it is I know not," says Hugh of St. Victor, referring to the Book of Ecclesiastes—the so-called book of the pessimists—"that these words should sound so sweetly in our ears whenever we hear them read. For behold, we are listening with pleasure to the narration of our misfortunes; and what indeed we love not, we yet love to hear about."

While then we must admit with Ruskin the possibility of an unhealthy, misplaced pleasure in the picturesque, I think to the ordinary Christian mind the danger is rare, and the pleasure perfectly wholesome, resting as it does on our innate perception of the eternal truths. But there is also a false—another phase of the subjective—picturesque, due here not to knowledge, but to ignorance. This is when there is sufficient knowledge of a subject to arouse curiosity, and suggest strong and pleasing contrasts, but not enough to connect them in a combination conformable to the facts. Hence we have the Protestant mediaeval novel, the impossible picturesque romance of Catholic and religious life; due to a very excusable mixture of sympathy and ignorance, on the part of those who see things from a distance too great to allow of a correct judgment of the facts; yet from a distance which to them perhaps lends enchantment to the view. But there is a worse abuse of the picturesque than this. It is the *corruptio optimi*. That vulgar taste which delights in the contrasts of *good* and *bad*. That combination, for instance, of a lofty and holy state with an unworthy and evil life. Here indeed we have all the elements of the picturesque, and something more besides; contrasts, their combination in unity of subject, the human element

in abundance, and even some kind of sublimity in the violence of the contrasts. Only one thing is wanting; and that is, that wholesome pleasure, the right moral sense which delights in the intellectual beauty of truth and goodness. This is the immoral and corrupt, a mere travesty of the true picturesque—met with sometimes in the modern novel.

And now I come to the final stage in this article. I have dwelt much on the high mental and spiritual character of the picturesque. But there is more than this. Regard being had to the subject-matter, the pleasure derived from the perception of the picturesque will often be not merely of an intellectual, but of a spiritual-religious nature. While the external forms please and delight the eye, the sublime hidden beneath will, from the very nature of the subject-matter, assume a religious and supernatural character. In fact, the higher powers of the soul, enlightened by faith, have, I think, their own special material in the picturesque order, so that we may well say of the pleasure in the picturesque what St. Augustine says of all attractions in the material order: "Shall the body have her pleasures and the soul not also hers?" No indeed, I am sure the picturesque is something more than mere "parasitical sublimity." It is something more than the pathetic emotion called up by the presence of a parasite. It is a sublimity arising indeed from the opposition of contrasts, yet from contrasts which finally combine in the most perfect union and harmony. Moreover, from the very nature of the supernatural order, it is in those things relating to God that we find the most powerful combinations of the most remote and disparate elements; matter and spirit, nature and grace, heaven and earth, eternity and time. There is at first some appearance of incongruity between the two, but soon they are fused into harmony; and it is in the process of this intellectual fashion that we are able to admire the relative qualities of each of the elements. The earthly element is contrasted to her advantage with the spiritual, because nearer and more tangible to us—the spiritual triumphs because stronger and more enduring. Then ascending above the union of spirit and matter and above that of nature and grace, we come to the far more perfect union, of the far more remote and disparate elements, the human and divine. One of the greatest delights of the doctors and saints has always been to dwell on this most perfect union of such mutually far-removed contrasts. Take the Divine Infancy, and contemplate its contrasts as Mary and Joseph must have done: the being so close to what from your very nature is so infinitely far off; the seeing with your eyes what has ever been hidden from the rest of the world; the touching, holding, and possessing as your own

that which heaven and earth cannot contain. These reflections we are perhaps so much accustomed to that we may never have noticed the alternate play on contrast and contrast. And yet after all, what else are reflections of this kind but a picturesque presentment of the divine mysteries? Of course, there are other methods of contemplating them, but this method I call the picturesque.

Not to delay further at the other mysteries of the Incarnation, let us pause a moment at the central one of all; the Crucifixion. Here indeed are strange contrasts, wonderfully combined: the intensest of suffering together with the happiness of the beatific vision. Love—divine love—is here doubtless the combining element of these apparently contradictory states; for love is both the *cause* and the *consequence* of suffering in this life, and also of beatitude in the next. Hence, the two desires of St. Francis when he beheld the crucified Seraph: first, to experience in himself, as far as this was possible, the pain of our Lord's Passion; and secondly, to feel something of the Divine love which prompted it. But one mystery there is, among the many others of the Incarnation, which I must not omit. What more delightful—what more popular—than the picturesque combination of contrasts in Mary!—virginity and maternity, austerity and sweetness, grace and nature, human and divine. In Mary, earth touches heaven, justice embraces peace, mercy has combined with truth, and truth springs up from the earth; for the Lord has looked down benignly from heaven, and the earth in response has yielded its fruit. We can love human nature now because we see it innocent, and almost embrace the Divinity because we behold it so near; we can feel at home with virginity, and prostrate in reverence before maternity. In Mary we can at the same time both touch heaven and admire the earth. The union is so perfect that we can embrace both together. Our happiness would seem to be complete. We no longer look at heaven from afar and the earth with disgust, for now they are united by the bridge of hope; *Mater Spei, Mater nostrae laetitiae!*

And now, not to leave my task unfinished, I must touch briefly on one more mystery—the mystery of the altar. Here also we have the same perfect combination of far-removed contrasts: the offering up of the lamb standing as it were slain; slain yet still alive; in its death bestowing life; itself slain, yet imparting a far more enduring life than that which It has Itself laid down; though received as food, yet nourishing those who receive It with a higher life than what was already their own! Then—reserved in the tabernacle, see how this silent Victim imparts life and movement of the noblest kind to all around Him, especially to those faithful hearts who come to visit Him. Though motionless, He vivifies with the most intense life

those who approach Him. Though wearing the garment of a victim, He is Himself inebriated with the most intense happiness. Though waiting to be visited, none can approach without Himself drawing them. And shall we not add that those who worship Him under these species share, each in his degree, in these same various combinations of contrasts: the monotony of apparent inaction at one time before the Tabernacle, contrasting with the intensity of happiness at another; the generous intention of self-immolation united in the same person with the consciousness of receiving far more than they can ever give; the sacrifice of long hours, together with a true esteem for the value of each moment of life! Doubtless, many of these examples of the *spiritual* picturesque which I have just suggested would lend themselves with difficulty to portrayal in a picture. Yet for all that, they are none the less, I think, truly picturesque; since, though conveyed only in words or thought, their mode of conception is after the mode of the picturesque; that is, they are an intellectual combination of contrasts, suggestive of the sublime.

One word more and my task is finished. See the picturesqueness of the Church herself; how she is ever, though unconsciously, drawing into her bosom so many souls led by their inborn love of the picturesque. Only see the combination of her contrasts: her beautiful ceremonies and her austere morality, her practical adaptability to circumstances and her inflexibility in principles, her impartial embrace of rich and poor, learned and ignorant, saints and sinners! See again the picturesque contrasts in her religious orders—not in the romantic middle-ages, but in the midst of our own prosaic age: work and contemplation, gaiety and gravity, poverty and magnificence, learning and simplicity—youth and wisdom; and this last often enough from the very portal of the Convent. Look at that little maid of sixteen, braving the opposition of home and friends to enter Carmel. Whence comes such wisdom and resolve in so young a head! See this young man of eighteen, disdaining the smiles of the world, to embrace a lonely life, cut off from all congenial society, to labor in the foreign missions. Here indeed is a wisdom in young years that conquers and puzzles the world! But here my task finishes. If I have shown that the picturesque is a real, genuine, and healthy pleasure, arising from its connection with so much of what is sublime in human life, and reposing on the foundation of the eternal truths, I am satisfied as to the success of my first—and if I have at least suggested the very great *probability* of the same phenomenon penetrating into, being transferred into, and, above all, popularizing the religious mysteries we ought to love so well, then I am also satisfied as to the success of the second part of my task.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, O.S.B.

## MULIER FORTIS

ANY centuries ago the Wise Man asked: "Mulierem fortem quis inveniet?" He gave an answer in the splendid type of wife and mother and mistress of a great household that he depicts so eloquently. It is a type which must often have found expression, in fuller or less measure, among the great families of Israel; but which waited for its highest manifestation in the Church of the New Covenant. We are familiar with one noble passage that describes it, through the Mass *Cognovi*, and it is almost impossible to read it without such names as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, her holy namesake of Portugal, St. Frances of Rome and St. Jane Frances de Chantal springing to one's recollection.

And the tradition of Valiant Women is undying in the Kingdom where every flower of saintliness, each some special revelation of the power of grace, clothes with unnumbered forms of loveliness and splendour that Garden of the Lord. Not only the canonized and beautified ones, whom alone we have right to invoke as Sancti or Beati, share that tradition, but countless other souls whose names are in the book of life, saints already perfected or in the making, unknown among the Faithful on earth except to a few of their own generation.

In the early days of the Second Spring, the revival of Catholic life in England, there are not a few such names that stand out, along with those of priests and laymen, as true apostles of the restored life and activity of the Church. Every critical period for religion, in any country, always seems provided with its *mulieres fortes*, who have a special work that could be done by no other hands. The middle of the last century in Great Britain was no exception. Such names as Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Leslie of Edinburgh, Lady Herbert of Lea, and the Duchess of Buccleuch will occur to all students of this particular period. And there is another name, not less in honour than any of these, to the bearer of which this volume is devoted.\* The writer, Miss Cecil Kerr, eldest

\* Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian. A Memoir. Edited by her granddaughter, Cecil Kerr. London: Sands & Co. (N.D.).

daughter of Lord Ralph Kerr, modestly lays claim to be no more than editor of the reminiscences, and tells us that Lady G. Fullerton had intended, and actually began, to write her friend's biography, and that others have contributed. There is no doubt, however, that we owe to Miss Kerr many of the chapters and the whole arrangement of the volume. It is a brief yet complete sketch of the life of one who was known, honoured, and beloved far beyond the lot of most, and who added to an intense capacity for the *joie de vivre* an equally intense capacity for suffering. She was called to experience a large share of the one, and a burden of the other which would have crushed many a weaker soul.

Cecil Chetwynd Talbot was the only daughter of John, II Earl Talbot. She was born in 1808, at Ingestre Hall in Staffordshire, once the home of the Clifford Constables, an outstanding center of Catholic piety and place of refuge for priests in the worst days of the persecutions. It had unfortunately passed out of Catholic hands; the present owner, a really devout man and watchful parent, represented the average Church of England tradition of those days. In character and piety he was far in advance of his time. He could not have admired the "use" of the parish church of Blicking (where he died), which included delaying the opening of the service till the arrival of the "Hall party," however late, a profound reverence to them on the part of the congregation, and the handing of a glass of sherry to the parson when he got into the pulpit! The old Faith of England was not so much disliked as simply ignored; to the average Anglican of George III's and his sons' reigns it scarcely existed. A really beautiful letter of Lord Talbot to his daughter on the eve of her marriage commends her to the Divine protection and assures her that this will bring her through the storms of life to a safe haven of refuge. There was a meaning in his words of which the writer little dreamed.

In 1831, Lady Cecil married the Marquess of Lothian and entered on ten years of unclouded wedded happiness. She threw herself heartily into the duties and interests of her Scottish home. Newbattle Abbey lies in the midst of a charming country. The Cistercian house was founded by St. David, and became one of the most notable monastic establishments in Scotland. At the apostasy of the sixteenth century it was bestowed on Mark Kerr, a younger son of the house of Cessford, now represented by the Duke of Roxburgh. Mark was titular abbot, but though he may have been a cleric, he was certainly never a priest. His son was created Earl of Lothian, and the title and property passed into their present owners' hands by a marriage in the female line.

Lord Lothian died, universally esteemed and beloved, in 1841, leaving four sons and two daughters in his widow's charge. Her devoted care for their material, educational, and especially their religious welfare, and the business ability with which she managed the estates during the minority of her eldest son (who was now VIII Marques of Lothian) were alike remarkable. Ecclesiastically the position was a strange one, and would find few if any parallels today. The family were Anglicans, but it was considered well, by them and many others, to attend the Presbyterian service for the sake of example. This compromise could not long satisfy a thoughtful and devout mind like that of the Marchioness. She began to drive into Edinburgh to an Anglican service, attended the Duke of Buccleuch's neighbouring chapel of St. Mary, and embarked on building a church at Jedburgh, the border town from which Lord Lothian takes his second title.

By this time the Oxford Movement was in full swing, and was attracting thousands of the best and most pious souls in the Established Church. Lord Henry Kerr (a clerical brother of the late Marquess), Lady Lothian, herself, Mr. John Talbot, her brother and his wife, and Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford were among the most notable of the laity who ardently embraced the restored preaching of sacramental grace, the priesthood, church authority, and the communion of saints. Of course the presentation of these truths was in a reduced and often confused form, but it was a true revelation to those brought up in what a well-known clergyman called "the dry rot of the eighteenth century." The new church at Jedburgh was opened on August 15 (how many of those present knew the solemnity of the date?), 1844. A number of the Tractarian leaders were present, including Mr. Keble, Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce, Mr. Dodsworth, and Dr. Hook of Leeds. The last of these, who was ritually but not doctrinally, in sympathy with the rest, had become a close friend of Lady Lothian's. She spent most of one Holy Week as his guest and records: "Mr. Hook ate no dinner, and we all ate as little as possible." Of all extraordinary observances, the communion was celebrated in Leeds Parish Church, on Good Friday; and on Lady Lothian asking her host's advice as to taking part in the service he advised her to do so, because the ancient Fathers did not consider that receiving communion broke the fast! One respects the uninstructed piety of those days immensely, in spite of its confusion. It certainly did not lack austerity.

About this time an Anglican school, on the public school lines, was opened for boys at Glenalmond, Perthshire. For some unex-

plained reason it was supposed to be extremely advanced in spite of the fact that Dr. Charles Wordsworth, a strong Protestant with perhaps a slight liking for a little ceremonial, was appointed first warden. Lady Lothian placed her two younger sons there; the young Marquess went to Eton and Oxford, and the second son entered the Royal Navy.

In 1850 occurred the celebrated Gorham case. A clergyman, notoriously maintaining heresy on the doctrine of Holy Baptism, was presented to a Devonshire living by the Lord Chancellor. The Bishop of Exeter refused institution; the "Arches Court" of Canterbury sustained his lordship's action; but the Privy Council overruled both and Mr. Gorham took possession. Caesar was evidently master in the Anglican fold. The result was such an agitation as the Establishment had scarcely ever known. Meetings were held, denunciations hurled at the State tyranny, pamphlets rained, and—nothing was done to mend matters. The second great exodus from Anglicanism, six years after Dr. Newman had been the central figure of the first, took place in 1851. Manning, Wilberforce, Hope Scott, Allies, Dodsworth, were among the most illustrious converts. Lady Lothian was received into the Church at Farm Street, on June 11, by Father Brownbill, and was followed shortly by Lord Henry Kerr, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Mr. (afterwards Monsignor) Gilbert Talbot.

A time of terrible anxiety and trouble now began for the Marchioness. The other guardians of the children, appointed under their father's will, deemed it their duty to remove them so far as possible from her influence. Patience and courage had, however, their eventual reward. Neither of her elder sons, both of whom succeeded to the title, followed her into the Church, but young Lord Lothian was not unsympathetic, and his brother Schomberg (though this does appear in the story) was probably still more appreciative of the rightness of her action. An eminent priest who knew him well told the writer that the late Lord Lothian was far from anti-Catholic in his convictions, and his furnishing of the crypt at Newbattle as an advanced Anglican chapel pointed in the same direction.

Lady Lothian's three remaining sons and both her daughters shared the happiness of their mother. The youngest, John, was a boy of intense religious feeling, an *anima naturaliter Catholica*, and only his early death, at Ushaw College, hindered his realizing in the priestly vocation the supreme desire of his life. The eighth chapter of the memoir records the story, which reads like a page from the history of the Penal Days, and which I have heard from Lord Ralph's own lips, of the Marchioness's flight from Newbattle

in the early hours of the morning with her two sons. The drive through the darkness to Edinburgh, the interview with Bishop Gillis, then Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, and the reception of the two boys in the chapel of St. Margaret's Convent.

An Oxford tutor, a Mr. Meyrick, had been appointed by the guardians with a view to keeping the sons safe in the Established fold, and on the night before this high adventure he and Lothian had sat together till long after midnight, suspecting that something was afoot. When the facts were known Lothian only burst out laughing, with the exclamation, which was certainly not one of distress: "By jove, they've done us!" but poor Meyrick returned to the banks of Isis a melancholy man, to meet the unending chaff of the University.

The remaining son, the youngest but one, Walter, was a middy in the Royal Navy. He was, soon after this, on leave with his family in the south, and electrified them one morning by announcing that he had just been received into the Church. There had been no time before his leave was up to give him the usual instruction, but the boy was so convinced that only thus could he find his way into the one true Church of God, that his reception was not delayed. A little later, when on his ship in Portsmouth harbour, a signal came from the shore directing the captain to send Lord Walter Kerr ashore in order to be confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. But he explained that he had already received Confirmation. From whom? it was asked. "The Bishop of Portsmouth," said the young officer. Then there was consternation! But Lord Ralph told me that he believed his brother's commander and fellow-officers generally rather admired the boy's pluck than blamed his obedience to conscience.

One of the greatest interests of Lady Lothian's life was now the building of St. David's Church, Dalkeith. Early in the nineteenth century there was not a Catholic resident in the small country town. Mass was restored, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, in the Masonic Hall, permission to use which was shortly afterwards withdrawn; then an attic over a baker's shop sheltered the faithful for a few years, until the present handsome church (the parish church for a good many years of the writer of this article) was opened. Several parishes have been carved out of the wide district then under the pastoral care of the priest of St. David's; and yet within the present parochial limits there are two other churches regularly served from Dalkeith. The handful of three-quarters of a century ago has grown into a number of large congregations. Not many years after St. David's was built the parish was placed by the Bishop (not

an Archbishop until the restoration of the Hierarchy, in 1878) under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Among the many personal recollections of the parish, the writer would record with all gratitude and with reverent affection the names of Father Joseph Head, S.J., who entered the Society in 1858, was on the staff, and then for very many years rector of St. David's, and who still resides there in wonderful vigour; and Father Frederick Jerrard, S.J., kindest and most sympathetic of friends, who spent nearly twenty years in charge of the two outlying churches, and last year went to his reward. His memory is in benediction throughout the parish—a non-Catholic once said of him admiringly that he was "every man's man."

The saintly foundress of the church and parish must rejoice indeed in the abundant fruit of her suffering and her self-sacrifice. The extraordinary activity of her life was not confined to Scotland. She threw herself with unsparing zeal into the work of the Church in London. Religious houses, homes of charity, schools, the needs of Catholics abroad, all claimed and all received ungrudgingly her loving help. To her intense piety, simplicity, and straightforwardness, she added not only remarkable practical capacity but a sense of humour that simply scintillates in her letters, and must have proved an untold help in trying times.

In 1873, we find her on pilgrimage to Paray le Monial. It was the first organized devotion of the kind in England since the apostasy, and was assailed by a storm of abuse as idiotic as it was unmeasured. When the steamer the party had hired left the pier at Newhaven we are told of one old gentleman who stood at the end of the pier shaking his umbrella threateningly, and hurling denunciations on the pilgrims! The same year she was at Lourdes, Mormontier, and Mont St. Michel. Four years later she and Lady Herbert of Lea were asked to present an address of sympathy to the German Catholics then so bitterly persecuted under the Falck Laws, and gladly undertook a winter's journey to Münster for this purpose.

No trait in this beautiful character was more marked than that of deep and loyal devotion to the Apostolic See. Her visits to the Eternal City were as frequent and as extended as her multifarious obligations and charities permitted. In 1877, Lady Lothian, against her own desires but at the clear call of duty, went to Rome as head of the pilgrimage organized in Great Britain to congratulate Pius IX on the golden jubilee of his Episcopate. The pilgrimage reached Rome on May 3, and ten days later its revered leader died, as she would have wished, in the capital of Christiandom.

The emotion showed by the Roman people, as well as by the English colony and visitors, was almost unprecedented in the case of a foreigner. Her beloved son Ralph, alone of her children, was beside her, and he brought her body back to Scotland, where it now lies before the High Altar of St. David's, a memorial brass in sanctuary floor bearing the following inscription :

"Cecil, Marchionessa di Lothian, hujus ecclesiae Fundatrix. Apud Dominum misericordia et copiosa apud Eum redemptio."

As might be confidently expected, most of the family of such a mother became conspicuous for their devoted lives and their activities on behalf of the Faith. Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Walter Kerr, has been no less strenuous in his care for the spiritual interests of the sailors under his command than was Lord Ralph in the army on behalf of his soldiers. The eldest daughter, Lady Cecil, became a Sacred Heart nun, and lived six years to be a pattern of Religious fervour ; the younger, Lady Alice, married. *Surrexerunt filii ejus et beatissimam praedicaverunt.*

The last chapter of this fascinating book is concerned with Lord Ralph, who inherited to a wonderful degree his mother's spirit—her intense realization of the unseen, her absolute simplicity, and, not least, her sense of fun and power of enjoyment. He was delicate in early life, and indeed never particularly robust, but at the age of twenty was able to enter the 10th Hussars (Prince of Wales Own), and was in command of the regiment when the future King Edward VII paid his historic visit to India. In 1878, Lord Ralph married Lady Anne Howard ; his family life was that of an ideal Catholic home in its happiness and peace. For five years he was Inspector of Cavalry at York, and subsequently in command at the Curragh. When the time of his appointment expired, he felt unable, in consequence of his health, to accept further promotion, and retired with the rank of Major-General. Thenceforth he lived at Woodburn, close to Dalkeith, and during these years the present writer had the undeserved privilege of seeing a good deal of one of the simplest and noblest of souls. To extend as he did the charming kindness of his friendship to those who had no claim on him, but who revered and loved him far more than he knew, was part of his unselfish goodness. He was a great reader, and possessed a most retentive mind. To talk with him of books, of politics, and above all of the interests of the Catholic Religion, was a delight. He could, of course, remember many events which to a much younger man were only history ; and his judgment was always that of a clear-headed straightforward soldier. At the beginning of the war Lord Ralph and Lady Anne lost their younger son David, who fell in

action. "Heaven seems much more homely now that David is there," his father was heard to say.

It is told of Ralph, first Abbot of Newbattle, that "he was continually occupied in Divine meditation, for, from his youth, he loved his Creator with all his heart." The words were printed on the memorial card of this other Ralph, and none could describe him better. In September, 1916, a long life of singular beauty and fruitful work came to its earthly end—to widen out, we cannot doubt, into a life yet more full and beautiful.

The printing of the volume, and the admirable portraits, add to its attraction. A misprint on page 9 makes Lady Lothian's brother's marriage take place half a century too late; and the Jubilee of Pius IX, in 1877, was of his Episcopate, not his priesthood, the glorious Pontiff having been consecrated in 1827, to the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto.

J. F. SCHOFIELD.

## NOTES OF A PILGRIM TO CASCIA

**H**UMAN beings, like myself, who are endowed with impressible natures, and because of this sensitiveness live their lives vitally, going with great intensity from the gloomy depths of sorrow to the dizzy heights of joy, are sometimes confronted with the thought that this vivid sense of living is, perhaps, superficial rather than vital, and then follow moments or periods of agonizing introspection and retrospection, endeavoring to prove one's stamina to oneself.

Until my mother died, death had never before penetrated beyond the portals of my heart. I had always expected death's coming so near would leave me spiritually uplifted and that the spirit of the departed would be everywhere, like God. But the contrary was my experience. My spirit was cast down, trampled and crushed. My mother had departed and the calm body which was so like, and yet so unlike, my mother, conveyed no meaning to me. I was like one lost in a strange, dark place and was too blinded by tears to find my way. At length I was persuaded to sit by my mother's body until I felt her spirit. As I sat waiting, all of the past with which my mother had been connected reviewed itself before me. Experiences returned, like pictures seen dimly through a haze of half-remembrance—incidents that had seemed so vitally important at the time now appeared insignificant and difficult to remember.

Then the horror of forgetting beat upon me, and I kept repeating to myself, "Life is so full of change. Will I forget my mother? I know people who have seemingly forgotten their mothers! I have forgotten many of the important events of my life and cannot recall names of persons, places and things, and situations, once of consequence, are like time-worn frescoes. Will I forget my mother?" And while my heart and brain spoke thus despairingly together, my mother came to me. How, I cannot tell, but suddenly I seemed to feel her love overwhelm me and I knew that she was with the Communion of Saints. I knelt by her bedside and said: "I will never forget you, and I will do something to make you happy. I cannot sing for you, for singing is so wrapped up in the ego and cannot be detached and offered as a memorial, but I will try and write something worthy of you."

Yet in the months that followed, I was denied the privilege of writing anything for my mother. Every time I attempted to write,

my heart was so full that the words produced by my thoughts brought nothing but triteness, so I decided to buy a memorial and the most obvious thing to buy, was, naturally, something pertaining to St. Rita of Cascia, the Saint of the Impossible, who had been a source of joy and consolation to my mother in her last long decade of invalidism. It was always a happy event if my sister or I could find a new medal, picture or statue of St. Rita, and this good saint lit many a dark and lonely hour for the invalid.

On my travels I made inquiries everywhere as to the shrine of St. Rita, and usually found inartistic painted plaster statues representing the Saint of the Impossible as a young, girlish nun, and it must be remembered that her convent life did not begin until she was about forty years of age. I was informed that a statue of St. Rita must have a black habit, so a statue was out of the question for me, as one done in colored marbles was beyond my means.

I had begun negotiations for a bas relief in Caen stone, when one day in New York I was looking for an address in the East Twenties and lost my way. I stopped at an antique shop to inquire the direction, when my glance fell on a mosaic of St. Rita, about two and a half feet square. The shopkeeper knew nothing of the subject nor of its history, except that it was very old and of Spanish origin. I purchased the mosaic and had it framed and presented to St. Mary of the Springs, near Columbus, Ohio, where my mother had been one of the first two graduates.

On Sunday, December 1, 1917, the second anniversary of my mother's death, after high mass in the chapel of St. Mary of the Springs, the priest, altar attendants, novices and nuns formed a procession, and singing, marched to the foot of the main staircase. The priest and his attendants advanced to the first landing, and the veil being removed from the mosaic, the picture was blest and now a perpetual light is kept burning on a pedestal before it.

A year or so later I was looking at some sconces in a Russian antique store in New York city, and was in the act of paying for them when I saw, in the midst of a helter-skelter array of second-hand brass, a bronze statuette of a nun, kneeling at a prie dieu, a crucifix and wreath of roses lying on the open missal before her. "What is that?" I suddenly asked. "That is a book-end," replied the woman in charge. It was Saint Rita of Cascia, and, of course, there was no mate to be found. As it was not flat at the end, it could not, under any conditions, have served as a book-end. Under my breath I said, "St. Rita, I want the sconces! But I can't leave you here in a Russian-Jewish shop with all this brass junk, and I

can't afford both you and the sconces!" I bought the statuette and the next day I was given the sconces.

The finding of both the mosaic and the statuette left a deep impression in my mind, and the desire to visit Cascia burned constantly, though the purpose of the visit was not clear to me, but after seeing the convent and conditions existing there, I felt that I had been called to Cascia for a purpose. So, I have written the following in the manner in which I think the one to whose memory it is dedicated would have been interested in reading it, hoping, for her sake, that the devotion to the Saint of the Impossible may be spread and assistance rendered the Sisters of St. Rita.

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The Italian coast of the Mediterranean, or Riviera, forms a pattern of rock-bound scollops, scooping out hundreds of little bays. A highway frequently skirts the outline of embroidery formed by these scollops, and occasionally a railway, endeavoring to be more direct, cuts under dozens of rocky cliffs. En route to Florence from Ventimiglia, just across the Italian border from France, the view between tunnels is ravishingly beautiful, with the Maritime Alps rising from a sea that takes on every varying shade of which warm blue is capable, but the temperature is a little too high for solid enjoyment. It reminds me of California, though the Golden State has more variety and is better groomed.

I am on my way to Cascia, wherever it may be. The first lap of my journey is a mere three hundred miles, but consumes thirty-one hours in the making, including a night at Genoa and an hour in Pisa.

The approach to Genoa is replete with beauty and interest, in spite of the tunnels and all they convey by way of heat, dirt and stuffy air. In summer, the beaches, often glaringly hot, are frequently crowded with bathers, indulging in apparent enjoyment and absolute abandon. The Mediterranean beaches are very pebbly and rough-shod, with few exceptions. I have just passed one beach with a large crescent expanse of white sand, but all the rest were carpeted with small lava stones and black volcanic sand. However, the bathers did not seem to be aware of any drawbacks, and lay, in evident ease, prone on the flinty looking trophies of the ancient sea.

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Entering Pisa, the Leaning Tower is satisfactorily viewed from the train, but I went to have a close-up view of it. The tower, cathedral, baptistry and cemetery are all in one big square, serene and quiet, at the edge of town, with nothing in the surroundings to mar the calm loveliness of the effect. At some angles the tower leans

startlingly, but I consoled myself with the thought that since it has leaned for a good many years, I need have no fear of its falling on me if I stood under it. At a nearby shop I bought a marble copy of the tower, about seven inches high, for eleven lire, or fifty-five cents, and some post-cards, too. Then I went back to the station and got the train for Florence.

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My sojourn in Florence lasted three days. Upon my arrival there I bought a large map of Umbria and located Cascia. Having thus settled my mind, I set out to verify my memory of earlier days spent in Florence.

Sunday, my second day there, I visited six churches, the two outstanding places being Santa Maria Novella and the Church of the Annunciation. Santa Maria Novella is so calmly and gracefully old and is superb in its vastness. One crosses an empty expanse of over sixty yards, nearly two-thirds the length of the church, before the few pews are reached. These pews, scattered before the three main altars, seat not more than four or five hundred. There was much devotion among those attending mass. The attendant rang the bell for the Consecration but not for the "Domine non sum dignus." Here, as in all of the other churches, there were women without head coverings. I had never seen this ancient custom disregarded in any country before.

The Church of the Annunciation is frequented by the richest people in Florence. There is a large foyer between the porch and the doors of the church, where at least a thousand people can and do meet socially. The church has very few chairs and pews, and as all services are well attended, there is a restlessness and movement all the time. The altar of chief interest, of solid silver, is at the left of the main door. It is enclosed by a railing over five feet high on which are huddled votive candlesticks of silver, and above, from a canopy, hang over thirty silver lamps.

In the morning, Florentine streets are vibrant with life. All the provision stores and barber shops are open and the women are out to do their daily housekeeping, and the men to get fussed up, for the Italian barbers know a thousand and one secret rites to perform on the willing victim. The two big market houses are scenes of vivacious activity, and the push-cart vendors furnish their share of diverting entertainment. Today, one strong looking youth, of operatic aspect, held forth passionately and loudly. He sounded like a Hyde Park socialist, but he was merely extolling the attributes of some very yellow and vividly pink soap. A shrill old man's treble rent the air behind me, and I turned, expecting to see a stiletto

engagement, but it was only an old graybeard, calmly seated behind his pushcart, telling the passersby what fine eyeglasses he had for sale. Ah! what temperament.

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The train from Florence was like a hot-room at a Turkish bath, with the difference that there was no cold shower and cooling room afterward. I almost failed to get out at the right place to change for Perugia, and only the kindness of an Italian gentleman in the next compartment saved me. Stations were not called, and two Italians, after conversing with remarkable vivacity for half an hour, went to sleep at the window corners, and I could not see the names of the stations. In my hurried exit I climbed all over them, but they neither woke nor stirred. After changing from the Roman express to a combination passenger-freight train, we ran along the shore of Lake Thrasymene for about fifteen miles. The landscape there is exquisite, for the lake district is irrigated and the green formed a welcome contrast to the parched countenance of Tuscany.

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Perugia was seen a long while before it was reached—the train had to wind up the mountain to approach it. The arrival was disappointing, for the station is in the valley of the Tiber, below the city. An electric car line goes from the station to the city on the hill, and the hotels have a private tram. I had to wait twenty minutes for another train to arrive, so I questioned the concierge about going to Cascia. He said a motor would cost four lire a kilometer, and as eight kilometers make but five miles, that seemed rather high. I suggested going in a sedan motorcycle, which would be cheaper. He had never heard of such a thing being done, but went to a telephone and found one for me at two lire a kilometer, and I am to start at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. I can scarcely realize I am so near doing what I have so long desired. I hope Cascia won't be disappointing. If the country is anything like that surrounding Perugia, it will be a trip well worth taking.

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For years I have wanted to travel by motorcycle. I have toured Europe and America in everything from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce, but have ever watched with envy the motorcyclists. A motorcycle is so aggressive, so diabolical and defiant. It should be prohibited by law, but it isn't—and I am for it.

We started off, and how perilously close to nature I seemed in my bassinette—actually only about twelve inches from mother earth, and going at twenty, thirty, and forty miles an hour! I know now how a chicken feels when an automobile hoves in sight to fill its

pallid breast with indecision, for, at one point, two towering motor-busses set upon us at once. My heart was in my mouth as I threw up my hands to ward off the crash! But they missed us and not a feather flew. At times, we seemed to rebound more than advance. Most of the way to Cascia, my "Fearless Friend" assumed that I was deaf and dumb, for he would only nod or shake his head at my questions. The noise was frightful! One moment we seemed to be a fleet of Zeppelins bombarding defenseless women and children and chickens, and the next moment we sounded like a bunch of giant fire-crackers shooting out of season.

The scenery, withal, was almost overpowering in its loveliness. . . . Suddenly my chauffeur slowed down and pointing to a hill top which rose ahead with a soft mist or heat haze of summer over it, exclaimed with hushed tone: "Signor, Mont' Assisi!"

There it was—truly awe inspiring. The discovery revealed to us that we were at least six miles off the road to Cascia, but I was never so thankful for a guide's error, and we rode right on into Assisi. We ascended a fascinating street, with English signs on hotels, and drew up at the Giotto. At this hotel I secured the services of a perky little page in uniform decorated with many brass buttons, whom I asked to direct me to the Franciscan Monastery.

My guide at the monastery was a young man, of Polish parentage from near Boston. (He will be ordained and sent back to America next year.) Among the collection of personal souvenirs of Saint Francis which he showed me, is a fragment of a habit worn by the Saint. It is of neutral gray homespun quality and not of the brown or black that most painters have clothed him in. The order at present wears black, but I was told that in 1926 it will return to the original gray. While looking at the collection of relics, I told my fellow countryman that I liked to think that St. Francis and all the Saints were not very different from ourselves . . . the only difference between us and the Saints being that we have fleeting moments of saintliness and they were able to sustain that high elevation. My guide insisted that he had no moments of saintliness, but I told him I was quite sure he was mistaken, and I am sure he was, for he was very simple and sincere.

I had completely forgotten my little buttons guide, but he waited patiently for me in the sun, and, perched on the cycle back of my "Fearless Fiend," took me to the tomb of Saint Clara and the Cathedral. St. Clara's body is encased in glass, in the crypt under the main altar of her own church. It is perfectly preserved, excepting the nose, which has been artificially restored. The face and hands are as black as the wooden statue of the *Notre Dame de Bon*

Secour at Guingamp, Brittany. It appears so strangely artificial that it looks like a carving out of Flemish oak.

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The bells of Assisi were striking eleven-thirty as we started for Foligno, again en route to Cascia. We arrived there at twelve-thirty. The descent (for Foligno is in a valley) was through groves of ancient gnarled olive trees. A wide view of the Umbrian mountains, lovely and peaceful, would have been more appreciated but for the heat which was almost overpowering. At Foligno we stopped for lunch.

By one-thirty we were ready to proceed to Cascia. We were—but our conveyance was not! For at the city gate, my chauffeur discovered that we were out of *bensina*, the Italian word for gasoline, and because, like all the shops in Italy, the local garage was indulging in its daily two-hour siesta, we were forced to wait nervously until two o'clock—nervously, because we were at the end of the National Highway (which we had followed from Assisi) and uncharted roads through mountains lay between us and arrival at Cascia this evening. I read again the prayer to St. Rita, and consoled myself with the thought that I was facing a beautiful ride, no matter where it ended.

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The side road out of Foligno may have been good in the time of Hannibal, B. C. 217, but at present it needs some slight attention. We bombarded many villages and scared hundreds of chickens. (I have great sympathy with chickens, dating from today, as heretofore I have looked upon them as silly birds with no connection of ideas. That was a haughty and plutocratic viewpoint, for it was formed by seeing only the topknots of the terror-stricken fowls from an easy seat in a high-powered automobile. From a motorcycle, one sees the chickens from the feet up, and from that angle there is something decidedly human about them!)

Strange to say, when we actually got into the mountains the roads were perfect. The reason for it I cannot understand. Over at least fifty miles of ideal highway we didn't pass through more than five or six villages and saw only three or four small towns perched on the tops of neighboring hills. Most of the way, the road ran along palisades, on a sort of shelf cut out of the cliffs, like a narrow, white ribbon. But that made little difference, for there was no traffic to mention . . . only one motorbus and five animal-drawn carts during the afternoon. Of course, the beasts (whitest of white oxen and donkeys) were terrified on hearing and seeing us. Why not, with all of the horrible noise we made? We were real disturbers of the public peace!—and superb public peace it is in those parts!

The scenery was full of exquisite variety. We were miles from a railroad, in the heart of the Umbrian Appennines. The word *wild* might, in a way, describe the surroundings, though the term may be misleading to an American. The scenery was never rugged in the sense of the mountains in the United States—probably the White Mountains of New England come nearer akin to the Umbrian range, for nature in Italy, though sometimes stern, is always calm and never savage. It was a gypsy landscape in gitana costume, nonchalant, picturesque and almost defiant of usefulness and productivity. There would be long stretches of chalky palisades on one side of us and on the other, a well-made stone parapet which kept us from sliding off into the deep valley or ravine yawning below frequent, sudden, sharp curves. A rushing mountain stream would sometimes call to us from the depths of a deep canyon, hidden by a line of poplars or small oak trees that skirted the edge of the road. Between these lines of trees was bracken and broom, with a riot of wild flowers springing from everywhere, and frequently a whiff of delicious fragrance would be wafted to us as we hurried by, exchanging therefor our own sacrilegious odor of exploded *bensina*. At times I was reminded of the northwest Columbia River Highway (only there was no great river below) and again, of some fertile canyon of Colorado. There wasn't a sign post; there wasn't an advertisement nor marking of any kind to guide us toward Cascia; nothing except the unfailing courtesy of the peasantry.

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Cascia looked to me like a dream city, when we approached it this afternoon at about five o'clock. The town is built on a series of shelves on the mountain side, on which it reposes like a tier of jewels in a great green setting. My arrival created a sensation. The whole town came out to look the foreigners over, while my "Fearless Fiend," who had brought me safely to my destination, went in quest of an hotel. He came back saying "nothing doing," or words to that effect. And I don't wonder. For, although there was an hotel called "The Sun," "Eclipse" would be a more descriptive name for my hostelry. My heart sank when I saw the outside of it, but it was clean inside, and the keepers of it are good-hearted and very interesting people. The chaplain and secretary eat at the Sun, so it must be the leading inn.

Two shelves above the hotel is St. Rita's Church and Convent, resting as they have for hundreds of years, in the midst of smiling squalor and pleasant indolence. A dream of many years has at last come true. Tomorrow I shall go there.

There is a French proverb which says that one should not die before seeing Carcassonne. Tonight I make my own proverb: "You must not die before seeing Cascia—and Rocca Porena!" For I have been in both—Cascia, the shrine of Saint Rita, and Rocca Porena, her birthplace and home.

My trip to Cascia has been the culmination of a long cherished desire. When I actually set upon the pilgrimage I was fully determined to maintain a buoyancy of mind, thus enabling myself to take everything good humoredly, for if one cannot smile at discomforts and forego food and a comfortable bed, occasionally, and above all, take a generous amount of dirt for granted, he had better confine himself to the typical tourist places, and never wander beyond easy walking distance of the main line of travel.

Cascia is a small hill town such as one encounters only in the very remote districts of Italy and Sicily. Saint Rita's Church and Convent, which is the one interest of outstanding world importance in the town, is situated on one of its narrow lanes which lead from its main thoroughfare. The hamlet is a network of these pinched by-ways, leading for the most part up steep inclines or flights of stone stairs. The main street is the only one broad enough to accommodate a vehicle, and the Church is thus removed from the disturbance of an occasional rattling cart. Its setting is amid squalid dwellings, picturesque in their antiquity, but rude and unsanitary.

The Borough of Cascia embraces considerable territory, and a population of over five thousand, but the town proper houses only about one thousand. It was once an independent republic.

High above St. Rita's Convent are the ruins of the ducal palace and its ancient fortifications. Many are the songs of flowing water that one hears on all sides as one wanders through the town. There is an abundance of water supply. It comes from the Corno river which flows in the valley below Cascia, and is conducted through a waterway, built on the lines of ancient Roman aqueducts. There is, however, no attempt at sanitation, such as the street flushings and gutter irrigation provisions one sees in French hill towns. None the less, St. Rita's Church and sacristy are models of cleanliness, due to the unremitting toil of the nuns.

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The Church of Saint Rita is about sixty feet square, with an organ loft at the back, and three pews under the loft. On the right or west side, are altars, three in number . . . one is to Santa Lucia, who is depicted in a red gown and with a flaxen wig. Below, in front of the tabernacle, is a very fine Renaissance head of

the suffering Christ. Another altar has a life-size figure of the Madonna and Child, both dressed in wonderful mediaeval white and gold brocade. The east side of the church has two altars. There are a great number of *ex votos*, usually silver hearts on backgrounds of red velvet or silk, nicely framed in the Florentine manner, hanging all over the church, but the number is not nearly so great as one would naturally expect, for alas, St. Rita's own church seems to be a thing forgotten or overlooked. The main altar is of two shades of marble . . . modern and in very good taste. Round about hang pictures, the originals of those with which we of the Saint Rita Cult, who are not fortunate enough to have visited Cascia, have grown familiar through postcards and holy pictures.

A young peasant woman, with a handkerchief thrown over her head, was kneeling in the same pew with me. Her prayers were thickly interspersed with heavy sighs, but I finally took courage and interrupted her sighing to ask her where Saint Rita was buried. With the customary friendliness of the Italians, she conducted me behind the main altar, and there, behind a bronze grill, in a room about ten feet long and six feet wide, in a highly ornate sort of catafalque, the side of which is wood, covered with a life-size portrait of the Saint lying in her casket, reposes the body of Saint Rita. There are two wax candles in sconces, at either end of the catafalque, and the entire room is covered with layers of *ex voto* hearts, crutches, braces, miniature images of limbs, and even a watch. I pulled a bell cord at the side of the grill, and almost instantly a white robed nun came to me. I explained my presence as best I could and was told that the Mother Superior would come to me, as she spoke a little English.

The Mother Superior came at once and lighted the candles, then let down the side of wood, and, behind glass, was the body of Saint Rita, in a black habit, her hands resting on a cushion of gold and rose brocade. A crown of gold surmounted her black veil. I fell to my knees in trembling surprise! I was glad I had visited the tomb of Saint Clara in the morning, for I had not expected this, and even as it was, I was overwhelmed with emotion. The body is what they call "in a perfect state of preservation," though the Saint has been dead for nearly five hundred years. Like that of Saint Clara, it is black . . . exactly like ancient wood.

The Mother Superior was simple and almost childlike in her sympathetic kindness. I explained the reason for my presence at Cascia and gave her a little copy of a mosaic of Saint Rita I had presented to St. Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, in memory of my mother.

She, in turn, gave me postcards showing the cell of the Saint; the grape vine she had planted, and copies of different portraits. Then she took some medals and pressed them against the glass near the cheek of Saint Rita and handed them to me. She also gave me some of Saint Rita's blessed bread . . . little hard biscuits or crackers, a specialty of the convent; some green and fragrant foliate from Saint Rita's rose vine; dried rose petals from the same vine, which the Mother Superior said could be eaten for medicinal purposes; and little packets of powdered leaves, from Saint Rita's grape vine. There was nothing to buy, for, though the Sisters are desperately and pitifully poor, it seems that both the Convent and the town of Cascia are superbly devoid of the French spirit of commercializing shrines.

The Mother Superior asked for my card, which I gave her, and reaching my hand through the grill I pressed her hand and said good-by. I asked her if I might kneel before the altar and sing and she gave me permission. I knelt and sang an "Ave Maria" and walked quietly away.

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I had asked the chaplain of Saint Rita's Church to try to secure permission for me to photograph the cloister and cell of Saint Rita, but he doubted his ability to obtain it. He asked me what time I wanted Mass, saying the regular Mass at six-thirty. I told him I could not attend the six-thirty services on account of my arrangements to go to Rocca Porena, so he told me to come to the church at ten o'clock and he would tell me about seeing the cloister. At ten I climbed up to the church, and it was locked. A very solicitous woman, whom my landlady had introduced the night before, rushed out of her house opposite the church and told me to come back in half an hour, and I sought the grateful shelter of the hotel dining room, which was cool, but not odorless. I had been sitting there but a few moments when in walked the chaplain, saying I could go to Church at once. The priest told me, as we ascended to the church, that the Mother Superior greatly regretted that I could not see the cloister, but permission to do so would have to come from Rome, and a week or ten days would be required to obtain it. Entering the church, we went direct to the sacristy and the chaplain reverently knelt in prayer, then washed his hands and face and knelt and prayed again, after which, assisted by a monk, he put his vestments on for mass, and to my almost overwhelming surprise, I realized that he had been waiting all morning without his breakfast to say mass just for me. The Shrine of Saint Rita was illuminated with

candles, and the door of the catafalque opened, and the main altar, where mass was celebrated, lighted by four great wax candles, and all in my honor and at my unwitting behest.

After mass, the chaplain took me to the grill behind the main altar and made me use my camera, for he had misunderstood me to say my intention for the Mass was to take a photograph. I exposed the film, but the Shrine was only candle-bright, and there was nothing on which to rest the camera, so I got no picture.

Then we rang the bell at the door through which Saint Rita entered miraculously five hundred years ago. A key was thrust through a grill, and the priest opened the entrance to the reception room, where, to another grill, came the Mother Superior and conversed with us and served us with reddish vermouth and cakes. She was so sweet and cordial and her faith in Saint Rita was so genuine that it brought tears to the eyes. This little community has devoted four hundred and sixty-five years to an ideal. The personnel of the sisterhood has constantly been changing by the passage of time, but still the light is kept burning and self-effacement has been supreme.

There were several points regarding Saint Rita which I wanted the Mother Superior to make clear to me:

One was: Did Saint Rita receive her stigmata from a crucifix or a picture of a crucifix, for accounts of this vary?

I was informed that the correct tradition relates of the devotion of Saint Rita for a picture of the Crucifixion, before which she frequently prayed, and it was from this picture that, during her devotions, a shaft of light appeared and ever after she bore the stigmata, or the mark of a thorn on her brow.

I was curious to know why the body of Saint Rita was robed in black, such as the habit shown in all the pictures and statues, and the nuns at Cascia, including the Mother Superior, wore white habits.

The answer was that during the summer season, or in hot climates, a white habit is substituted, and the material of this white habit is of cotton or linen.

The Order is that founded by St. Augustin and his mother, Saint Monica. There are priests of this Order in the United States, but only one convent of nuns, from a Belgian mother house, located in New York city.

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Saint Rita's Convent, though clean, is in disrepair and sadly needs paint and a number of other surface improvements to make it come up to the expectation of a pilgrim who has visited the shrines of

other saints. One is put to confusion when the mind makes comparisons between it and the beautiful convents in the United States, none of which is old enough to have yet had the distinction of having sheltered a canonized saint. The air of poverty pervading everything at the Cascian convent but proves the pitiful sacrifices and self-denials necessary for the nuns to maintain what there is there.

One does not need to be told of the convent's poverty. The pilgrim can see at a glance that Saint Rita's community is desperately in need of help. Even the hard-working and faithful priest, a native of Cascia, cannot afford a table of his own and has to eat at the miserable hotel—which alone many Americans would deem penance enough to endure for twenty-four hours.

Yet one hears no complaining at Cascia. The nuns of Saint Rita's Convent belong to a small and not powerful sisterhood. For nearly five hundred years they have lived for their Saint, with a devotion and self-effacement that brings a modernist humbly to his knees. These noble women have watched and prayed and always with a deep and unswerving faith and dauntless hope in their hearts. For is not their Rita the Saint of the Impossible?

Hidden away in a wild canyon in the depths of the mountains of Umbria, far from a railroad and the connections of commerce, they stare with the confused wonder of startled children at the evil times which have come upon them. What can they know or understand of foreign exchange? A lira, the Italian coin, used to be worth twenty cents. Now it is worth less than five cents. A laborer used to receive five lire per day and live well. Now he is poor on a daily wage of twenty lire. Sugar costs seven lire a pound, and everything accordingly, but the brave nuns of Cascia keep their wax candles burning at Saint Rita's shrine and generously give to each and all their blessed bread, rose leaves from Saint Rita's vine and other precious souvenirs, and apologize that they cannot do more, saying in helpless astonishment: "We are very poor!"

They hear of the glories of Assisi; the prosperity of St. Anne of Auray and the wealth of Lourdes, while, with undiminished loyalty and exquisite devotion, they hope for what, but for their devotion to Rita, would seem impossible.

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I engaged a guide to take me to Rocca Porena, a hamlet about two miles from Cascia, back in a remote corner of Corno Canyon. Rocca Porena was the birthplace and home of Saint Rita up to the time she miraculously entered the barred door of the convent

at Cascia. The guide insisted upon starting at five A. M. because the sun would be unendurable if the trip were attempted later.

At four I rose and opened the long shutters to watch the dawn come up over the Umbrian mountains. At five I was at the square awaiting my guide, who appeared at five-fifteen, which is punctual for Italy. My saddle was clean and soft, but my horse was wilful. He would not lead, and kept so dangerously close to the edge of the precipitous path that I strained my left arm pulling him back on the road.

The trip was full of interest. The steep mountains were all green between the jutting cliffs of gray and white stone, while on one side the precipitous crags were of barren lava. We ascended and descended along a path of stones ranging from the size of an egg to the dimensions of boulders, and for a while it was like approaching the mouth of a crater. The meadows below us were thickly dotted with flowers, and at our sides were clover, colored and white scabioceus, blue anemones and long stemmed dandelions. The coolness and fragrance of early morning was on everything and in the boxed-in portions of the canyon it was almost cold. The guide kept to the footpath, but we constantly forded the river, backward and forward, as the footpath was scarcely ten inches wide in many places, and impassable for an animal. The Corno River dashed cold and clear, and there was no other sound, for the birds had either flown elsewhere or, like the roses, were resting. Once in a while a few struggling vines with a harvest of anaemic grapes were seen—otherwise, all was wild and untamed with no attempt at cultivation.

We reached Rocca Porena in about two hours. No one was astir in the quaint little place at this early hour. I asked the guide how many people lived there, and he said about sixteen. (But I think he meant sixteen *families*.)

There is no other way of reaching Rocca Porena than by the path along which we came, and so it has been for more than a thousand years! As one approaches the hamlet, he sees a few squatly, ancient houses and a chapel perched half way up the side of a huge gray rock, which isolates itself from its sister peaks and starts up suddenly, alone and frightened, to a height of about one thousand feet.

There is a little church in the hamlet, next to the former home of Saint Rita, and on the summit of the peak is an oratory, in the process of construction. It is being built over the strangely shaped rock, under which Rita used to go to meditate and pray. The rock now serves as the altar in the oratory, but the temple

made by hands is superfluous . . . nature unadorned was so much more beautiful. The view from the oratory is stupendous, but the ascent is most difficult. Saint Rita must have had tireless energy to climb it so frequently. We rested for a quarter of an hour before attempting the slippery descent and I took some pictures.

We returned through the sleeping hamlet and looked through the grilled windows of the chapel, as the door was locked, but there was nothing of interest in the little edifice. The sun had come up over the mountains to the east, and as a result, we were uncomfortably warm all the way back to Cascia. Surely Saint Rita must have been divinely guarded to have traveled this path at midnight, otherwise she would have fallen headlong into the rushing Corno before she had progressed a hundred yards.

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While I waited for my bill at the Hotel Sun, the Secretary of the Mayor talked with me, and when it came, he said, "Signor, I could not help seeing the amount. It is too much, but there is nothing to be done. I regret that my countrymen have always had the custom of fleecing the foreigner." But my travels on the continent and in Italy had prepared me for an excessive hotel charge—even in Cascia, so that I decided not to allow that unpleasant fact to mar the beauty of my memory of the place.

With a hideous noise, my chauffeur and I were off in our benzina-wagon. As we rounded the foot of the hill, we stopped to take a final look at Cascia—the dream shrine of my youth, which was now a reality. And as I looked at the tower of the aged church of Saint Rita, there came into my heart that part of the prayer to this adored Saint wherein the supplicant promises to spread her devotion, and never more fervently did I take this vow unto myself.

My heart was full of thanksgiving for this pilgrimage to Cascia, for I found at the shrine of Saint Rita that simplicity of faith and complete self-effacement for an ideal, which is characteristic of her saintly life, and such devotion is worth going a long way to share.

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On August 7, 1737, 280 years after her death, Pope Clement XII, wrote the name of Rita of Cascia in the Martyrologium Romanum, and on Ascension Day, May 24, 1900, Pope Leo XIII declared her a Saint. It was a long while for the little convent at Cascia to wait for the official recognition of their Saint, but the nuns of Cascia have dauntless patience and faith. They have always been worthy sisters of Rita, the Saint of the Impossible.

CECIL FANNING.

## THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE

INSPIRATION has been defined as a supernatural impulse by which God directed the authors of the canonical books to write down certain matter predetermined by Him. It is specially attributed to God the Holy Ghost, the word inspiration being used to signify that God *breathed* into them or suggested the thoughts which they wrote down. The word is also suggested by St. Paul in his second epistle to St. Timothy, where he says: "All Scripture, divinely inspired (literally divinely breathed, *divinitus inspirata*), is profitable to teach, etc." (2 Tim. 3:16.) St. Paul also expressly attributes the inspiration of Scripture to the Holy Ghost, when he says: "Well did the Holy Ghost speak to our fathers by Isaiah the prophet . . ." (Acts 28:25.)

St. Peter is equally unambiguous on this point. "No prophecy of the Scripture," says he in his second epistle, "is made by private interpretation. For prophecy came not by the will of man at any time; but the holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. 1:20, 21.) "The Scripture must be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost foretold by the mouth of David concerning Judas, . . . for it is written in the book of Psalms: 'Let their habitation become desolate, and let there be none to dwell therein, and . . . let another take his bishopric!'" (Ps. 68:26; 108:8. Acts 1:16, 20.) "God hath spoken by the mouth of His holy prophets from the beginning of the world. For Moses indeed said: A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you." (Deut. 18:15. Acts 3:21, 22.)

In his great sermon on the day of Pentecost, St. Peter quotes the Old Testament scriptures freely as inspired utterances which must be, and were even then in process of being fulfilled. "This is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh.'" (Joel 2:28. Acts 2:16) showing clearly his belief in their Divine Inspiration, for unless these Scriptures had more than a merely human authority their fulfillment must always remain a matter of doubt and speculation and could never be appealed to in order to substantiate our Lord's claims.

Our Blessed Lord Himself, in His patient efforts to overcome the stubborn unbelief of the Jews and the proud hostility of their leaders,

appealed more than once to those sacred writings which the Jews themselves admitted to be of divine origin, at the same time reserving to Himself and His Church the exclusive right to interpret the mysteries concealed within them.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall not pass of the law, till all be fulfilled." (Matt. 5:17, 18.)

And as he unfolded the book, he found the place where it was written: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me: wherefore He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor . . . This day is fulfilled this scripture in your ears." (Is. 61:1. Luke 4:17, 18, 21.)

"What think you of Christ? Whose son is he?" They say to him: "David's." "How then doth David *in spirit* call him Lord, saying: The Lord said to my Lord: Sit on my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?" (Ps. 109. Matt. 22:43, 45.) David is here said by Christ to be speaking "*in spirit*"; in other words, He declares him to be inspired.

When, after his baptism, our Blessed Lord was undergoing the temptation in the wilderness, He repelled all the attacks of the Evil One with quotations from the law of Moses, thus placing upon it the seal of inspiration. For example, when advised to appease His hunger by turning stones into bread He replies: It is written: "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Again, when he was tempted to hurl Himself from the temple pinnacle and to save His life by summoning the miraculous aid of angels, He replied: It is written again: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Finally, to the temptation of gaining earthly power by the worship of Satan He replied: "Begone Satan, it is written: "The Lord thy God thou shalt adore and Him only shalt thou serve." (Deut. 8:3; 6:16; 6:13. Matt. 4:4, 7, 10.)

And even after His resurrection it was to the Scriptures that he appealed in order to establish the faith of His weak and vacillating disciples showing that "all things must needs be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning me." Then He opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. And He said to them: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead the third day; and that penance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." (Luke 24:44-47.)

That this was no new doctrine, but that our Lord was merely appealing to one that had already been revealed, is evident from the Scriptures themselves. The prophets claimed with no uncertain voice that they were inspired and had a message direct from God, and from Isaiah to Malachi the appeal is always to a supernatural revelation. Thus in Isaiah we read:

"Hear, O ye heavens and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken." (Is. 1:2.) "Therefore saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the mighty one of Israel, Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies." (Is. 1:24.) "I heard the voice of the Lord saying: Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? And I said: 'Lo, here am I, send me. And He said: Go and thou shalt say to the people, Hearing hear and understand not.'" (Is. 6:89.) So too, at the head of the prophecies of Jeremiah we read: "The words of Jeremiah . . . the word of the Lord which came to him." (Jer. 1:1, 2.) And over and over again in Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezechiel and all the minor prophets one note is consistently sounded, a note of supernatural certainty "Thus saith the Lord," as far removed from the private opinion of some modern sectary as can well be imagined.

In that marvelous prophecy of the New Testament, the Apocalypse, the same claim to the supernatural enlightenment may be seen:

"The Revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave unto him . . . and signified sending by his angel to his servant, John, who hath given testimony to the word of God." "Unto the angel of the Church at Ephesus write: 'These things saith he who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand . . . !'" (Apoc. 1:1, 2; 2:1.)

The inspiration of the Scriptures, old and new, has also been consistently maintained by the Fathers, and proclaimed at various Church Councils throughout the history of the Church. Thus in the second century St. Irenaeus is found discussing the manner in which the gospels were "inspired by the Divine Spirit," and "the Divine Scriptures," "the Divine oracles," "the Scriptures of God," "the Scriptures of the Lord" are the usual phrases by which the Fathers express their belief in biblical inspiration.

In the "Symbol of Faith" used in the consecration of bishops, God is spoken of as the "one author" "*unus auctor*" of the Old and New Testaments; and the same expression is used by the Fathers, assembled at the Council of Florence in the fifteenth century, and at Trent in the sixteenth. Finally at the Vatican Council, begun in 1869, it was decreed that the Scriptures were written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost" "*Spiritu sancto inspirante*."

Even in such a rapid survey as this, in which it is evidently quite impossible to do more than touch the fringe of so great a subject, we may yet perceive how throughout the ages of her history from the first recorded words of our blessed Lord at the commencement of this sacred ministry, down to the latest pronouncement of his Church, continual and unvaried testimony has been borne to the inspiration of the Scriptures and the teaching of the Church from first to last has been that God and not man has been the author of these sacred writings.

The fact of inspiration being established one naturally demands what is the reason which prompted God to bestow this wonderful favour on man?

Was it to teach man science? Was it to give us a ready-made scheme of cosmology, astronomy, geology? Not by such a method is the knowledge of the physical universe obtained; but by patient, laborious, careful painstaking investigation of facts and the drawing of logical deductions from those facts, for thus it is that the scientific mind is best developed.

Was it to teach us history?

Was it to give us a ready-made scheme of sociology or politics?

Again experience has taught us that true social and political progress is not made by blindly copying the methods of past ages but by the wise application of the principles of religion and common-sense (not, however, forgetting to benefit by the heritage of past failures and successes) to the ever new problems of the present and future.

If the value and inspiration of the Scriptures had lain merely and solely in the scientific or historical lore to be found within their pages is it likely that they would have been preserved and treasured up from age to age and copied and recopied with faithful and loving care by countless hands and prized as the most cherished possession of the Jewish and Christian Churches successively for thousands of years? On the contrary, it is a well-known fact that there is nothing so ephemeral or transitory as the last new scientific text-book and scarcely is the ink dry on its pages when some fresh discovery relegates all the valuable information contained therein to the scrap heap.

So too with history; each generation makes its own investigations and promotes the history-books of the generation before to the top shelf; and it is only when we come to Religion, which treats, not of the interrelations of mere creatures, but of the relation between the creature and the Creator, between man and God, that we strike bed-rock and find ourselves in the presence of the immutable and eternal. Thus it is that while human systems, whether of science, history

or what not, "have their day and cease to be" often indeed to be forgotten even in their author's lifetime, the Word of God lives perennially, endowed with immortal life, and is as highly prized and loved today as it was nineteen centuries ago.

Thus the ordinary believer may safely leave questions of biblical cosmology, chronology, geology, etc., to the expert whom duty or inclination may lead along these somewhat thorny by-paths; for him the important point to remember is that the end and object of the issuing to the world of that sacred literature which we call the Bible was not the material envelope within which the Holy Ghost chose to present the Word to humanity, but the underlying substance; and that the natural meaning of the Scriptures is only of value as a vessel by means of which spiritual nourishment may be conveyed to the soul.

The sacraments of the Church may perhaps serve as an illustration of this point. For as the mere matter of any sacrament, without the form and intention, is powerless to convey sacramental grace, so also is the mere letter of scripture. The water, the oil, the bread, the wine, are nothing in themselves apart from the form employed by the ministers of the sacraments and the intention in their minds and similarly (without pressing the analogy too closely) we may say that it is in the spiritual and not in the literal sense of Scripture that the efficacy lies and it is for the sake of the spiritual sense that it exists.

The story of the fall of Adam, for example, is significant to us mainly because it serves as a reminder to us of our own fallen nature which results from it, and of the urgent need that we should be redeemed from the power of the evil one, that we should be clothed by the Lord in the graces that we have lost, even as Adam, when cast out of Eden, was clothed by the Lord in protecting skins, and that we should labour and struggle against the weeds of vice and the thorns of temptation which hinder us in the cultivation of our souls.

So too while we fully believe in the literal history of the book of Exodus and the account therein contained of the raising up of a race of people to bear witness to the one and only God, of their escape from Egyptian bondage by the crossing of the Red Sea, of their preservation from death and destruction in the wilderness by food brought from the clouds and water from the rock, of their wonderful guidance, amid all difficulties, by the Lord in a pillar of fire and cloud, and of their establishment as a kingdom in the promised land, yet these truths of history *in themselves* have little bearing on the life of today: their main interest and significance lies in the fact that they are a prefiguring of the raising up of the Catholic Church; of man's escape from the bondage of sin and a sensual life amid the

fleshpots of self-indulgence, through the sacraments of baptism and penance, administered by God through that Church; of the miraculous feeding of man in the Church with heavenly bread and "spiritual drink" in the sacrament of the Eucharist and the perpetual guardianship and guidance offered to him in the Church whereby light is shed upon his path as he stumbles forward groping, sometimes feebly, sometimes resolutely, towards the promised land. "For I would not have you ignorant, brethren (says St. Paul), that our fathers were all under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and all in Moses were baptized in the cloud and in the sea, and they all ate the same spiritual food, and all drank the same spiritual drink, and they drank of the spiritual Rock that followed them, *and the Rock was Christ.* . . . Now these things were done in a figure of us." (1 Cor. 10:1-6.)

"It is written that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bond-woman, and the other by a free-woman. But he that was born of a bond-woman was born according to the flesh; but he by the free-woman was by the promise. Which things are said by an allegory: for these are the two testaments, the one from Mt. Sinai, which bringeth forth unto bondage, which is Agar. For Sinai is a mountain in Arabia, which hath an affinity with that which now is Jerusalem, and is in bondage with her children. But that Jerusalem which is above is free, which is our Mother. . . . 55 (Gal. 4:22 et seq.)

"The former (testament) indeed had also justifications of worship, and a worldly sanctuary; for the first tabernacle was made, wherein were the candlesticks and the table and the setting forth of loaves, which is called the Holy . . . Now these things being thus ordered, in to the first tabernacle the priests indeed always entered, accomplishing the offices of the sacrifices; but into the second the high priest, alone, once a year, not without blood which he offereth for his own and the people's ignorance . . . which is a parable of the time then present . . . But Christ being present a high priest of the good things to come by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands . . . entered once into the sanctuary having obtained eternal redemption. . . . (Heb. 9.) We also read in this epistle of the "law having a shadow of the good things to come." (Heb. 10:1.)

We have already pointed out how both St. Peter and St. Paul in the various addresses delivered by them after our Lord's ascension and recorded in the book of Acts, continually refer to the Old Testament, not for the sake of the literal history or local and temporal

prophecy therein contained, but always as an allegory or parable of the coming of Christ and the setting up of His Church.

"For David saith concerning Him [Christ]: 'I foresaw the Lord always before my face, because He is at my right hand, that I may not be moved . . . because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.' . . . Ye men, brethren, let me freely speak to you of the patriarch David, that he died and was buried; and his sepulchre is with us to the present day. Whereas therefore he was a prophet, and knew that God had sworn to him, with an oath that of the fruit of his loins one should sit upon his throne; foreseeing he spoke of the resurrection of Christ, for neither was *he* left in hell, neither did *his* flesh see corruption. This Jesus hath God raised up again whereof we all are witnesses—exalted by the right hand of God. . . . for David did not ascend into heaven but he himself said: The Lord said to my Lord; sit thou on my right hand." (Acts 2:25-35.)

St. Peter here quotes three different Psalms: the 15th, the 131st and the 100th, all apparently referring to King David and his successors on the throne of Israel in the literal sense, yet he applies them in each case to Christ in proof of His divine mission, His resurrection and ascension and His Eternal power in glory in Heaven. So too the evangelists are constantly quoting or referring to the Old Testament as being fulfilled in the life of Christ and over and over again we find the phrase repeated "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet." But this is after all, only an application of the teaching that our Blessed Lord Himself gave to His disciples after His resurrection when first on the way to Emmaus, "beginning from Moses and all the prophets, he expounded to them, in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning him;" and again in Jerusalem to the eleven apostles He said: "These are the words which I spoke to you while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me. Then He opened their understanding that they might understand the scriptures." Luke 24:27, 44, 45.) "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they that give testimony of me." (John 5:39.)

It is indeed abundantly clear that our Lord taught, and His apostles likewise, that the significance of the Scriptures of the Old Testament lay not so much in their literal and obvious sense but in their allegorical and spiritual sense, in their reference to the coming of Christ in His Church and in the soul of man; and more than once our Lord transcending the literal sense (as for instance in

His teaching regarding the love of enemies, taking of oaths, etc.) and penetrating beneath the mere surface meaning of the Mosaic Law brings forth to view the spiritual principles concealed within; not destroying the Law, as He Himself warns us, but fulfilling it, filling it full of a meaning such as the wordly-minded both of His age and our own were profoundly ignorant of, and which they rejected, and still reject, as soon as it was heard. For if I have spoken to you earthly things and you believe not, how will you believe if I shall speak to you heavenly things?" (John 3:12.) "He that is of the earth, of the earth he is, and of the earth he speaketh. He that cometh from heaven is above all, and what he hath seen and heard that he testifieth, and no man receiveth his testimony." (John 3:31, 32.) "To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but to the rest in parables; that seeing they may not see, and hearing may not understand." (Luke 8:10.)

We learn furthermore from these words that not only the Old Testament had been given in parabolic form, in history, prophecy, psalm and proverb, but, on account of the grossness of men's minds the new Gospel had similarly to be veiled from the profane gaze of man. Without parables he did not speak to them, no Scripture was of private interpretation. Our Lord clearly taught that to those to whom He delegated the power, the apostles and their successors, belonged the right to interpret the Writings of the Church, and only by them could the mysteries of His life and teaching be revealed.

St. Thomas Aquinas (I Qu. 1.a.10) distinguishes two main methods of interpreting the Scriptures: the literal and the spiritual. Further subdividing the spiritual meaning into three classes: the allegorical, tropological and anagogical.

The allegorical method is that so frequently used by our Lord and His apostles in order to show how the coming of Christ and His Church are the fulfillment of the Law and the prophets of the Old Testament, of which we have already quoted several instances. The tropological method shows how the Scriptures may be applied to the development of the moral nature of man, while the anagogical method shows how the Scriptures foretell man's future glory.

That this teaching of St. Thomas as to the importance of the spiritual sense of the Scripture was by no means new, but rather a restatement of an old and well established truth can be abundantly proved by reference to the early Fathers of the Church; for the central principle of Protestantism, that the literal sense of the Scriptures, as interpreted by each individual mind, is the Word of God and a

sure guide to the human soul was soon perceived to be the source of all error, and has since abundantly proved itself to be the life-blood of innumerable heresies and schisms that have threatened the Church of God.

One has only to compare the negative and destructive treatment meted out to the Bible in modern times with the constructive and positive interpretations of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Cyril or St. John Chrysostom, to name only a few of the illustrious teachers of early times, to be struck by the contrast between these two attitudes of mind. On the one hand we have an uninspired and uninspiring anti-supernaturalism, destructive, alas! too often both of faith and morals in those who have not the training necessary to perceive its shallow superficiality: on the other hand, when we turn to the Fathers of the Church we meet with a sublime and spiritual faith, a keen intellectual discrimination and that respect for authority, which is the surest safeguard against the aberrations of the uncontrolled intellect.

Of course, when we speak of the *modern* method of treating the Bible we do not by any means wish to imply that it is a new method. In this case it is most literally true that "nothing under the sun is new," and if only some of our self-complacent coiners of brand-new, modern, up-to-date and absolutely original theories would take the trouble to delve into the records of the past (about the last thing they ever think of doing) they would soon discover these self-same theories to be moth-eaten and mouldy with age and buried inches deep beneath the dust of ages.

Indeed from the very first century of the Christian era, down to our own times, we meet constantly with protests raised by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church from time to time as need arises against a too literal and unspiritual treatment of the written Word of God.

Thus Ignatius, a disciple of St. John, a canonized saint, and martyr for the faith, found it necessary, even at so early a date, to warn the Christians of his day that "the law of God is spiritual, and they have not the true law who do not take it spiritually."<sup>1</sup> And the same message has been repeated by the leaders of the Church from age to age ever since.

Saint Augustine, in his sermons and other writings, sounds repeatedly this warning note against a too crude and superficial way of regarding the Holy Scriptures. "The five books of Moses," says he, "preach nothing else but Christ, as He Himself says: If

<sup>1</sup>In Psalm cxviii. §28.

ye believe in Moses believe also in me, for he wrote of me."<sup>2</sup> "They who take the writings of Moses according to the literal sense, do not desire to be learned in the kingdom of heaven, neither do they pass over to Christ, that He might remove the veil . . . The unbelieving Jews . . . when they read the books of Moses, have the veil upon their hearts, and as this is not removed, they do not understand the Law."<sup>3</sup> "Do you believe that the waters of Bethesda were want to be troubled by the might of an angel, and that there is no mystery signified by it?"<sup>4</sup> "According to the authority of all the Scriptures, there are two births of Christ."<sup>5</sup> "Mary brought forth and was a virgin, and thus too does the Church bring forth Christ and is a virgin."<sup>6</sup>

"To this (Virgin Church) the Holy Spirit came down, and the power of the Most High overshadowed it."<sup>7</sup> Again he says: "Wine in many passages, is put by us for the Holy Scriptures, which contain within them the purest force of heavenly wisdom, by which the understandings of men are warned and their affections inebriated. While Christ wrought in Cana of Galilee, they wanted wine, and wine is produced for them; that is, the shadows are removed, and the truth is presented to view. The good wine is the Old Testament, but this (good wine) does not appear, unless in the letter it be spiritually understood."<sup>8</sup>

"Shall we say nothing of the signification of the water-pots, of the water turned into wine, of the steward of the feast, of the signification of the bridegroom, and what in the mystery is meant by the Mother of Jesus, and by the marriage itself? . . . Let us knock, and He will open and give us to drink of the invisible wine until we be inebriated."<sup>9</sup>

Other miracles of our Lord are treated by St. Augustine in the same manner. Thus in reference to the withering of the fig tree he says: "Unless it be taken figuratively, it has no sense in it."<sup>10</sup> "If this miracle had been only a thing to be admired, *and not a prophetic figure*, the Lord had more worthily shown His clemency and mercy by causing a withered tree to bud forth and to flourish, in like manner as He had healed the sick, etc."<sup>11</sup> St. Hilary, it might be mentioned here, explains the fig-tree as signifying the Jewish

<sup>2</sup>In Quæst. 64, Diversæ Quæst.

<sup>3</sup>Contra Faust. lib. xii: cap. 4.

<sup>4</sup>In locum Evang. Johannis.

<sup>5</sup>Serm. 234.

<sup>6</sup>Serm. 218.

<sup>7</sup>In append. Serm. 126. §5.

<sup>8</sup>In append. Serm. 90.

<sup>9</sup>In locum Joban.

<sup>10</sup>Serm. 77.

<sup>11</sup>Serm. 89.

Church;<sup>12</sup> and in reference to the miracles in the same commentary he remarks that "Although these works of Jesus were done at this time, we should consider well what their signification is in relation to future times;" thus agreeing with St. Augustine who declares in one of his sermons that "He is at this day performing those still greater cures, on account of which He condescended to exhibit those lesser miracles."<sup>13</sup> And elsewhere that "our Lord intended that these cures which He performed bodily should be also understood spiritually."<sup>14</sup>

Speaking of the woman who was cured of the issue of blood, he says, "She is the figure of the Church among the Gentiles,"<sup>15</sup> and adds that the whole human race, are, like this woman, bowed down to the earth. The devil and his angels bow the souls of men down to the earth, that, being bent to those things that are earthly, they may not seek those things that are above."<sup>16</sup>

Writing of our Lord's cure of the man born blind, by means of spittle mixed with clay, St. Augustine further remarks that that blind man is the human race."<sup>17</sup> St. John Chrysostom also writing on the same theme exclaims: "What a strange mode of cure is this! But what shall we say is the signification of this mystery? These things were not simply nor inconsiderately done, but describe what will hereafter happen to us, as in an image and by a figure, or else with all the power of faith, it would give offence to the minds of many people, so incredible and strange is the whole relation."<sup>18</sup>

Similarly St. Cyril in his commentary on St. John says: "What could be the reason, it may be asked, for Jesus having used His spittle mixed with clay in the cure of the blind man, when, without any trouble, and by merely speaking the word he could have cured him? Certainly the force of this miracle must have a certain mystic reason." Elsewhere he says: "The blind man is he who is destitute of the Divine Light."<sup>19</sup>

Even St. Jerome who has been described as "a Bible scholar and critic of the literal type," and who as a translator of the Scriptures was naturally more concerned with literal interpretation than with the spiritual, was yet not unmindful of the mystical sense.

Thus in one of his writings he reminds his readers that "they who follow the obscurity of the letter are wise only in earthly

<sup>12</sup>In locum Math.

<sup>13</sup>Serm. 88.

<sup>14</sup>Serm. 98.

<sup>15</sup>Serm. 77.

<sup>16</sup>Serm. 892.

<sup>17</sup>In loc. Johan.

<sup>18</sup>In loc. Johan.

<sup>19</sup>De Adoratione.

things.”<sup>20</sup> Again he says: “Christ is the true stone which is found in the letter of the law, but which is rejected by those who rest in the letter.”<sup>21</sup> “Whatsoever is promised to the Israelites carnally, we show will at one time or other be fulfilled in us spiritually.”<sup>22</sup>

Commenting on the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel he tells us that the bitter waters “signify the law in its literal sense.” Elsewhere he says: “We interpret the Virgin to mean that human heart which has a conscience void of sin, and which produces from itself Immanuel, or God with us; that is, the Word of God, which is present to it, is born of this soul. According to tropology, the Word of God is conceived of the Holy Ghost in the virginal soul, when it is not spotted with sin.”<sup>23</sup>

Again, in reference to the rending of the veil of the Temple at the death of Christ he says: “The veil of the temple was rent and all the sacred mysteries of the Law, which were before covered, were made known and passed over to the Gentiles.”<sup>24</sup> And “when that shall come which is perfect, then shall the inner veil of the temple be rent asunder, that we may see the mysteries of the house of God, which are now hidden from us.”<sup>25</sup>

And even to us, who are so far removed from that “which is perfect,” the words of the saintly translator and interpreter of Holy Writ have a message of hope and spiritual cheer, a call to a more earnest, prayerful, submissive and devoted study of the Sacred Writings of the Church, a call re-echoed by our Holy Father Leo XIII, and his successors in the chair of St. Peter, which no Catholic can safely ignore, and which, if responded to in a spirit of loyalty, and reverence cannot but be fraught with the richest blessings for our souls and an intense deepening of our spiritual life, for “It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.”

A. RYLAND.

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<sup>20</sup>In lib. Amos. cap. 1.

<sup>21</sup>Breviar in Ps. 117.

<sup>22</sup>In Praef. lib. iv. In Jeremiah.

<sup>23</sup>In Isaiah 7.

<sup>24</sup>In locum Math.

<sup>25</sup>In Epist. ad Hedibrium.

## THE PRICE OF PEACE

**I**N THIS World we must pay for that we get; nothing is free. No matter what it is, be it an article of commerce or a change in conditions, or what it may, it can be had only by sacrifice in more or less degree. We must give something, bring about a difference in the facts of life that will harmonize such facts of life with the change involved in acquirement by us of what we seek. There is always the *quid pro quo*; and the more desirable the thing we want the more we must pay for it.

In the process of time there have grown up in man certain modes of thought, slants on life that have ceased to be matter of speculation and become habits of thought ingrained in him; they are assumed to be necessary to the world merely because they have dominated man for so long a time. Throughout the history of man there has been more or less of a desire for world-wide peace; but man has never been willing to make the sacrifice. Permanent peace would be an anomaly; it is so at variance with the conditions under which man lives that it is not to be attained excepting by sacrifices that are sufficiently momentous to materially modify many of those habits of thought that have so long dominated the world. Sentiment alone, leagues of nations, or international courts of justice and the like are mere abstract conceptions that involve no change that will concern the daily life of the individual. Idealism is merely idealism and accomplishes nothing. Human nature is human nature; it changes slowly and we cannot hurry the process. How therefore can we attain permanent peace? Is it practicable? Yes—if we are willing to pay the price. But are we willing to do so?

All nature is strife; the world and all that is in it and on it or that appertains to it is the resultant of conflicting forces. This is a law that must be given due consideration in every problem of whatever nature or kind; we cannot ignore it; for if we do we are sure to meet with disaster. Only insofar as these opposing forces permit, nay dictate, has there been change. Geology, chemistry, botany, anthropology, all sciences, show continued, relentless warfare. Life of whatever degree or kind is constantly engaged in a struggle for existence; the lesser goes to the wall, is destroyed or absorbed by the stronger.

Man differs from other mammals in that he possesses mental processes with which he consciously controls or affects circumstances that go to make up life. Other animals have instinct; but he alone thinks and reasons. Thought creates in him new and different desires and purposes. His reason tells him that certain conditions or combinations of conditions will contribute to his well-being. Food, clothing, shelter he must have; but these things constitute bare subsistence; and he improves on them. The more advanced his stage of mental development the more needs he has, and these new needs become, in his eyes, necessities. He learns from what has occurred that he can in certain ways improve his existence. He has created money, a medium of exchange, because he has learned that it eases the strain for existence; the more he accumulates the more he gets out of life. Thus it is that in the process of time he has come to consider money a necessity to existence. He considers it of such importance that it has become his ruling passion. And the most facile way to obtain it, he has learned, is through commerce.

Therefore property rights have assumed an importance in human thought far in excess of personal rights. They have come to be thought the *sine qua non* of existence, a conception not consciously attached to personal liberty unconnected with "vested interests" as the term is; and he hedges about property rights safeguards that the less tangible personal rights do not have. The latter he neglects, the former he bears ever in mind. By imperceptible degrees the latter have given way to the former; as between the two the personal rights fall by the wayside, to be snatched up again only when property rights are affected. Government itself is based on property rights. Civilization has advanced only insofar as commerce, the source of wealth, has permitted or demanded. There is no great landmark of freedom in history that has not been impelled by some demand of property.

This conflict between property rights and personal rights has always been going on, the latter receding before the former. How to temper, control and restrain these opposing forces and guide them to an ultimate good with the minimum of injury has been the problem of man since the beginning of time. And man must compel a proper balance between them before he can even approximate permanent peace. It is not a theory, but a hard fact in nature. We all want peace; but we must apply this desire for peace in a practical way; we must sacrifice even our ruling passion for it if necessary. Misplaced sentiment, whether based on fear or idealism, has caused incalculable harm in the world, has retarded immeasurably the cause of peace, of civilization itself. Given a selfish reason, as a desire

for wealth, a man of ordinary shrewdness can easily influence public opinion and direct it unerringly to his own ends. Give him a high-sounding platitude as a fulcrum and the power of wealth, and he can bring about a definite result, even a *non sequitur*; the average man does not reason, he accepts a phrase and states a suggested conclusion.

We live in an age characterized by great combinations of wealth for commercial ends, organized and with the means to create an idea—whether true or false is immaterial—that certain things are necessary. The confessed purpose of these combinations is not to benefit mankind, but to create more demands, to increase profits and expand commerce. What therefore more natural than that war, opening up as it does, new sources of sudden and great increase of wealth, should stimulate the avarice of the commercial mind? The great executives are not paid to advance civilization; they are paid to increase profits. Big business has no department in it that concerns itself with the ills of humanity. In this regard they are one-sided, but they are consistent with the purposes they pursue.

All wars have been largely caused by the commercial instinct, the desire for wealth in the minimum time and with the minimum of effort. Unmoral it is in the abstract, but nevertheless a fact. True it is that other causes are assigned, but these other causes, real though they be to a certain extent, might have been and probably would have been eliminated and belligerently avoided had it not been for the overruling desires of the dominant commercial factors fostering, perhaps without thought of the effect, a breach of peaceable relations between peoples. Every war in the history of the world has been compelled by this commercial instinct, the same as every advance in liberty has been compelled by the same thing. Large aggregations of capital see a greater good in their own material welfare, and in order to bring about this result they have stimulated a hostile spirit, playing upon the sentiment of patriotism and national pride, suppressing or misinterpreting such facts as militate against disturbance of peaceable relations between peoples, exaggerating all matters that tend to create anger and resentment, appealing to the glory to be achieved and ignoring the resultant suffering and harm. They see an end—material gain; and this end destroys their sense of public weal.

Until therefore a plan be devised for controlling this primal desire to acquire wealth, restraining the methods of attainment so as to effectually divorce it from international relations, restoring personal rights to their proper importance, it will be impossible to bring about a permanent peace. Such a plan must be complete in itself; it must

be a cage from which there is no method of escape. Compulsion of restraint is necessary; and the plan must be so devised that it applies to human beings as they are. A plan applicable to perfect men would be of no avail, worse than useless; for it would be impracticable. The problem is not to change man, but to restrain human nature.

This articles is an attempt to formulate such a plan, and discuss briefly the different features of it. How then can we remove all possibility of profit in war and at the same time continue in the people an honest self-respect with the will and the force behind it to resist unjust aggression?

A war should be conducted by a people on a cost of production basis; in the strict sense there should be no profit, not even to the government itself. The expense involved is extraordinary and should come out of the resources of the countries involved without jeopardizing the livelihood of the people. Every resource of a country at war is involved directly or indirectly. The increased demand caused by the status of belligerency stimulates production, thereby enhancing the profits of all productive industry. Therefore government should at the very inception of war take over absolutely and assume exclusive control of all industries, running them as a part of the government itself insofar as production, efficiency and financial gain or loss are concerned. If business—and by business I mean all productive industry—is continued as usual, excepting as to increased production, the economic situation will remain almost normal; but if profit, including normal profit, be taken for public use, allowing only a reasonable salary to those already necessarily employed in its maintenance, a long step toward permanent peace will have been made. Call it a tax or what you will, exercised as a war power, the men dominant in different activities would have no incentive to create a false public sentiment for disturbance of peaceful relations between nations. But this must apply to everything that in any way, shape or form, either directly or indirectly, tends to affect the profit to be derived from a state of war. And let no compensation or indemnity thereafter, either during the existence of belligerency or after a peace shall have been effected, be made for damage or injury to the business itself or its assets so taken over. Property will then bear the same burden as the person of the citizen; it will bear its just proportion of the risk of injury or destruction. Man holds wealth for the public benefit; this is the sole basis of the protection it receives. Therefore let government draft wealth with minimum exemptions applying to the conditions of the home, as well as draft the man-power of the country.

On the productive side probably the greatest profit in war is derived from manufacture of arms and munitions, as well as from loans made by large financial interests underwriting nations at war. Government should therefore, at all times, both during peace and war, exclusively own and maintain plans for manufacture of arms and munitions. By international agreement, as well as by domestic legislation, loans to states at war or for purposes of war should be outlawed. If there be war it should be conducted on a cash basis—the cash to be derived from use by the government of property and industry drafted. This would eliminate the taxation of future generations for the benefit of the present generation. The history of credit shows that the average man will hesitate about paying cash for what he buys, whereas he will trust to the future as to what he does not absolutely need. The fact that a war will be conducted with his cash, with no possibility of profit and the additional risk of total loss or substantial injury to his property, will act as a strong deterrent of severance of international relations.

The incentive of private profit being removed, false propaganda will have no cause of use. Add to this a stringent law penalizing the publication of false or colored statement of alleged facts involving international relations, without restraining freedom of speech or of the press in its correct, technical sense.

The personal danger in war should be equalized. Physical fitness for military service is by no means determined by age of the individual. It is within the knowledge of all that in the late world war those who declaimed most emphatically in condemnation of avoidance of military service were the people least liable to be called on for such duty or beyond the draft age. The term slacker was a much abused term. The men in whose mouths this term was most frequent had the opportunity to volunteer at some time or other; but they never embraced that opportunity; they were not consistent if they were sincere. They contributed nothing to the war; and on them was the same duty as on the man within the draft age. They were safe in their persons and property; and they continued to receive the same emolument as in peace times. They gave up no position. They suffered no additional personal insecurity. They remained at home in charge of their own personal businesses. Had these men beyond the draft age known that they would, in the event of war, been liable to suffer the personal danger of military service equally with the younger men, they would have been more inclined to serious thought before demanding or favoring the step that involved war. If therefore all men were subject to draft for military service, irrespective of age or position in life—for you can always find someone

else capable to do your work—or of wealth and social standing, the selection to be made by lot and the assignment for personal service to be made according to physical and mental fitness, we would have an additional strong deterrent to war. Such a draft should include a provision that the mere fact of holding of public office would constitute no group of exemption from service irrespective of what the office may be.

War is a condition in which every man and woman has a direct interest. The execution of the draft law in the recent world war demonstrated that a speedy and effective draft of the man power of a country was feasible. Such being the case it is equally feasible to create the machinery that would enable a popular vote on the question as to whether war should be declared or not. The question therefore should be submitted to a popular advisory vote to determine the sentiment of the people. If the vote be against war, the body having the power to declare war should not do so excepting in a clear case of self-defense—and in such state of affairs no declaration of war is necessary. If the popular vote advise a declaration of war, then the governmental body having the power to declare war should consider whether to do so or not, on its merits, the right being reserved to refuse to concur in the result of the popular vote. And even then, before war begins, let at least two months elapse before belligerency becomes a fact, during which time diplomatic negotiations can be carried on in an effort to effect a settlement of the matter in dispute.

I do not favor a league of nations; for it creates a medium to enable international politicians to combine to bring about conditions that will redound to the benefit of a nation or group of nations, and for the further reason that it surrenders sovereignty, thereby exposing a nation to the caprice of such a cabal of politicians. National self-interest will control the deliberations of the governing body of such a league; and large financial combinations will control the members and all ethical considerations will be lost sight of in the trade made. I do not favor a world court for the same reasons, and for the additional reason that such a court would be powerless to enforce its judgment, would be futile and indirectly result in war. I do not favor arbitration of international differences; for the individual national interest of the members of the board will determine the award, as witness the case of the brig-of-war, *Gen. Armstrong*.

Once war is declared, however, the power over the military should be taken from the normal executive and lodged in some permanent department of government, the personnel of which could not profit politically from the result.

Government and all its departments are human; they may err. Military secrets are not lodged in the people. Public officials, particularly in times of war, and public measures should be subjected to the scrutiny and criticism of the citizen. His criticism cannot aid the enemy and may be of assistance to his own government. What happens between belligerents is known to both governments and no military secrets are divulged to the citizen. Censorship accomplishes nothing; it merely causes uneasiness among the people. It should therefore be forbidden.

War at its best is barbarous. It should therefore be the endeavor of mankind to lessen its rigor. Certain acts, either because of their effect on noncombatants or their inherent harshness, should be prohibited by international agreement. The use of poison gas and of instruments that create unnecessary suffering should be eliminated. These things could be ascertained by impartial investigation and could be condemned by a code of penal regulations to be determined by the international jurists of the world.

When you touch a man's pocketbook you touch him more effectively than in any other way. And so it is with nations representing the varying influences of the individuals that compose it. During the war therefore there should be complete commercial nonintercourse between neutrals and belligerents. This would have a double effect: it would remove all possible financial interest of other countries and at the same time act as a check on nations contemplating hostile operations.

After termination of the war the nations that have been involved will be more or less demoralized; they will need every resource for rehabilitation and re-establishment of normal conditions. There should therefore be no indemnities either in property or in territory for losses sustained; each would then be free to use whatever means it has left to bring about a return to a stable condition of affairs.

Separate nations are necessary for the preservation not only of liberty but for the furtherance of progressive thought and action; they act as checks and balances on each other. Different peoples have been schooled for time out of mind in different ideas and theories; out of their individual history have evolved distinct ideas of right and wrong. None are right in their entirety; none are wrong in their entirety; and as they think so should they act in domestic affairs, without outside interference. Diplomacy can accomplish both good and bad; it should therefore be restrained to its proper sphere—the securing of peace and national well-being. Dollar diplomacy, so called, is a constant source of irritation. When a group of business men acting as a business unit invest in the resources of a

foreign country they should do so with a full realization that in case of business adversity they could not call upon their own government for force to extricate them, but, on the other hand, must abide by such action as the local tribunals of the foreign country should accord them. The domestic affairs of a country, the conditions under which people do business or live, their rights and duties, all matters of internal regulation of person and property, should be under the exclusive control of that country.

Treaties of offense and defense constitute a menace to the peace of the world; for one nation will take the step that leads to war if reasonably assured of aid from another government, whereas it would not do so if it had not that assurance. Such treaties should be outlawed by the law of nations as against the public policy of the world.

The use of the commercial embargo, touching as it does the ruling passion of man, constitutes the most effective check on violation of agreed duties by nations; but this penalty should be evoked only in case of failure of all amicable protest. But when it is evoked it should be world-wide and continued so long as the offending nation continues to violate its bounden duty.

Civilization is dependent on character. Undermine that and retrogression sets in. Greece and Rome fell because the dominant forces in their social life concentrated on material advancement to the neglect of the public weal; the character of the people was undermined so that they were unable to resist the inroads of the so-called barbarous peoples from the north. The eventual and logical result was the era known as the Dark Ages, when learning, knowledge, honor, decency and justice sought sanctuary, and for generations the world was reduced to a condition near to savagery. Ages were necessary to recuperate and regain the lost ground. Manliness and civilization are inseparable. The test of a man is his ability to bear hardship. And so it is with a nation. An unmanly people cannot long survive. Theories are all right in their place, but a theory that does not include the maintenance of the stamina not only necessary to exist and progress but also to demand and secure respect, will never accomplish any practical result.

The world wants peace; but peace at the price of self-respect cannot be lasting. A nation must so conduct itself that it is never intentionally or even negligently wrong; the Golden Rule between states should be as effectively observed as between individuals. Patriotism is love of country; but the country must so conduct its affairs as to justify that love. It must stand before the world as worthy of equality of treatment and in addition must be able to command it. A

nation of cowards and sneaks deserves no consideration; and it receives none.

Every government owes a duty to its citizenry to be prepared for any eventuality. By this is not meant maintenance of large standing armies and navies; but there must be such military forces as will constitute an efficient skeleton on which, in time of war, large armies and navies can be builded. Armaments should be limited to the needs of the time and the individual country. And as with armies and navies, so with armaments and munitions of war and plants for the manufacture of the same; they must be sufficient to place the military forces on a war basis on minimum notice, to provide for the time of national peril.

And above all there should be fostered in the people themselves a healthy public opinion, a national pride based on achievement, tempered and controlled by a deep-seated sense of justice to all, of universal good will, of love of mankind, consideration for their weaknesses and a self-respecting self-restraint with no desire to benefit their own country at the expense of the rights of others, as well as a determination to maintain their own rights at any expense.

FRED. B. HART.

## LISIEUX AT THE PRESENT DAY

THE leading points of the history of Blessed Teresa, of Lisieux, commonly called in English-speaking countries the "Little Flower," are certainly familiar to American readers, but a short account of her shrine, as it is now, may interest those who have not made the pilgrimage to the old Norman City.

Born at Alencon, on January 2, 1873, of devout parents, Teresa Martin was only four years old when her mother died. Her father, a well-to-do jeweller, then retired from business and settled at Lisieux, with his five daughters, to be near his wife's relatives. He bought a house outside the town, called "les Buissonnets," it has become a favourite station, where the "Beata's" clients venerate the memories of her happy childhood. For, in the mother's absence, the sensitive, loving child was most tenderly watched over by her father and elder sisters. Her mystic aspirations revealed themselves at an early age, but they were combined with absolute simplicity; there was nothing of the infant prodigy about this little girl. Her sisters trained her wisely and well, without undue indulgence, although being his youngest child, she was evidently her father's favourite. One after another the elder girls entered Convents: Marie and Pauline went to the Carmel at Lisieux; Leonie, whose health was fragile, to the Visitation at Caen; the two younger girls, Céline and Teresa, lived in hopes of following their sisters to the Carmel and it so happened that the Benjamin, Teresa, went first.

On April, 1888, the child—she was only fifteen—entered the Convent, not without some difficulty; the Bishop of Bayeux and the Superior of the Carmel having hesitated to admit so young an aspirant.

On January 10, 1889, she took the habit, and, on September 8, 1890, she was professed. Nine years later, on September 30, she died in odor of sanctity.

The little book where the Beata's life was told for the first time is made up of three manuscripts written by herself. The three were written at the request of her religious superiors. Her sister Pauline, then Prioress, is responsible for the first, in which Sister Teresa describes her childhood and her journey to Rome, where she begged

Pope Leo XIII to permit her admittance to the Carmel, in spite of her age. It is the simple, unpretending narrative of a very young girl, whose pilgrimage was her first experience of the outer world. The second manuscript was written to obey Mother Marie de Gonzague, the Prioress of that day, who, although she prized the little Sister's perfect observance of the rules, was far from treating her as a "spoiled child." It touches on the graces showered on this chosen soul, it tells of her methods with the novices, who were entrusted to her care, and reveals her humility and apostolic spirit. The last manuscript was written by the "Beata," at the request of her sister Marie; it describes her mental trials, her doubts against the faith and it illustrates the burning love of God and absolute trust in Him that spiritual darkness never quenched. These three manuscripts, and an account given by the nuns of their sister's death, make up the volume called "History of the Soul" that has been translated into twenty-five languages. Since then, many books have been written about Sister Teresa; her last biography, by an excellent Catholic, the Baron des Rotours, gives us, under a most readable shape, a vivid and well written sketch of the now popular "Little Flower."

Theologians have marvelled at the penetrating spirituality of this very young religious, at her knowledge of the Scriptures and of the great mystics, also at her wise comments on many sacred texts. Her simplicity remained unspoiled and her writings, that have fascinated priests and laymen, have no pretensions to purely literary excellence.

The Carmel of Lisieux was founded in 1835, by two sisters, Mesdemoiselles Gosselin. They had long desired to establish the daughters of St. Teresa in their native Normandy and, with the authorization of the Bishop of Bayeux, they made their novitiate at the Carmel of Poitiers. Two professed nuns of that community were allowed to accompany them to Lisieux, where the new Convent was founded. Early in 1838, eight Carmelites, professed nuns, novices and postulants, took possession of a poor cottage that stood on the ground, where the present Convent was built by degrees. It was only finished in 1877, forty years after the original foundation, the work being carried out under the direction of Mother Teresa, of St. Joseph, one of the pious sisters to whose charity it owed its existence.

The young religious who was to make the Lisieux Carmel famous, belonged to a respectable middle-class family. There are old people still living who remember her father on his way to Church with his five girls. It was well known that some of them meant to become nuns and those who saw them pass smilingly remarked: "There goes M. Martin and his community." Of the five, Teresa, the

youngest, was noticed for her beauty and gracious ways, but, on the whole, the "Beata," whose name is now familiar throughout the Catholic world, was known only to a few intimates. Even during the nine years of her life at the Carmel, she was not much spoken of outside the Convent walls; her extreme youth when she entered had created a certain stir among the friends of the Monastery; it was admired by some, criticized by many. Some reports of her holiness may have reached the outer world, for when, according to custom, her coffin lay uncovered in the chapel a devout crowd of town folk brought rosaries and medals to touch her body. This was all: beyond Lisieux, at that time, she was absolutely unknown.

It is here that the wonderful tale begins: a "golden legend," that brings a medieval atmosphere into our scientific and often unbelieving world. Almost from the day of her death, September 30, 1897, the Hand of God was at work to glorify one who by her simplicity and love, had made herself most dear to the Master's heart.

She was prayed to first at Lisieux, then in France, finally all over the world and six large volumes are filled with accounts of the apparitions, conversions and cures that rewarded her clients' trust. On her death bed, she had promised to "scatter roses" and the books where her activities are recorded are, for this reason, called "Pluie de roses"—shower of roses.

It is natural that the incidents recorded should be of unequal importance; they are, however, all signed and authenticated by the little sister's devotees and are published by the Carmelites with the permission of the Bishop of Bayeux, to whose diocese Lisieux belongs.\* The petitions sent to Rome to hasten her beatification came from Bishops, theologians, military men, professors, students, etc., men and women, belonging to every nation and rank. The war gave an extraordinary impetus to the honor paid to her, her picture was in many trenches, her relics pinned to many uniforms. Instances of her having appeared to instruct, convert or encourage her clients are vouched for by officers and soldiers, who give their names and their word of honor that they speak the truth. We are not bound to believe the incidents related in the "Pluie de roses," but the fact that the young "Beata" exercised an elevating influence during the war stares us in the face! The oft-repeated tale of her sweet countenance and white mantle appearing in moments of deadly peril, may be voted, by critical minds, the effect of hallucination, if so, it nevertheless restored hope, endurance and energy to sorely tried fighting men. Sometimes she saved their lives, or else to a dying

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\* After the Concordat between Pope Pius VII and Bonaparte, Lisieux ceased to be a separate diocese.

soldier, whose removal was impossible, she sent the priest, whose presence he had prayed her to provide. In other cases she was *heard*, her voice, a reality or a delusion, brought light to see the danger ahead and presence of mind to avoid it. We hear of an Italian naval officer, who when cautiously guiding his ship in the Mediterranean, took out the little saint of Lisieux's picture and prayed to be led safely. "Instead of looking at me, look ahead," said a soft voice at his side. He took the advice and, in consequence, changed his course in time to escape the nearing submarine. The military crosses and medals, offered to the "Beata's" shrine by her grateful clients, fill two large frames reaching from the floor to the roof of the chapel. Within the Monastery, where only privileged priests are sometimes admitted, other more cumbersome offerings have been collected. The long corridors are filled with crutches, marble slabs, diminutive air ships, rings and crosses, fashioned in the trenches. That typical abode of peace, a Carmelite Convent, possesses an arsenal of warlike trophies unequalled in the history of Saints.

Although old Lisieux has Norman Churches and quaint wooden houses to attract the archeologist and antiquarian, it only became famous in the Catholic world, when the wonder-working little sister began to scatter her roses broadcast in the two hemispheres.

Until she was beatified her pilgrims, after praying in the small and austere chapel of the Carmel, made their way to the public cemetery, on a hill overlooking the town. Where Sister Teresa lay in the Carmelite enclosure under a plain wooden cross. My personal experience taught me that there was no need to ask the way to the grave; on entering the cemetery a murmur of prayers, recited aloud, drew me, at all times and at all seasons, to the white cross surrounded by kneeling figures. It was forbidden to burn lights on the grave, but not to cover it with flowers, letters, and during the war with photographs of soldiers at the front. Since May, 1923, when the "Beata's" bones were removed to the Carmelite chapel, pilgrimages to the cemetery rank as memories of the past.

Other transformations are also the natural consequences of the little sister's official entrance into the great Company of Saints, whose names are inscribed on the "roll call" of the Church. The chapel where she was professed has been enlarged and has lost its austere aspect. Gifts from all parts of the world have poured in from her grateful clients, whose intentions it has been necessary to carry out and though the nuns, behind their "grille," have not modified their life of poverty, gold and silver, marbles and paintings have been freely expended to adorn the House of God.

Some details of this adornment are open to criticism: the stained windows representing the young saints' miracles make us regret the work of the medieval artists, whose mystic charm was combined with wonderful colouring. A marble group behind the high altar represents the "Beata" kneeling at the feet of our Lady and the Infant Saviour; her right hand scatters roses that are given to her by our Lord and the gesture is graceful and simple.

To the right, when we face the high altar is the young saint's shrine; her relics are kept there under a life-size figure, robed in the Carmelite colors, that lies in the attitude that was hers after death, the head slightly inclined to the right. The figure is of tinted marble, not wax as it appears at first, but we are inclined to regret its brown velvet habit edged with gold braid, less impressive than the austere Carmelite garb, the "real thing," would have been. In a smaller casket are kept other bones of the saint; it is the one carried in the procession at the "fêtes" and will certainly figure when the "Beata" of today is recognized. It is of Paris workmanship but was offered by the Sister's Brazilian devotees and, except on rare occasions, it never leaves the nun's choir. It was my good fortune to see this rare work of art at close quarters. With its onyx columns, wonderful enamels and showers of golden roses, all different and each one a gem, it is a beautiful specimen of religious art; simple and graceful as befits the "Little Flower."

In a niche above the altar of the shrine is a statue of our Lady, not a work of art, but valuable because, as is mentioned in the Life, it was venerated by Sister Teresa's mother and the child herself attributed her own recovery from a dangerous illness to the prayers said before this image.

On each side of the Beata's chapel are the military crosses and decorations offered to her in gratitude by the officers and soldiers of the Great War. Thousands of these are arranged in serried ranks, an eloquent proof of Sister Teresa's popularity among the fighting men.

To many, the feature that dominates the chapel is the universality of the honors paid to the "Beata." Here is an enclosed nun, who from the age of fifteen to that of twenty-four, lived within the narrow boundaries of a provincial convent. She belonged to a family that was obscure if judged from a worldly standpoint; she was loved and admired by her religious sisters for her fervor and sweetness, but in her history, we find neither miracles, nor ecstasies, nor prophecies, yet immediately after her death, she becomes a familiar figure throughout the Catholic world. This extraordinary

popularity was evidently approved by God, for in 1922, Sister Teresa was beatified by Pope Pius XI.

Mgr. de Teil, now dead, who was the wise and zealous postulator of her "cause," considered the world-wide celebrity of one whose life was so hidden as unique in the story of the saints. It seems to set a divine seal of approval on the lessons of simplicity, trust in God and love for Him, taught by the "Little Flower."

Her universal popularity is further illustrated by the foreign flags that hang from the chapel roof; they were brought by delegates from England, Italy, China, America, etc. The marble tablets that line the walls have words of gratitude in many languages: the donors are in Chile, in India, in Brazil, etc. The words have often a familiar note that I have not noticed in other pilgrimages, the "dear little sister" is addressed as a friend, evidently in many homes. She has a privileged place, due to her youth, her sweetness and to what Mgr. de Teil used to call: her gracious ways of answering prayers.

The new altars in the chapel are many of them the gifts of English-speaking pilgrims; the two nearest to the shrine were presented by an English priest in remembrance of his two brothers, also priests. St. Joseph's altar was given by the Canadians: "in gratitude for the many graces that they owe to Blessed Teresa." The Chapel of St. Michael, by the Irish soldiers, whom she protected during the war; that of St. Teresa of Avila, by the Americans.

The stained glass windows, if not beautiful, proclaim the "Beata's" popularity in both hemispheres, for they are given by her clients in Scotland, Panama, Jamaica, etc. They represent some of the most striking of her miracles. Those among us who remember the Lisieux of thirty years ago, when the wonder worker of today, unknown to the world, was, in silence and in suffering, winning her crown, have a vision of a quaint, sleepy provincial town, with indifferent hotels and, except its fine Church and curious wooden houses, with no characteristic features. Now the pilgrims, who are allowed to peruse the visitors' book, will find there the names of several Cardinals, French, Roman, British and American.

The Patriarch of Antioch represents the East, from which have also come many native prelates and priests; very numerous too are the ecclesiastics from Holland, Great Britain and the States. Among the laity are two queens, princes and princesses, men and women with historic names, others well known in the intellectual, social and religious world of their different countries.

From two to three every afternoon the pilgrims, in groups, are allowed to visit the "Salle des Reliques," a large room that opens on the court wherein the chapel stands. A priest acts as guide and gives the necessary explanations. The central and most important object that strikes the visitor is a life-size picture of the "Beata," by Roybet, a famous French painter, now dead. It represents her in her Carmelite habit, clasping a crucifix. The sweet face was painted after a minute study of the different photos of the young religious, to which her three sisters added their impressions and explanations, when Roybet came to talk over a task that, at starting, he undertook with a very bad grace. Accustomed to paint "mousquetaires," he had no inclination to try his hand on a nun! At length he yielded to the insistence of the giver of the picture, he visited the Lisieux Carmel more than once to gather impressions and sidelights and, at last, owned to the Prioress that his task had become easy and congenial, as though his model guided his brush. The words were spoken with a smile and, of course, they simply meant that the artist no longer disliked his work, but from this remark grew a legend. Enthusiasts spread the report that the "Beata" had come down from heaven to sit for her portrait, a report that the mother Prioress begged her friends to contradict most emphatically!

What Sister Teresa did for her painter was to convert him: he was an unbeliever when he completed the picture but, when, soon afterwards he died, he had made his peace with God.

Other treasures are arranged round Roybet's great work; the "Little Flower's" habit, veil, white mantle and rosary, her discipline and hair shirt, her baptismal robe and a tiny white dress with a pink sash, her long thick curls, that were cut off when she took the habit, her needle book, scissors and pin cushion, the coarse wooden spoon and ring used by her at meals, etc.

The "Salle des Reliques" is outside the nun's enclosure, but at certain hours, when the church is closed to visitors, the Carmelites can enter it by a door of which they alone have the key. Within the cloister itself, only Cardinals and other privileged ecclesiastics are admitted; with the permission of the Bishop of Bayeux they can celebrate Mass in the "Beata's" cell, now used as an oratory.

Outside the Carmel, the sister is best remembered at "les Buis-sounets," an unpretending house, surrounded by a small garden, and almost buried in trees. It is now the property of the Carmelites. Teresa's room has been arranged as an oratory, where pilgrim priests often say Mass, her little chair, her books and toys are carefully preserved in the adjoining room. The garden has many memories, the Beata's happy and holy childhood was spent in this

narrow enclosure which seemed limitless to her childish vision. Beyond it stretch the green fields where she walked with her father and further still the undulating and wooded country that gives this part of Normandy the aspect of a large park.

Another building connected with Sister Teresa is the Benedictine Abbey, where she was partly educated and made her first Communion. Apart from this connection, it has the interest of great antiquity and glorious traditions, standing as it does on holy ground. The original Abbey was founded in 1050, by Lesceline, Duchess of Normandy; it was rebuilt between 1646 and 1714 by a great Abbess, Charlotte de Matignon, whose two cousins governed the diocese in succession as Bishops and Counts of Lisieux. The Revolution of 1789 drove the nuns from their home; when some years later, they returned, the broad lands and splendid buildings, once their property, were much reduced, but they bravely opened the school where the future "Beata" spent part of her childhood.

From her own account, the shy and sensitive little girl never was completely at her ease at school; her companions loved her for her sweet temper, but their games did not interest her. She was probably too much accustomed to the companionship of her elders to adapt herself completely to these new surroundings.

In consequence of the evil laws prohibiting teaching orders from receiving pupils, the Benedictines have closed their schools; they now have lady boarders and contemplate enlarging their activities on these lines, as accommodation for ladies is, at present, totally insufficient at Lisieux. On great occasions the country houses in the neighborhood sometimes receive important guests, but in some cases, pilgrims have to spend the night in their motor cars!

To cope with this enormous influx of strangers, the inhabitants of the town let out rooms, but, after all, Lisieux is only a small provincial city and its resources are inadequate on occasions like the Beatification of Sister Teresa.

As is the case at Lourdes, the money-making spirit of the natives make them keenly alive to the material prosperity brought to her fellow citizens by the young "Beata." A local guide book, published not, of course, by the Carmelites, but by the municipal authorities, says: "Lisieux, formerly visited by a few lovers of old houses, is now known in far-away countries, owing to the reputation of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus." A "Syndicat d'Initiative" has been founded for the benefit of tourists and it is amusing to note how the well-written and well-illustrated booklet, printed for their guidance by the local authorities, assumes a suitably devout tone when it

volunteers to guide the "Beata's" clients to the different spots connected with her memory.

Even the Mayor of Lisieux, not a zealous Catholic, is keenly alive to the celebrity now enjoyed by what was a quarter of a century ago, a torpid old-world city. In another quarter, the wonder working little Sister has created a certain anxiety. When pilgrims poured into Lisieux from the ends of Europe and letters came to the Carmel by thousands, the prioress had to face an unexpected problem. She and the nuns' ecclesiastical superior were called upon to combine a strict observance of the rule that cuts off the Carmelites from the outer world, with the honor due to the "Beata," whose clients had a right to be heard and answered.

The problem was solved by closing the Convent parlors to visitors, except to three classes of persons: benefactors, "miraculés," cured or converted by the "Little Flower," and priests or laymen, having a letter of introduction, giving a valid reason for an exception to be made in their favor. To cope with the letters delivered at the Convent was a greater difficulty still, for, at ordinary times, from 300 to 400 letters came every day and, at certain times, when the Beatification took place, for instance, they went up to 800. These letters ask for prayers or Masses, beg for relics, relate answers to petitions, etc. Last year, the prioress enlisted the services of a community of Carmelite Tertiaries who undertook to deal with this enormous correspondence.

Before closing this brief sketch, we must mention that among the pilgrims are Protestants and schismatics, as well as Catholics of all races, social standing and age. The "Beata" appeals to the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. The contrast between her hidden life and her world-wide fame, the rapidity with which the proverbially slow Roman congregations beatified one, whose miracles carried all before them, marks the Hand of God setting its seal of approval on her spirituality. This was clearly developed by Pope Pius XI, when, on raising Teresa of Lisieux to the altars of the Church, he proclaimed the beauty of the lessons of love of God, simplicity, humility, self-sacrifice and child-like confidence left by this very young nun to her devotees throughout the world.

COMTESSE DE COURSON.

## IN NATURE'S REALM

## A BOUQUET OF SQUILLS

**I**T doesn't sound very attractive, reminding one of a handful of sharp, bristling quills or other such prickly objects. But when you see what delicate, lovely blossoms compose the bouquet, you will appreciate the sight and smell of it.

The Squills comprise a large number of bulbous herbs of the Lily Family. All of them were originally referred to the genus *Scilla*, from which Latin name the English one is derived, a few have been granted independence from the *Scillas*, though they are still considered Squills.

In addition to being bulbous, the Squills have other characteristics in common, chiefly narrow leaves springing from the top of the bulb, and between them a slender flower-scape topped with a loose cluster or raceme, of delicate blossoms. The flower consists of a colored perianth, deeply cut into segments; it falls away from the fertilized pistil, which develops into a roundish three-lobed capsule, with several rounded black seeds in each cell. In short, *Scilla* much resembles its more famous lily sister, the Hyacinth.

The most famous squill of them all is the officinal one, *Scilla Maritima*, or Sea Onion, which furnishes the medicine called squill. The plant is perennial, and grows on the coast of the Mediterranean, where many of the *Scillas* are native. The bulb is pear-shaped, from three to six inches in diameter, and consists of fleshy scales, closely laid over each other, and covered by thin, dry, external scales, which are sometimes red and sometimes white,—which explains the suitability of the “onion” in the name.

The juice is viscid and very acrid, but its sharpness disappears somewhat, when the bulb is dried, with a loss of medicinal quality. For handling it is cut into thin slices and exposed to artificial heat, or dried in the sun. These pieces become white or pale yellow, and retain a feeble odor, but a bitter, nauseous and acrid taste. Chemically, this bulb is a complex affair; it contains a fatty matter; citrate of lime; mucilage; sugar; a very bitter principle called scillitin; a very acrid and poisonous resinoid substance, scillipicrin, of which

three-fourths of a grain is fatal to a dog. So it would be strange if such a bulb couldn't do something for man's ills.

It can be used medicinally as an extract, in water, alcohol or vinegar, or powdered and taken as a pellet. Its effects are expectorant, diuretic, and in large doses, emetic and purgative. It has been used in combination with tartar emetic or ipecac to stimulate the vessels of the lungs, and in dropsical disease much employed. Sirup of Squills is a popular bronchial remedy.

This Squill is not merely useful, however; it is cultivated also as a garden plant, for its spike of small, white flowers. Some botanists give this Squill and several others the generic name of *Urginea*—accented on the second syllable and so a very tripping name—which is the Latinized form for Ben Urgin, an Arab tribe in Algeria, near Bona, where it was first found.

However, other species of *Scilla* are even more popular for early blooming bulbs. There is the Siberian Squill. (*Scilla Siberica*) of which Mr. Matthews says: "The pretty blue scilla, which appears in the grassy plots of our parks and gardens in early spring, is a welcome visitor from Siberia, come to stay in our country. It is perfectly hardy, and its refreshing blue in among the new grass blades is peculiarly harmonious with the background of green."

"First the squill, shyly modest but daring,  
Peeps out of its dark, gloomy tomb,  
Reflecting the pale April heaven  
In delicate clusters of bloom."

—Anon. ("Early Spring")

The Spanish Jacinth, or Hyacinth, is properly named, both in its English and botanical titles. It is the *Scilla hispanica* of Spain and Portugal, cultivated for its blue or white hyacinth-like flowers. The Bell-Flowered Squill is another name for it, as its blossoms are more cupped than those of most *Scillas*:

"When with the jacinth  
Coy fountains are tressed."

—Lord Thurlow ("Song to May")

*Scilla hyacinthoides* is rightly translated into Hyacinth Squill, whose long racemes of lilac-purple flowers are much admired even by lovers of the Hyacinth proper.

The wild, or wood, Hyacinth of Europe is another Squill,—*Scilla nonscripta*, and a very much written-about plant in spite of its specific name. Its scape puts forth a raceme of drooping, bell-shaped flowers, in shades varying from blue, purple, white or even

pink. It doesn't need to be cultivated, being a prolific bloomer in its self-sown beds:

"All round the thorn grows fragrant, white with may,  
And underneath the fresh wild-hyacinth bed  
Shimmers like water in the whispering wind."

—Robert Buchanan (Boxhill, 1866)

Wood Hyacinth is much praised by the poet, chiefly the English writers. Jean Ingelow refers twice to it in "Margaret by the Mere Side":

"With hyacinths the banks are blue in spring."

\* \* \* \* \*

"A posy of wild hyacinth inlaid  
Like bright mosaic in the mossy grass."

Tennyson uses it to decorate "Guinevere's" path as with Sir Launcelot she

"Rode under groves that look'd a paradise  
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth  
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth."

Coventry Patmore, in one poem notes that "in dim recesses hyacinths drooped." Wilfred L. Randall, singing "A Song of Devon," includes "Gaths of wild hyacinths blue as the sky."

As Alfred Cochrane describes them:

"Summer is come, the forest wakes to greet him,  
And while the birds their melody renew,  
Look, the wild hyacinth comes forth to meet him,  
And carpets all his sunlet path with blue."

—("Death and the Hyacinths")

Other European poets, famous, near-famous, or unknown, have contributed a word in this chorus of praise for such a luxuriant, lovely wild plant:

"Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,  
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom."

—Wordsworth

"By lichenized tree and mossy plinth,  
Like living flames of purple fire  
Flooding the wood, the hyacinth  
Uprears his heavy-scented spire."

—John Davidson ("Spring")

"Away where the clear brook purls—  
And the hyacinth droops in the shade."

—John Stuart Blackie ("A Song of the Country")

"Woods, with hyacinths misty blue,  
Fields with the dainty white, and the dew  
Bright as the day the world was new."

—J. H. P. ("Cuckoo")

If the Wood Hyacinth comes in Cuckoo-time, it leaves even before that early migrant is on the wing. As Michael Field observes:

"Once I found the trees  
Grow few, so few, like hyacinths in June.  
The hyacinths blue the ground spring after spring,  
Although with different flowers from those you bunched  
In grasp too small last year." —Callirhoe

Barry Cornwall sings of "the languid hyacinth and the wild primrose," though not exactly as contemporaries. Keats no doubt correctly places it:

"Shaded hyacinths, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May."

—Fancy

The drooping blossoms gives one anonymous poet the pretty thought of the devoutness that prevails in a wooded recess such as they love:

"Broods there some spirit here?  
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd,  
And something of a tender cloister gloom  
Deepens the violet's bloom."

—("A Wood Hymn")

Even a pagan poetess, with the assistance of an English poet who loved nature for her loveliness rather than for any lessons she might teach, makes use of this little plant to point a moral:

"Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hill is found,  
Which the passing feet of the shepherds forever tear and wound  
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground."

—Dante Gabriel Rosetti

("Beauty: A Combination from Sappho")

Another species is the Cuban Lily (*Scilla peruviana*), also called the Peruvian Hyacinth and Peruvian Jacinth, though native to neither the West Indies nor South America, but of the Mediterranean region:

"The hyacinths cluster there, as though athirst  
To drink the azure seas."

—Frederick Tennyson ("The Isles of Greece")

This Squill has broad, flat, basal leaves, and scapes of purple, red or white flowers of the rotate pattern common to squilled plants,—

that is, flat and circular, or "wheel-shaped" rather than bellied. This may be the species planted as a garden or path border for early blooming, though it is self-sown in its native regions:

"On sunny banks their wine the hyacinths spill  
And self-betraying violets bloom thereunder."

—Bayard Taylor ("Sorrento")

"The tasseled hyacinth caressed his feet."

—Eden Philpotts ("In the Cascine")

"the leaping stream, which throws  
Eternal showers of spray on the mossed roots  
Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots  
Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells  
Of hyacinths, and on late anemones."

—Matthew Arnold ("Mount Etna")

Not to be outdone by Europe, we have one genus of Squills here in America, native, not imported. That is, it was formerly ranked with the Squills, though even Gray switched from *Scilla* to John Lindley's *Comassia*, New Latin for the Indian name of quamash, or camass, variously spelled camash, cammas, and camas. Perhaps it wasn't a very good squill, anyway, lacking the Sea Onion's toxic qualities. Indeed, this "prairie onion" of the Central and Western States has an edible bulb, and figures among vegetables of the Indians.

Camas is now generally accepted as the proper, or at least most easily mastered name for our species, though recent botanists have changed Lindley's *Comassia* to *Quamashia*,—to retain the Indian flavor, perhaps.

Even so, Camas remains a squillid enough plant, having a bulb that puts forth slender leaves and a scape that ends in a raceme of blossoms, each consisting of a perianth of six spreading segments. A peculiarity of *Quamashia* is the green bract that sits on the flower-stem which is a jointed pedicel.

The original Camas is the *Quamash quamash* of the Western United States, the bulbs of which are valued by the Indians as a tasty vegetable. They also ate the bulbs of the *Quamashia esculenta*, as the specific name implies; in blossoms we call it the Wild Hyacinth, and find it as good a Squill as any, with its raceme of white flowers, even though we are no longer permitted to call it by the name more appropriately applied to genuine *Scillas*.

The best known Camas in the country is the Eastern Camas, another so-called Wild Hyacinth. It is common in rich ground, such as moist river-banks and prairies, from Western Pennsylvania to Minnesota and Kansas, and southward into the mountains of Georgia.

Ohio offers the right soil and exposure, but is by no means the only State in which it claims its favored residence.

Originally, Gray called this Eastern Camass the *Scilla Fraseri*, but later adopted John Torrey's classification of *Camassia Fraseri*. Now that it is *Quamashia Fraseri* it is to be hoped that the plant has received a permanent specific name. Its narrow leaves have a sort of keel, or ridge, down the center, and its flower-scape often towers to the height of a foot, even more. The bract on each flower-stem being longer than the pedicel, the pale violet-blue perianth has a pretty background for its spreading sepals, not counting the prairie floor or river-bank it carpets:

"Sweet pale-blue squills glint 'neath the tangled wreath  
Of fern and bramble."

—Anon. ("Summer on the Prairie")

#### ABOUT THE ARMY-WORM OF THE NORTH

The Army-Worm of the North is a field insect chiefly, at least in the caterpillar stage. It occurs throughout the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, and is present every year; but seldom does its inconsiderable numbers merit the first part of the name, "army," referring to the orderly processions myriads of them take in moving from a devastated field to new pastures. Then it not only attracts attention, but arouses consternation among the farmers in the districts visited.

It is by no means a new enemy to American crops, for several times during the last two centuries it has appeared in immense armies, cutting off acres of wheat, barley, oats and grass.

This worm is the caterpillar of one of the Noctuid or Night-Flying Moths, a rusty, grayish-yellow brown, with rather plain wings except for a few dark dots forming a row parallel to the outer edge of the wing, and a single white dot, or small coin-spot, near the center of each forewing.

Though night-flying mainly, the moths begin to appear about dusk, or late on cloudy afternoons, to visit the flowers in search of honey, or to collect in sociable crowds on the sides of buildings. When plentiful they may be seen clinging to or fluttering about barns and outbuildings, and one writer tells of their being "trapped by the thousands in the projecting *porte cochere* of the main building of the New Hampshire College."

The female lays her eggs in the lower end of grass-blades, down near the ground, where the leaf-edges curl over almost to touching.

In this little trough of several leaves she lays a dozen or more tiny white eggs, gluing them into position so that no wind or rain can get them out of their cradle. Timothy and redtop are favorite grasses, though grain-plants, such as wheat, oats, barley, rye, sorghum and Indian corn are also utilized.

The eggs are laid in late April and May in the latitude of the Middle States; then the moths of the resulting brood lay their eggs in June and July. Moths often appear as late as October; their eggs probably remain unhatched until the following spring.

A summer-laid egg hatches in a week or ten days into a small white worm, which spends its nights eating grass-blades and its days snugly hidden from sight beneath the grass or in other good hiding places, sheltered from the rays of the hot sun and from its enemies. At least, such is its plan, though the enemies, fortunately, are usually able to find enough of its kind to prevent the formation of any army.

At the end of a week it moults, the old skin splitting down the back to let the occupant out. Continuously feeding, from late afternoon through the night and even into the forenoon, until the sun becomes too hot, the insect grows rapidly. At the end of a month it has changed its skin several times, and is about an inch and a half long. In color, the full-grown caterpillar is a brown body striped with black, yellow and green; it is soft, hairless, and of a neat and slender build.

Full grown, it is no longer hungry, though for the month it has been eating it has stripped many a leaf from base to tip. With a loss of appetite, it becomes timid, and retreats into the ground to the depth of an inch or more, where it burrows out a cell. It casts its skin once more, and comes out a pupa, in a tight little shroud that reefs it into an oblong ball. The pupa skin shows the ridges of the moth-to-be's hind body, the wing-pads, and head modestly bowed beneath its wrappings. Often the insect pupates beneath grass-blades or any surface debris.

After a two weeks' sleep, the fully developed moth throws aside its shroud and comes forth to fly, to feed, to mate, and to die, a harmless creature except as it is the parent of about fifty future army-worms.

The caterpillar is a great eater at any stage of its existence, and since it devours useful grasses and grains is always a pest of the cut-worm sort, stripping grass-blades and even nibbling timothy heads and the succulent stalks of many grains. During ordinary years there will be individual worms feeding here and there in meadows and grain-fields, damaging only a plant here and there.

But when so numerous that before the caterpillars are fully fed the supply of food gives out, they adopt the army habit while seeking new fields. Indeed, it is the nature of the caterpillar to get an attack of the wandering foot just before it is ready to pupate; perhaps it wants one little stroll before becoming motionless for two weeks; perhaps its wings-to-be are commencing to have growing pains.

Anyway, when nearly "ripe," the caterpillars stray off to seek fresh pastures and new kinds of food. A hundred may make this shift without attracting attention, but when millions undertake it, no eye in the neighborhood can fail to see the procession.

For as their only method of transportation is to crawl over the ground, and as they move in dense masses these armies become formidable organizations. Says Dr. Riley:

"Their numbers at these times are often so numerous, and their voracity so great, that it is impossible for one who has not been an eye-witness to appreciate it fully. . . . The army-worm, when travelling, will scarcely turn aside for anything but water, and even shallow watercourses will not always check its progress, for the advance columns will often continue to rush headlong into the water until they have sufficiently choked it up with their dead and dying bodies to enable the rear guard to cross safely over. I have noticed that after crossing a bare field or bare road where they are subjected to the sun's rays, they would congregate in immense numbers under the first shade they reached. In one instance I recollect their collecting and covering the ground five or six deep all along the shady side of a fence for about a mile, while scarcely one was seen to cross on the sunny side of the same fence."

Early records show that the first of these "armies" appeared in New England in 1743, millions of them threatening to devour every living bit of vegetation. And again in 1770, according to the Rev. Grant Powers' "Historical Sketch of the Coos Country":

"This whole section was visited by an extraordinary calamity, such a one as the country never experienced before or since. It was an army of worms which extended from Lancaster, N. H., to Northfield in Massachusetts. They began to appear the latter part of July, 1770, and continued their ravages until September. The inhabitants denominated them the 'Northern Army,' as they seemed to advance from the north or northwest and to pass east and south. They were altogether too innumerable to be counted. Dr. Bouton, of Thetford, Vt., told me that he had seen whole pastures so covered that he could not put down his finger on a single spot without placing it upon a worm. He said that he had seen more than ten

bushels in a heap. They were unlike anything which the present generation have ever seen. There was a stripe upon the back like black velvet, on either side a stripe from end to end, and the rest of the body was brown. . . .

"They appeared to be in great haste, except when they halted to devour their food. They filled the houses of the inhabitants and entered their kneading troughs as did the frogs in Egypt. They would go up the side of a house and over it in such a compact column that nothing of the boards or shingles could be seen. They did not take hold of the pumpkin vine, peas, potatoes or flax; but wheat and corn disappeared before them as if by magic. They would climb up stalks of wheat, eat off the stalk just below the head, and almost as soon as the head had fallen upon the ground it was devoured.

"Other armies occurred in New York and New England in 1790 and again in 1817. In Southern Illinois they abounded in 1818. In 1842 they were very destructive; in 1856 they were threateningly numerous, but in 1861 they were a plague. Later visitations of the pests occurred in 1875, 1880 and 1896."

Of one of the 1861 hordes a writer in Danver, Mass., says: "They were seen in great numbers through the entire field of several acres, climbing up the stalks of the barley, eating the blades and cutting off the heads of grain. The day after these worms were discovered, the barley was mowed in order to preserve it, when they dropped to the ground, throwing themselves into a coil, a habit of the insect when disturbed.

"Many of them soon commenced a march for the neighboring fields and gardens, while others blindly pushed forward a column across the highways over a stone wall, where they were crushed by travellers on the road. But the main body marched to the adjoining gardens and enclosures, where the proprietors were waiting to receive them in their entrenchments, which had been thrown up a foot wide and two feet deep.

"The worms, as they fell in their advance into the trenches, were assailed in various ways by eager combatants, some spreading over them lime, tar or ashes, while others resorted vigorously to pounding them. In this way, countless numbers of them were destroyed. The rear guard, composed principally of those of smaller growth, kept in the field, where they were picked up by a troop of fifty young red-winged blackbirds. I also noticed the robins feeding on these vermin.

"In adjoining lots there were commencing their devastation upon the corn, turnips, cabbages, weeds and grass. They leave the grass

ground completely clean and white, so that it has the appearance of having been scorched in the sun. The cabbage and turnips they destroy by eating the tender parts of the plants, while they attack the corn by descending the spindle and concealing themselves in large numbers among the leaves where the corn is to make its appearance. Corn thus attacked looks wilted and drooping. In some hills, the stalks were stripped of all their leaves. There were no worms upon the potato crops, though they have killed all the grass to the borders of the field."

Mr. Comstock suggests several preventive measures: "In seasons of serious outbreak of this pest it usually appears in limited areas in meadows or pastures. If it is discovered before it has spread from these places it can be confined by surrounding the field with a ditch, or it may be destroyed by spraying the grass with Paris-green water. Ordinarily, however, the worms are not observed until after they have begun to march and are widespread. In such cases it is customary to protect fields of grain in their path by surrounding them with ditches with vertical sides; it is well to dig holes like post-holes at intervals of a few rods in the bottom of such ditches. The worms falling into the ditch are unable to get out, and crawl along at the bottom and fall into these deeper holes. We have seen these insects collected by the bushel in this way."

Another method is to burn over suspected grass lands and wheat-stubble in the autumn, to destroy the moths and pupæ.

"Fortunately for the American farmer," says Mr. Weed, "the army-worm has a host of natural enemies, which generally keep it below the danger line. A large number of birds consider the juicy worms excellent eating and feed freely upon them. A list of such birds would include nearly all of our native insectivorous species that search for food upon the ground, but special mention should be made of the robin, the blackbird, the bobolink and the meadow lark, which search grass lands for insect larvae more persistently than any other of our common birds. These and other birds are very useful in keeping army-worms and cut-worms in check, and should be encouraged by everyone.

"But the birds are not the only enemies of the army-worm. In the fields where the pest has been present there have also been found a great many large black beetles. During July I examined a barley field in which the grain had recently been cut and placed in piles, beneath which the army-worms had congregated in great numbers. There were also present beneath each pile about a dozen of these black beetles, devouring the helpless worms. These predaceous beetles

are commonly called ground-bettles, because of their habit of living upon the ground, but sometimes are also called caterpillar-hunters.

"There are also many species of internal parasites that prey upon the army-worms. Among the most abundant of these are certain two-winged flies that glue eggs upon the backs of the worms. The eggs hatch into tiny footless maggots that enter the bodies of the worms when they hatch and develop inside at the expense of their unwilling hosts. Finally they kill the worms, and the maggots change to pupæ, from which they soon emerge as flies. These are called tachina flies.

"The larger ground-spiders also feed freely upon these worms; and the moths are often entrapped in the webs of the spinning spiders. More fateful and insidious even than these other enemies are the microscopic germs of a bacterial disease—a sort of insect cholera—that often attacks the army-worm when it becomes over-abundant, reducing quickly its invading ranks to below the normal level."

Six species of ichneumon flies prey upon them. These parasites either attach an egg to the outside of the body of the caterpillar, or insert it beneath the skin.

Mr. Walsh, who discovered the valuable services of most of these parasites, found that the tachina fly, an insect somewhat like the ordinary house fly, was in Illinois so destructive that out of nearly sixty worms all but two had the eggs of these flies stuck in groups of from one to six on the upper side of the body. From these caterpillars he bred fifty-four tachinas and only two moths. Such is their mode of attack; he says: "Jefferson Russell, an intelligent farmer, had repeatedly, on damp, cloudy mornings, watched a large, bluish-green fly, about the size of a blow-fly, attacking the army-worm, and depositing its eggs on the shoulders of the victim, as he ascertained, by a double lens. As they were attacked, the army-worms kept dropping to the ground and gathering in clusters, or hiding under clods, until finally the wheat on which they occurred was entirely free from them."

Such is Nature's way of preserving a balance between her many children; if man will but let his aides live in peace, they will look after his interests at the same time they are serving their own.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

## EDUCATION, FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

**I**N 1789, the committee appointed by the "Constituante" in France, presented a scheme of constitution to the assembly without prefixing a declaration of rights to it. Many representatives, including several active participants in the war for American independence, insisted that the articles of the constitutions be preceded by a declaration of rights similar to the declaration of the representatives of the United States of America assembled in congress at Philadelphia. The same desire had already been expressed in several "Cahiers," mostly in those of the nobility. Under the influence of Comte de Montmorency and Comte de Castellane, the famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man and a Citizen" (*Declaration des droits de l'homme et du citoyen*), was drawn up, adopted, and solemnly proclaimed by the Constituante, August 27, 1789.

Although there are certain undeniable resemblances between the American and French declarations of right, such as for instance, the three first articles of the French preamble,<sup>1</sup> nevertheless a great difference underlies their political philosophy. When the delegates of the thirteen colonies expressed their views on liberty and government, they were only developing more fully the principles of the old English tradition of individual liberty as already embodied in the Magna Charta, and more recently, in the Bill of Rights (1688) and in John Locke's two treatises on "Government." The theories of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century did not influence the constitutional assembly, except some intellectuals such as Payne, Franklin or Jefferson. At any rate the influence did not extend beyond the limits of those intellectual circles; and even these were influenced to a limited degree, as appears from subsequent history. On the contrary, the influence of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and the encyclopedists, and principally, the influence of Rousseau's dreamy book on the "Social Contract," is at the very root of the political philosophy of the French revolution.

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<sup>1</sup> Article I. "Men are born and remain free and equal in rights." the natural and inalienable rights of man; those rights are property, security and resistance to oppression."

Article III. "The source of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation."

The French declaration of rights was vitiated in its application by Rousseau's philosophy. That was the logical result of his political system, which made the power of the State supreme; in reality, it was nothing but despotism under the name of liberty. If the principle is once unreservedly admitted that, when uniting in society by a social contract, men must agree, in order to remain free, in "the complete giving-over of every individual, with all his rights to the community, each giving himself entirely, just as he finds himself actually—himself and all his powers, of which the values he possesses are a part" (Rousseau: *Du Contract Social*, Chapter VI)—if this principle is once admitted, then there is no longer any question of retaining one's rights and liberties. The way is thus naturally paved towards absorption of the individual by the state. This is the very essence of despotism. As a matter of fact, Rousseau himself positively recognizes this in the following statement: "Just as nature gives to every man an absolute control of his members, so the social pact gives to the Social Body an absolute control of all its members." (*Contract Social*, *ibidem*).

Such a contradiction in the political conception of a dreamer would be of little interest to us if it had been taken for what it is: a shadowy, unpractical speculation. But the disciples of Rousseau, who became the leaders of the revolution, adopted it as their ideal of government. There is the principal cause of the evil.

The will of the people, we are told, is the supreme authority in the state. This seems good democracy. But how did Rousseau and those who later on carried out his principles in practice understand this?

For Rousseau and his followers, the "Jacobins," the "volonte generale" is not at all identical with public opinion as expressed by the majority of the citizens. This appears clearly from the following very undemocratic statement of Rousseau: "How can the multitude possibly, blind as it is and often not knowing what it wills because it does but seldom know what is good for it, carry out by itself so great a task, such a difficult one as to make a system of laws!" (*Contract Social*, Book II, Ch. VI.) In his conception of democracy, the "general will" of the people ranks above all the contingencies of a referendum and the like; it is the will of the people as interpreted by those who are in the opinion of Rousseau and the clubs qualified to know what the people ought to desire. Thus the interpretation of what the people "ought to desire" is the general will in spite of the fact that the interpretation may be contrary to the desires of the majority of citizens. "It is necessary to recreate in some fashion the people

one wishes to restore." So speaks a disciple of Rousseau, Billuand-Varenne, in a report made in the Convention, April 20, 1794, on the theory of democratic government.

Under such a conception of liberty and government, democracy is but a word, the greatest form of despotism. "The government of the Revolution is the despotism of liberty against tyranny." These words by which Robespierre defines the political conception of the state according to the theory of his master, Rousseau, in his mind justify all the atrocities that are committed by himself and the men of the clan under his dictatorship. It is in the name of liberty and the so-called "general will" that the clubs of the Jacobins in Paris impose their decrees, and the affiliated clubs in the country enforce them. It is in the name of liberty and of the same "general will" which they claim to represent in its highest perfection that the Jacobins, supported by the lower class, the lowest part of the mob of Paris (ten thousand men, approximately), dominate the house of representatives and impose their will on the national convention and on the whole country!

"We will make a cemetery of France, if necessary, in order to regenerate her according to our views," said Carrier, the dreadful delegate of the convention who is responsible for the death of more than 5000 citizens in the famous "Noyades" of Nantes. This statement indicates the policy of the heads of the government concerning education, another application of Rousseau's philosophy.

When the principle is once admitted that the so-called "general will," interpreted as it "ought to be" by those who have a right conception of the good of the nation (*i. e.*, according to the views of the Jacobins) can never be wrong or detrimental to the people, then it is the duty of the rulers not to allow any kind of opinion to express itself that does not agree with their decrees. They have an absolute control. In the theory of Rousseau, liberty of education is an obstacle to the regeneration of human nature—the very negation of his democratic government. "The nation has the right to bring up its children; it cannot delegate this task either to the pride of families, or to the caprices of individuals . . . . We want an education that is common and equal for all French citizens; and to this education we shall give a lofty form, analogous to the nature of our government and to the sublime purpose of our Republic." These are the words<sup>2</sup> of Robespierre himself. And Danton, another famous tyrant: "Children belong to the Republic before they belong to the parents . . . . It is in the national school that the child ought to drink the milk of the republican

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<sup>2</sup> Robespierre's report to the convention, 18 floréal an. ii.

spirit . . . The Republic is One and Indivisible, and the public instruction ought to conform in every detail with this center of Unity."<sup>3</sup>

Rousseau had written in his book *Le Contract Social* that men ought to be forced to be free: "Il faut forcer les hommes à être libres." Following this principle, his disciples necessarily made the revolution deviate from its right path. In their acts they denied the essential truths proclaimed in the declaration of rights ("Déclaration des droits de l'homme"). In place of liberty they gave the French nation despotism! "This is the greatest act of autocracy," Washington exclaimed when the news of the "coup d'état" reached him, whereby the Jacobins of the Directory declared themselves deputies for a new term, two-thirds of the assembly being confirmed in their office without referring to the people.

It is stated with great truth that the autocratic government of Napoleon never would have been possible if the nation had not already been prepared for it by the leaders of the revolution. The only thing necessary to get absolute power was to substitute his personal will in place of the pure fiction of Rousseau's. Napoleon realized this very well!

In as far as education is concerned, Napoleon's policy does not differ from that of the Jacobins: "In establishing a teaching body my principal purpose is to gain a means of directing public opinion, both political and moral." This statement of the emperor in the "Conseil d'Etat" needs no comment. Pursuing this policy, he decrees that, "Instruction throughout the Empire is exclusively under the control of the University." (Decree of March 3, 1808.) Thus the despotism of Napoleon was the result of the French revolution.

Opposed to this philosophy of government and of the rights of the individual versus the State, stands the American conception as the Fathers of the Constitution understood it.

Exasperated by the "long train of abuses and usurpations" from the King of Great Britain and the parliament of London, they realized that the only way left to avoid despotism and safeguard their rights was to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security.<sup>4</sup> Hence, revolution was for them a right that the people can exercise only in extreme cases of necessity. After experiences such as those through which the colonists had passed, their representatives were inclined to distrust the

<sup>3</sup> Danton's report in the séance du 22 frimaire an. ii.

<sup>4</sup> This statement is quite in accordance with Lock's views. In his conception of the social contract, men instead of giving up all their rights to the community like Rousseau decrees, give up only the right of protecting their individual, inalienable rights and for this purpose they set up governments.

authority of the ruling power in general, always fearing that it might interfere with the free exercise of their natural rights. This hostile attitude manifests itself also in the relation of the individual state versus the federal government. The representatives in Philadelphia consistently try to give to the federal government as little power as possible; they urge this point to such an extent that they make the government's functioning nearly impossible. The result is that the Articles of Confederation must be modified when the constitution is drawn up.

Thus the conception of the State, according to the Fathers, is rather a negative one. There is no question of giving up, in favor of the State, all the rights of every individual, as Rousseau pretended. No! Their opinion is that "those inalienable rights," that men have been granted by their Creator should be efficiently protected against any possible abuses of the Government. "That government is in fact the best which governs the least." This is Jefferson's maxim; it expresses the views of the majority of his fellow-citizens, and is at the very foundation of all the constitutions, whether State or Federal.

While in Rousseau's system the State is granted authority to such an extent that even the foundations of morality and rights have to be found in the civil law, which becomes the expression of the supposed "general will," the Fathers with much more common sense, after proclaiming their inalienable rights, proclaimed also that governments are instituted among men only to *secure* them, not to absorb them, and drafted the Constitution according to their views.

If we desire to be faithful to the traditions of this great country; if we desire to have a right understanding of the meaning and the extent of the concept of liberty as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and in the Federal Constitution, we must keep this political philosophy of the Fathers in mind.

In the Federal Constitution no explicit and complete enumeration of the "inalienable rights" is made; nor is the word "liberty" defined. This was not necessary. For, according to the American conception, the State does not *grant* the rights to the individual, but only *makes them secure* for the individual. That such is the point of view of the Fathers can clearly be seen by considering the tenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

Under the meaning and extent of the concept of liberty, we must evidently also comprise those liberties that are essential. To deny one of the essential liberties, such as the liberty of religion, liberty

of opinion and, as a corollary, of inculcating it to others by teaching, liberty of directing the education of one's own children, and so on—to deny all or any one of these would be a negation of liberty itself. It is in this sense that Black defines liberty as including, "not merely the right of a person to be free from physical restraint, but to be free in the employment of all the faculties in all lawful ways." (Black, on the constitutional law, third edition.)

The Fathers of the Constitution held such a definition as self-evident. Their concept of liberty is proved by their policy; it is the surest index to their opinion.

We limit our illustration to the question with which we are concerned. Under the despotic rule of the French Jacobins, private education is severely prohibited; the teaching communities are destroyed and their members sentenced to death; no one is allowed to hold and to propagate a theory different from that of the "social contract." Under the Constitution of the United States the private institutions of education, already favored during the colonial period, gradually develop; this development is in harmony with the spirit of liberty that is at the foundation of all the laws and constitutions of this country. As a striking example of this liberal policy in education, we need only to refer to the ordinance made by Congress for the North Western Territory, July 18, 1781: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged."

In contradiction to this liberal policy on education stands the recent Oregon school law. The situation as it appears at present may be summarized in the following manner: Will the United States hold on to the genuine American Ideals that have made them appear before the world as the "pays de la liberte"? An educational policy, like that adopted in Oregon, is more drastic than can be found in any other country of the world, except Russia. If it is upheld by the Supreme Court, it means the destruction of the American political philosophy; it means, in a word, that America is no longer free America.

CHARLES MERCIER, Ph.D—(candidat es lettres),  
Professor of Philosophy, University of Notre Dame,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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## I.

### A VISIT TO THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTES OF EUROPE WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF THEIR ORIGIN.

#### ITALY

**T**O ONE eternal city in this eternal land all roads lead. From that same eternal city the one true religious road leads. It is but meet therefore that our news-gathering jaunt, to the institutions which build and populate that road, should begin from somewhere in that land of sun. Why not

*Turin*

with her four noble establishments?

Most remarkable of these is the "Society of St. Francis de Sales," the first Salesian Home for wayward boys, founded some eighty years ago by Venerable Don Bosco whose life and labors could profitably be read by our rising generation. Some idea of what the sons of this "Apostle to Abandoned Youth" have done can be gathered from a glimpse at their home in Patagonia where Darwin, on his first visit, thought he had found the "missing link" amidst inhabitants "incapable," he said, "of civilization." It is true that a second visit somewhat opened his eyes, but what would the learned professor say today could he but see the "ascent of man" in that barbarous land, under the gentle sway of the Salesian Society?

The vineyard of this Society yields fruit the world over and all countries are represented by the laborers themselves save possibly Asia Minor where Italians alone are active and the Congo State which Belgium seems to have adopted as her own.

Turin's second flag of Catholicity was flung to the breeze in 1900 when the Consolata Seminary for the Promotion of Foreign Missions raised her banner. But two decades have gone and this local branch ministerially governs four vicariates in Africa.

The Mother-houses of the Sisters of Cottolengo and of the Consolata Sisters, though last to be visited in Turin, are by no means least in importance for these saintly ladies aid materially in the sowing and reaping by sewing and ripping for mission seminarians.

Worthy of particular mention in this sphere are the Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians, whose congregation, founded in 1872 by Don Bosco and Maria Mazzarello, now counts some 5000 members of whom 300 do the necessary, taken-for-granted, menial household work for Salesian Seminaries. The Mother-house of these true missionaries adds not, however, to Turin's fame for Nizza Monferrato enjoys that honor.

#### *Milan*

Where once taught and ruled the great St. Charles Borromeo, there was established in 1850, by Monsignor A. Ramazotti, a Mission Seminary which today is the largest in the city despite the fact that the number of students has decreased somewhat in the past few years. The priests ordained from this institute now minister to the needs of two dioceses in Farther India, five vicariates in East India and two in China. This same seminary serves as headquarters for many Italian and German missions.

We now travel North and East some eighty miles where greets us:

#### *Verona*

Into this town of thirty centuries we are welcomed by the Sons of the Sacred Heart, whose Society for the cultivation and education of missionaries settled here in 1885. The institution harbors Italian, German and Austrian students: the last named predominated for years but of late the Italians constitute the majority.

Until the Mahdi revolution spelled expulsion, these true philanthropists ministered to the needs, spiritual and corporal, of the immense vicariate of central Africa.

Khartoum and Buhre together with a mission house in Egypt are under the same Sacred Heart guidance and quite recently ground was broken for a modern establishment in East Transvaal.

We are still in Vernoia and needs must hurry, but let us pause a mere moment to view the Mother-house of the Sisters of Christian

Charity whose hands of mercy dip into and ameliorate the woes, religious and domestic, of far China and farther India. To

*Genoa*

and her many "to-be-proud-of" institutions our journey carries, but en route we cannot fail to notice the Missioners of the Sacred Heart at Gemona, the blank walls of the once-famous, now-closed, Seminary at Parma, and points made famous by sowers of religion in the towns of Pordenone and Aviano.

Our time in Genoa allows but one stopping place; this alone, however, would do honor to any large city. The Mission College of Brignola where the Lazarists educate priests to spread propaganda well feasts our now hypercritical eye.

After a flying visit to the most remote corner of the Genoa diocese, wherein lies the little town of Troire, the birthplace of John Lant-rider who, one hundred years ago, was tortured for the faith in China, we return by way of

*Florence*

Of interest in the history of the Missions, if for no other reason than that John Marignola came from this birthplace of Dante.

To Florence also belongs the glory of having given to the Church, the Servites, a society of many saints, ten of whom have been canonized. A glance at their voluminous writings will prove how useful and how powerful in the eighteenth century was this band, now forgotten by all but its mother—Florence.

The Sisters of St. Anne of Providence whose labors are most appreciated in Arabia and Eritrea add much to the high mission reputation now enjoyed by this same city.

We must be going. Somehow the larger cities magnetize, yet some smaller towns through which we pass such as Montecorino, Macerta, Capistrano and Amalfi remind us forcibly how important they are in Mission building; at least they were, three or five centuries gone. In Bertinoro, however, we find a regeneration of this age old spirit and hence breathing a "God bless the small town" we put full speed ahead for

*Naples*

The towers of several Mission Colleges pierce the Neapolitan sky; all educating young men for the priesthood, all sending laborers to the vineyard, all harvesting fruit in China and Africa.

Our Italian journey nears its allotted time and more's the pity, yet must we hasten to the one true Mission centre, to the real van-

tage point from which to view Mission Italy. The Mother City calls; we take the first road, we take any road for, as before, all roads lead to

### *Rome*

Whence springs living water for the whole Mission World. Capuchins, Franciscans, Trinitarians, Benedictines, Dominicans, Jesuits, Thealines, all drink at this fountain. Here are Seminaries, Colleges, Mother-houses for almost every Mission Society.

The Italian, meaning of course Roman, Franciscans now labor in five vicariates: Tripoli, Rhodes, Bolivia, Berne and Argentine. Not to be outdone the Capuchins also have taken over five vicariates most of which are in India. As yet the Trinitarians have but one Mission and that at Bernardin. The Italian Jesuits care particularly for the diocese of Mangelene in India; the Benedictines have chosen Kandy in Ceylon; the Dominicans, Asia Minor and Syria; the Lazarists, South Kiangsi in China; the Thealines organized by Pope Pius X are spread mainly throughout the United States.

The Franciscans from "Sunny Italy" merit mention over and above in so far as they seem bent on evangelizing the entire globe. Tunis, Tripoli, Brazil, Egypt, China, all know the simple sons of Assisi; while even the negroes of Savannah, Georgia, hear the word of God from Franciscan lips through the mouth of the affiliated Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

By way of recapitulation let us cite from the "Arcus": "Italian Missions are active in 7 dioceses, 23 vicariates, 7 prefectures and some 20 scattered missions."

## II

### LATEST ACTIVITIES IN THE MISSION WORLD TODAY

#### *Western Asia*

The small amount of information available from Cilicia and Armenia gives but little satisfaction. One report says: "Made bold by their recent victory over the Greeks, the Turks are constantly becoming more insolent and are taking measures to destroy Christianity. The authorities give all possible explanation and assurances, but the mob continues to harass with the hope that the Christians may emigrate." The missionaries are persevering fearlessly but unless helped from outside, the Turks will realize their purpose.

The organized Judaizing of the Holy Land is being carried on to an extreme degree. Although the production of the Passion was forbidden to be shown in a Christian moving-picture theatre during Holy Week of last year because it might offend the Jews, still a Jewish theatre presented a play which insulted the Franciscan custodians of the Holy Land in the coarsest manner.

The population of that part of Palestine which comes under British dominion is 755,858. Of these, 585,564 are Mohammedans; 83,794, Jews; 73,026, Christians; and 9,479 of other sects. We can see from these figures that the favors accorded to the Jews by the British government are ill thought of by the Arabs who are in the majority. It is doubtful as to whether the English government will carry out its plans contrary to the will of the Mohammedans and Christians.

#### *India*

According to the "Catholic Directory" for 1922 there are 2,304,846 Catholics in British India. Other reports give much larger numbers; for Ceylon, 387,251; for the rest of British India, 2,526,117, totaling therefore 2,913,368 Catholics. For the year of 1921 the total is estimated at 318,942,480. From this report it is clear that the percentage of Catholics is small, despite the labors of the missionaries there for many centuries. One thousand three hundred and twenty (1,320) European and 1,960 native priests are insufficient for this vast territory even if they would devote themselves exclusively to the missions. But in fact, half of the priests are engaged in teaching school, in matters of organization, and in pastoral work among the white population; so that for the pagan mission work there remain about 1,350 priests.

The native priests have more than two-thirds of their number spread among the Portuguese and Malabar dioceses; Ceylon has a greater number of native priests than any other of the mission provinces. More missionaries and more Seminaries for the education of the native clergy constitute the most urgent problems of the Indian missions at present. The Seminaries established at Madras and Trichinopoly are progressing most encouragingly and the schools of the Malabar rite are exceptionally well attended.

This last note is rather encouraging because the European priests may be expelled and only a strong, zealous, native clergy can save the Catholic Mission from ruin. Almost a million souls have been won by Christianity since 1911 in India but alas; two-thirds of this number are Protestant.

#### *Sunda Islands*

The Catholic Mission in Dutch East India is in a flourishing condition. In the midst of a pagan and Mohammedan population numbering nearly fifty million, there are to be found 134,638 Catholics, including 163 priests, 113 brothers, 528 sisters and about 300 catechists. The vicariate of the little Sunda Islands shows the greatest progress. The number of baptized there is 58,373.

*China*

A report from Rome states that the Apostolic Delegate at Peking has received a communication from the Chinese Catholics, in which the Catholics express their sincere appreciation of the founding of an Apostolic Delegation in China and offer to erect for the Delegate his own private residence in Peking. With this end in view all the Catholic newspapers of China have begun a subscription campaign, which thus far has been quite successful. The enthusiasm of the people is manifested by the considerable sum already subscribed. To the above mentioned communication the Delegate replied that if such a residence be built it should be plain, respectable and thoroughly Chinese in style and maintenance.

The number of Catholics in China, according to a report from Zikowei, increased in 1922 from 2,056,338 to 2,143,116. This increase of 86,778 souls compares favorably with 61,855 for 1921 and 37,318 for 1920, although during the years immediately preceding the war the increase per annum approached the one thousand mark.

The fifty-eight mission districts are divided among the various organizations as follows:

Lazarists .....	11	Vicariates
Seminary of Paris .....	13	" 1 Prefecture
Franciscans .....	10	"
Scheutveld Fathers .....	4	" 1 Prefecture
		1 Mission
Seminary of Milan .....	4	"
Jesuits .....	4	"
Fathers of Divine Word .....	2	"
Dominicans .....	2	"
Capuchins .....	1	"
Seminary of Rome .....	1	"
Seminary of Parma .....	1	"
Salesians .....	1	"
Portuguese Seculars .....	1	"

In addition to these, two districts in China are managed by the Benedictines of St. Ottilien, whose superiors also direct Maryknoll, Passionist and Divine Word Missionary activities in China.

Of the 86,000 converts, the Lazarists claim 34,827; the Jesuits, 13,646; and the Franciscans, 10,350. If we add to figures given some 540,000 "catechumeno" the result shows a considerable number of Catholics in China.

The proportion of Catholics in the several missions can be approximated thus:

Lazarist .....	1 to 112
Fathers of Divine Word .....	1 to 116
Jesuit .....	1 to 156
Franciscan .....	1 to 265
Paris Seminary .....	1 to 390

The increase of native clergy is quite gratifying since their army of 1030 compares most favorably with the combined European and American ranks of 1404 missionaries.

The general council to be held this year will be of greatest importance to the missions, for not only will ecclesiastical superiors attend but also a foreign and native priest from each district.

The Franciscans have also organized a society of lay sisters who are affiliated with the Missionary Sisters of Mary. This new sisterhood, approved by the Propaganda, takes a middle position between the professed nuns from Europe and the native "God-devoted maidens" who live in the world and act as catechists.

The increasing number of Americans and Irish laboring in China is most encouraging. The American Lazarists govern the vicariate of Cantschou; the Maryknollers are spreading rapidly and gaining quite a reputation especially in Canton; while the districts of Hoonan and Woochang are well cared for by American and Irish Passionists and Franciscans.

#### *Japan*

Reports from the prefectures of Sapporo and Niigata show a gradual increase: the former with a population of 2,273,000 boasts, though none too loudly, of 1358 Catholics and 169 under instruction; the latter, however, has no such noble record for amidst 4,000,000 inhabitants there are to be found but 484 baptized Catholics and 45 catechumens. The faith is nevertheless very much alive in these scenes and given a continuance of the present zealous spirit time and grace will work marvels.

Japan harbors some 56,000,000 people of whom 82,000 are Catholic: truly there are needed harvesters. The Seminary of Paris to which half the districts are entrusted is unable to provide the priests necessary.

The Japanese government is once more sympathetic for she now allows the purchasing of new land and has returned plots confiscated from mission localities, an item of vast importance.

#### *Corea*

Reports of Corean success in mission activities are for the most part views. Two facts constitute all the "news" available at present: the

Benedictines, to whom Bishop Gaspars has ceded land and buildings, have entered and are now "ploughing" the fields of Tlan and Tanki; fact number two is that the Maryknollers contemplate evangelizing N. W. Corea and have selected the town of Pjongjang for headquarters.

#### *Africa*

Nearly all the missions in Africa need workers and friends though they are, for the most part, in a flourishing condition. There is such a dearth of laborers that the present prefect of Lindi thus expressed himself:

"The harvest is great but the laborers are few. If we had twelve more fathers, there would be ample work for them to do. Thousands welcome us with outstretched arms beseeching help but we are powerless because of the shortage of priests."

#### *East Africa*

The Franciscans have planted the cross in a region where heretofore the inhabitants have offered the greatest resistance to Europeans. This in the district of Gambaragora, a section very rich and fertile and of the greatest importance to the civilization of the lake region.

The station at Tunza abandoned in 1916 but reopened in 1920 tells quite plainly the progress of the Christian ideal. Before the war the chapel was visited by scarcely ten negroes; today nearly half the blacks hear Mass from the veranda, so large has the congregation grown.

To remedy the scarcity of priests in the Upper Nile district, where whole tribes eagerly await guidance to the fold of the Good Shepherd, Bishop Biermans has founded a Seminary at Nyanza in a thickly populated province. This project for the welfare of 50,868 Catholics and 1334 catechists was deemed so important by the Bishop that money was borrowed to finance the work.

#### *South Africa*

There has been appointed quite recently an Apostolic Delegate to Southern Africa in the person of Jordan Gijswijk O.P.; while from Swaziland comes the good news that last year, five priests, four lay brothers and ten sisters were added to the previously over-worked crew of Tyrolese Servites.

Reports from Inkamana and Namagualand bear the eternal plea: "Send us priests." The cry has been answered somewhat by the German Benedictines and the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales but the latter have been handicapped by the recent death of their Apostolic Prefect, Monsignor Kralikowski.

*Madagascar*

The Holy Ghost fathers still control these regions which of late have been elevated to an independent vicariate.

*West Africa*

Good results are heralded from Lunda where the same Holy Ghost fathers have doubled their efforts and thereby doubled the religious spirit of the natives. In the central mission the old chapel no longer affords sufficient room, for the number of believers has increased fourfold.

In the Prefecture of Cubango the Apostolic Prefect has hurriedly erected a new station to stem the tide of Protestantism; although far from completion this bulwark counts five schools, five hundred neophytes and twenty seminarians.

From Kamerun, Bishop Vogt reports a keen and ever growing love for Christianity on the part of the natives as manifested by the enthusiasm with which they received him on his arrival in Duala in October last year.

In Belgium Congo, the Dominican Prefecture of East Uelle already numbers six main colonies with 8543 Christians and 7521 candidates for baptism.

The Jesuit missionary, Father Bernard Marx, famous at least in Austria for his illustrated lectures, last year fell a victim to the malignant black fever. The May number of "Echoes from Africa" in publishing the sad news, printed a letter written by Father Marx in December, 1922, which concludes with the following words: "I am feeling fine and am especially successful with the negroes. I do not wish to return to Europe as yet, not even to beloved Austria." Truly a touching sermon!

*North Africa*

In Morocco the Franciscans maintain sixteen elementary and two high schools, which are attended by many non-Catholics. These priests direct a commercial and industrial college in which four thousand one hundred students are taught Spanish, English, German, French, Latin and Arabic.

*Canada*

The Canadian Hierarchy lists one cardinal, eleven archbishops, twenty-two bishops, two mitred abbots and five thousand one hundred priests.

Of the eight million inhabitants, three million are Catholic; of one hundred thousand Indians, forty-one thousand profess our faith, thirty-five thousand are Protestant and twenty-four thousand pagan.

Jesuits, Sulpicians, oblates of Mary Immaculate and the secular clergy all maintain thriving missions amongst these Canadian Indians.

The Knights of Columbus have erected in Ontario a magnificent monument in memory of the first Mass celebrated in Canada. The Holy Sacrifice was first offered in what is now the Dominion of Canada, August 12, 1615, by a Recollect Friar, Father Joseph Le Caron. This "Apostle to the Hurons" was also the first to preach the Gospel in this region.

The twin provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta lament, with the oblates of Mary Immaculate, the loss of the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Henry Grandin. This exemplary priest spent forty-eight years in Western Canada and in 1917 founded an O. I. M. Seminary at Edmonton, which has already sent forth twenty-four priests.

#### *United States*

The first seminary for colored priests in the United States was founded at Greenville in the diocese of Natchez in 1920 by the Fathers of the Divine Word and now houses 30 zealous students.

The Conceptionists (Poor Clares) settled in Olean, New York, in July recently and have already opened a novitiate. Although now heavily laden, these Sisters propose founding schools for native girls in China.

#### *Australia*

On the occasion of the centenary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Cathedral of Sydney, a comparison was made between Australia one century ago and Australia today. One hundred years ago Australia knew but one priest; today nine archbishops, sixteen bishops and fifteen hundred priests daily offer there the unending sacrifice: one hundred years ago that one priest carried his own altar, for there was no church; today twenty-two hundred churches beautify that land: one hundred years ago, shiploads of deported convicts preached rebellion and spread iniquity; today one million two hundred thousand Catholics preach loyalty and disseminate charity.

The Salesians of Don Bosco, mentioned early in this article, have taken over the vicariate of Kimberley; the fathers of the Divine Word have adopted the Province of Central Guinea, while in Dutch India the Picpus fathers are meeting with most heartening results.

That the seed of faith is falling on good ground and yielding fruit a hundredfold is evidenced by the fact that Cook and Manihiki now farm an independent vicariate whereas heretofore they came under the jurisdiction of Tahiti.

*Portugal*

The political pendulum has swung back to our side: the Seminary at Sernache, once the only school for missions, was closed until recently when the new régime donated to this cause a large part of the cloister of Thomar. Hence in October, 1922, the Bishop re-opened the Seminary so as to win back the lost ground as quickly as possible.

*Spain*

The progress of religion and the mission spirit is manifested by the register at the Apostolic School in Urnieta, which now counts some sixty students, a number far greater than any hitherto enrolled.

*Switzerland*

The Benedictine home in Uznach continues to flourish for "Schwoyzer hut" happily remains of more value than Swiss money.

*Italy*

Monsignor Marchetti, former nuntio of Vienna, is now Secretary of the Propaganda succeeding Archbishop Fumasoni Biondo, who has been delegated to the United States.

A true and zealous missioner was Pope Pius XI. In the first year of his Pontificate he established three apostolic delegations, seven dioceses, seven prefectures, seven vicariates and one mission, at the same time sending invitations to all nations and religious orders to participate in an international mission exhibit to be held at the Vatican in 1925.

*Germany*

Under the directorship of Father Severin, an experienced African missionary, the medical school for missions at Wurzburg is showing excellent progress, and within a short time a young doctor will augment the staff.

*Finland*

Former administrator Father Michael J. Buckz has been consecrated bishop in Helsingford by Cardinal Rossum.

*Austria*

Mission meetings are being held at St. Gabriel and Bischofshofen under the auspices of the "Unio Cleri" of Vienna.

PROF. PETER KITLITSKO.

## ON THE AGE OF MAN

**D**R. HIRAM BINGHAM, the celebrated American archaeologist, has written a new book (*Inca Land*). It is reviewed in the *London Times Literary Supplement*. One sentence in that review is pertinent to a discussion on the age of men: "Dr. Bingham eats a large piece of humble pie, with a good grace that does him infinite credit. He frankly acknowledges that the bones of his Cuzco men which were hailed by him as being some fifty thousand years old, if not older, may be as much as two hundred years old."

Another germane citation may not be irrelevant. In Washington, D. C., a hotel was constructed on Connecticut Avenue at De Sales Street. In digging out the foundations, some old tree trunks and stumps were brought up by the steam shovels. Some bricks, a bullet and some seeds were also unearthed. The local scientists were notified. After the data had been thoroughly examined a joint meeting of the scientists was held. Delegates from the Washington Biological Society, the Botanical Society, the Geological Society, the Carnegie Institute, and the Washington Academy of Science, assembled and declared that the unearthed relics dated from the Pleistocene age and were from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand years old. Mr. C. K. Wentworth, of the geological survey, was positive that the wood found was part of the remains of a forest that existed on an ancient swamp almost before time began. He had pictures made to prove it. Dr. Mann, of the Carnegie Institute, stated that an amazing specimen of diatomic life had been secured—diatoms heretofore found only in Africa and in Montgomery, Ala.

A member of the society of the oldest inhabitants of the district of Columbia, asserted that about seventy-five years ago when he was a boy he hunted duck and caught fish in the water that then covered the site of the new hotel; that a small creek then flowed through that part of Washington; that cypress trees like those found by the excavators could now be found within thirty miles of the city. That trees were shipped from Bladensburg, through a port before the Anacostia River became filled with silt, and that the boys'

old swimming hole where the creek was divided, and the swamp filled in, was used as a dump. What was now dug up was then flung in.

A tree expert from the Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture agreed with the oldest inhabitant that the stumps came from modern trees, and that if they dated back to the Pleistocene age the bullets and the bricks excavated with them must have been made by a mythical anthropoid ape! The exigency of the Darwinian theory for lengthy periods, wherein to consummate the slow, gradual, but gigantic development in the animal kingdom, explains partially the scientific mania for postulating millions of years when thousands would suffice.

#### *History*

The Bible does not tell us anything definite about the antiquity of man. It teaches us how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go. It is trite to observe that the sacred scriptures are not a scientific treatise. Chronological estimates anent the age of man have been made from biblical data; but the church has never spoken authoritatively on the subject. Hence until the church sees fit to decide, the antiquity of man based on biblical chronology, is an open question. The three oldest versions of the original Pentateuch—the Hebrew, the Samaritan, and the Septuagint—give respectively 4157, 4243 and 5438 years from the creation of Adam to the birth of our Lord. They give 1659, 1307 and 2242 A. M. as the date of the flood. For the call of Abraham they give 2136 and 1921 A. M.

Here we observe a seeming contradiction not only between the figures in the bible and the findings of science, but between the biblical figures of different authoritative versions.

In a true, if a wider sense, scientific facts are the word of God. Hence revelation can no more contradict them than God can contradict Himself. When sufficient data are discovered, apparent contradictions will vanish and harmony will be proved. A sound principle of biblical criticism that helps solve apparent discrepancies in data, is, that the intention of the sacred author in citing figures, is a factor most useful in explaining the meaning of the figures. We can be morally certain that Moses, for instance, in setting down the story of creation, did not ambition the aim of the exact chronicler or the scientific historian. He did not stop to gloss the inclusive if not ambiguous Hebrew word for day. He used it in the sense of an indefinite period. His intention was to stress the eternal fact that God made the world, and not to descant upon the etapes, the aeons of creation. He who aims at teaching too much teaches nothing.

So, too, with the genealogy of our divine Redeemer. There are apparent contradictions. Compare Gen. XI: 12-13 with Luke 3: 36. Arphaxad lived thirty-five years and begot Sail. Whereas St. Luke says: Sail, who was of Cainan, who was of Arphaxad. *Genuit* does not necessarily and does not always mean immediate generation. So too, *filius* and *soror* have to be rendered frequently in a wider than the classical sense.

One or more generations are frequently omitted in genealogical lists in the bible. In the seventh chapter of Esdras, and in Paralipomenon VI the genealogy of Esdras is given. But in Esdras VII as many as six consecutive names are omitted. In St. Matthew's genealogical descent of our Lord we read "Joram begot Ozias." Here we have to render *genuit* in the true but wider sense of mediate generation, because four generations intervened between Joram and Ozias. We find three series of fourteen names each on the genealogical list of St. Matthew; so too, in Gen. V and XI, we find ten antediluvian and ten post-diluvian generations. This systematic classification briefly aimed at in both cases sets down the true, but not the full line of ancestors. The descent of Noah from Adam is conclusively proved because explicitly revealed in the bible. But it is not therein proved what was the lapse of time that separated them. The ages of the patriarchs are stated with precision. Taking them at their full value they do not offer an adequate basis for an historical calculation. There are gaps to be filled. No one knows how many, or how wide. From this bird's-eye of scriptural chronology, nothing very definite or positive can be deduced as to the age of man. Even the wildest guesses of evolutionists do not conflict with revelation on this question, for the simple reason that God has not told us, when He crowned creation by creating man to His own image and likeness; to the image of God, He created him. Male and female, He created them. Gen. 1: 27.

Discrepancies in the different versions of the bible as to the facts of creation and the flood are relative trifles. They but emphasize the facts, confirming the existence of various documents then extant which crystallized the tradition among the nations. These documents were embodied in the sacred writings by "implicit citation" without affirming or denying their chronological authenticity. History, geology, archaeology help us clarify the meaning of dark biblical texts on the question of the advent of man. But in spite of modern discoveries in every department of science the problem remains without a satisfactory solution.

#### *Archaeology*

Moses was acquainted with all the learning of the Egyptians 3500 years ago. If there were any documentary evidence bearing on the

age of man in Egypt in his day he certainly would have known of it and utilized it. In 1897 the tomb of Menes, the reputed founder of the first Egyptian dynasty, was discovered; authorities disagree on the date of Menes' reign. Petrie claims 5510 B. C., Meyer 3315 B. C., and Breasted 3400 B. C.; what is certain is, that a rare artistic excellence obtained in Egypt in that remote age. Incised ivory, statuettes and other finely wrought objects of art, proclaim how far removed these people then were from barbarism. The artistic sense is not developed in a day.

Later excavations hit upon the remains of a pre-dynastic period, earlier by almost a thousand years. Considerable skill is shown in the manufacture of pottery and in the fashioning of flint into various implements. Sir John Evans, an English authority on archaic stone implements, claims that these pre-dynastic remains belong to the neolithic period; which according to him did not give place to the bronze period later than 5000 B. C.

The relics of Chaldean civilization dug up by archaeologists corroborate the Egyptian story of a cultured people flourishing long before the supposed biblical era of the first man. The ancient Chaldeans seemingly held more tenaciously to primitive revelation than did the Egyptians. We are all familiar with the Chaldean story of creation, differing only in detail from the biblical narrative. The Chaldean tablet describing the war between Michael and Lucifer is less familiar. It is kept in the British museum and translated by H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S., and runs thus:

"The god of holy songs, Lord of religion and worship, seated a thousand singers and musicians, and established a choral band, who to his hymns, were to respond in multitudes—with a loud cry of contempt, they broke up his holy song—spoiling, confusing, confounding his hymn of praise. The god of the bright crown with a wish to summon his adherents, sounded a trumpet blast which would wake the dead, which to these rebel angels prohibited return. He stopped their service and sent them to the gods who were his enemies. *In their room he created mankind.* The first who received life dwelt along with him. May he give them strength never to neglect his word, following the serpent's voice, whom his hands had made. And may the god of divine speech expel from his five thousand that wicked thousand who in the midst of his heavenly song, had shouted evil blasphemies." This document bespeaks an appreciation of things, higher than the artistic sense may claim. It is a clear ringing echo of primitive revelation. And while no precise calculation of the age of man can be based upon it, nevertheless it may be fairly deduced that the date of the writing of this tablet was not far re-

moved from the days when God walked and talked with Adam under the green trees of paradise. Corruption of God's message followed so quickly on the dispersion of the race, that the purity of that word argues relative proximity of time.

In the code of Hammurabi about 2600 B. C., we read in article 107, "If a merchant has wronged an agent and the agent has returned to his merchant whatever the merchant gave him, and the merchant has disputed with the agent as to what the agent gave him, that agent shall put the merchant to account before God, and witnesses, and the merchant because he disputed the agent, shall give to the agent whatever he has taken sixfold."

Seemingly there is more than natural justice here. It apparently harks back to a time not far removed from the flood.

"If a man has struck his father, his hands one shall cut off. If a man has caused the loss of a gentleman's eye, his (own) eye one shall cause to be lost. If a man has made the tooth of a man that is his equal to fall out, one shall make his tooth fall out. (Article 200.) This was written at least a thousand years before it was said: an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Thou shalt honor thy father and mother.

The nearer we get to the beginning the more clearly we can trace the laws of eternal justice.

Very informing traces of Sumerian civilization have been deciphered from the cylinder seals and clay tablets. They probably tell of a time 3500 B. C. Cuneiform writing was then the vogue. Even among the earliest inscriptions no pictorial forms have been discovered there. A stable intelligent government regulated commercial, economic and social relations in Babylonia of those far off days comparing favorably with modern states, and is superior to many in the things that make for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There is no available data whereon to base a rigorously precise date for the dawn of Babylonian history. For the present we must be content with a fair approximation. But we are not compelled to fall back upon guesses as wild and baseless as those referred to in the beginning of this paper. 3500 B. C. would be a fair, but perhaps too conservative a figure. The flood took place at least a thousand years before the settled colonization of Babylonia. Neither profane nor sacred history, reveal to us the number of years that man existed before the flood. History has its limitations. The history of prehistoric times involves a contradiction.

#### *Geology*

When history ceases, geology begins. The hieroglyphics graven on the rocks by the finger of time, if correctly deciphered, can tell

us more about the age of man than all the man-made histories. If it were a question of geological eras, the problem of the antiquity of man would be comparatively simple. But eras like aeons cannot easily be expressed in terms of years.

Geological time is divided into the Primary, Secondary, Tertiary and Quaternary or Post-Tertiary periods. No authoritative geologist today claims to have discovered any traces of man prior to the Quaternary, or glacial period.

Geologists sub-divided the glacial period into what may be called degrees of glaciation. Man's remains are found only in the fourth mild interval. It may be just as correct and less confusing to call it the post-glacial period.

All human remains of the post-glacial epoch are those of fully developed man of the modern type. Evolutionists aver that man in a lower stage of development must have previously existed. This parti-pris attitude is not geologically defensible. Flint flakes of Crawford and Erith do not sustain it. First it is not proved that they are of human workmanship, and then, the age of the rocks in which they were found is not determined.

It is comparatively easy to classify stratified rocks into geological epochs. But the crux comes when epochs are to be expressed in years. Of recent years efforts have been made to discover a geological clock—a timepiece, to time the formation of geological strata. Observation of processes that are shaping the modern world is the basis of this method of reducing epochs to years. The main difficulty is in determining the constancy, the uniformity in the process. To illustrate: in 1842, Sir Charles Lyell set down the scientific conclusion that the rate of erosion of Niagara Falls was one foot a year. That scientific *ipse dixit* was as fatuous as the recent decision of the Washington scientists anent the longevity of the debris found in the excavation there. The recent measurement in 1907 made at Niagara proves that the erosion at the falls has been at the rate of five feet a year for the past sixty-five years. At this rate the whole gorge down to Lewiston would have been eroded in seven thousand years. Assuming that the erosion began at about the end of the glacial epoch, and that man was created not long before or after that time we have an application of the geological clock expedient. In the process, however, we have an approximation to the truth and not a scientific conclusion. The great pluvial periods in which the river was swollen, have to be reckoned with; rocks of greater resistive power may have withstood the onset of the falls.

There is another difficulty. The glacial period varies with local variations. It was more prolonged in some places than in others.

For instance, from sediment deposits made by annual ice melting in its retreat from the south of Sweden to the present ice margin, Baron de Geer has calculated that it took 5000 years for the retreat of the ice from the terminal moraine, deposited in the Baltic provinces south of Sweden; and 7000 years since the retreat came to an end, making in all 17,000 years since the great ice sheet started to recede.

We have negative if illogical evidence on the geological records from Professor Wallace: "There is not, as is often assumed, one missing link to be discovered, but at least a score of such links, to fill adequately the gap between man and apes; and their non-discovery is now one of the strongest proofs of the imperfection of the geological record."

Syllogistically set down, the above would read: the scientific deduction that man is ape-bred is based on geological records; the records have not been discovered; therefore, the records are imperfect.

Branco, the director of the Geological and Paleontological Institute of the Berlin University, says that it is possible to trace the ancestry of most of our present mammals among the fossils of the Tertiary period, but man appears suddenly in the Quaternary period, and has no Tertiary ancestors—as far as we know. Human remains of the Tertiary period have not yet been discovered, and the traces of human activity which have been referred to that period are of a very doubtful nature. Man of the Diluvial epoch, however, appears at once as a complete *homo sapiens*. Paleontology tells us nothing of man's ancestors; it knows no ancestors of man.

The "Pithecanthropus erectus" supposed to be found near Trinil in Java by Dubois is convincing evidence barring three defects: it is not proved to be man, not man's forbear, not erect. The top of a skull, a tooth, and a thigh bone belonging to different animals, constitute the discovery.

The Heidelberg lower jaw? Here again doctors differ. Sir Bertram Windle says that the bony part of this jaw is more monkey-like than that of any human jaw so far examined and that the teeth are less monkey-like than that of some human examples of the present day. The Neanderthal skull belongs to a big-brained human, more intelligent, judging from brain capacity, than the average American. He belongs to the immortals, in this, that he and his people believed that his career was not rounded out on this sphere. In the earliest human graves discovered at *Chapelle aux Saints*, "accompanying

“gifts” were found. These, as all men concede, are symbols spelling immortality. The Neanderthal skull belongs chronologically to the Quaternary period.

### *Philology*

Man was never dumb. If he were he would never speak. When an isolated savage tribe develops the arts and refinements of civilization, the dumb will speak. The savage is teachable. Civilized man made him a savage and civilized man must win him back from savagery else he will never return. Adam was well educated. He had a great Master. The traditions of that culture were never completely lost; civilization never perished from the earth. God planted it. There were giants in those days, physical and mental giants. Deterioration if not degradation followed the dispersion. But the more favored tribes retained sufficient learning to inspire ambition. We have the two extremes of culture today. Van Loon in his fictitious history asserts that man’s first language was a grunt.

Herbert Spencer, who was a scholar, says: “That human language ever consisted solely of exclamations, and so was strictly homogeneous, in respect of its parts of speech, we have no evidence.” Whatever difficulties there may be about chronology in the Bible, there is none about the fact that the first man and woman were endowed with the gift of speech. It was used and very soon abused. That’s about all we learn from the Bible on this question. Moses was not interested in philology when he was inditing the divine message to mankind. Neither is there up to date any conclusive interpretation of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel.

Oral speech changes as rapidly as the face of the heavens. The migratory instinct was always a divine force in the history of mankind. Speech varied with man’s habitat. So that the linguistic argument, especially in the formative periods of human history where no literary traditions exercised a restraining influence on the birth of new dialects, is not very illuminating. But *littera scripta manet*. I attach the non-inclusive significance to *scripta*, extending it to the ideographic and pictorial symbols of thought. The aborigines of Australia, Africa, North America, as well as the cave dwellers of Southern France were given to the practice of depicting men and animals and events upon their cave walls. This was a form of writing, the earliest records of the art of self-expression. It was carried to a higher artistic degree in the mural paintings of the Egyptians and Assyrians. From mural paintings to picture writing there was a slow evolution. By abbreviations analogous to those still going on in our own written language the most frequently recurring of those pictured figures were successively simplified; and ultimately there

grew up a system of symbols, most of which had but remote likeness to the things for which they stood. The inference that the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were thus produced is confirmed by the fact that the picture writings of the Mexicans were found to have given birth to a like family of ideographic forms. For the expression of proper names which could not be otherwise conveyed signs having phonetic values, were employed, while the Egyptians never achieved complete alphabetic writing it seems reasonable to believe that these phonetic symbols, occasionally used in aid of the ideographic ones, were the germs of an alphabetic system. Once separated from hieroglyphics, alphabetic writing itself underwent numerous differentiations—multiplied alphabets were produced, between most of which, however, more or less connection can still be traced. Here we have a series of steps with which to build a chronological ladder, at least, a point *d'appui* for some observation.

New scientific discoveries may throw more light on the age of man. Wild guesses of evolutionists only serve to make confusion worse confounded. Abbi Breuil and Professor Solas claim a period between 20,000 and 30,000 years for the age of man. Guibert is a little more conservative, assigning 18,000 years as the maximum. G. F. Wright sets down 10,000 years as the minimum, and 15,000 years as fully satisfying all the demands of archaeological and geological evidence.

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REV. CORNELIUS MENNIS, D.D.,  
*St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn.*

## THE LITTLE "POOR MAN" OF ASSISI

## PART I

THE hush of midnight lay over the Umbrian Hills. High in the heavens the moon of an Italian night was flooding mountain and valley with its radiance. Outlined against the darkness of the sky, the old city of Assisi, perched on a mountain crag, gleamed white and unreal like some phantom city which at dawn would vanish from sight.

Shrouded in stillness, silent as the dead, Assisi slept in the moonlight. Suddenly the midnight calm was broken, and out upon the startled air rang a riot of merry laughter with which mingled the notes of a rich tenor voice singing some gay chanson of the troubadours to the accompaniment of a lute. Waking the echoes as they went, a band of youthful revellers, laughing, singing, playing, paraded the streets but just now silent, deserted as the grave. Some of the staid burghers of the city rudely awakened from their slumbers started nervously for those were turbulent times when a peaceful citizen might be aroused from his sleep, any night by the clash of arms and the terrors of a midnight attack. But tonight, quickly reassured as to the nature of the disturbance, the good citizens lay back on their pillows anathematizing angrily, though somewhat sleepily, these youthful disturbers of grave, respectable men's repose. More than one said to himself as he composed himself once more to sleep: "Those young scamps again; 'tis scandalous. And Ser Pietro's son, of course, at the head of them. Well, well, he'll be sorry one day for the way he spoils that son of his, letting him run the streets at night playing and singing as if he were a young nobleman." But all unheeding and reckless of their guilt in thus disturbing the slumbers of staid and worthy citizens the merry band passed in the heedless way of giddy, light-hearted youth.

The one the angry burgher predicted would bring sorrow to his father's heart, was the eldest son of, perhaps, the richest of them all. Truly, if exuberant and almost boisterous spirits, a laughter-loving, joyous, extravagantly generous nature, were indicative of future trouble, then the angry citizen's prediction was certain of fulfillment. Of all the band of madcaps he was the chosen leader.

His father, Ser Pietro, or to give him his full name, Ser Pietro di Bernadone, was a great cloth merchant, one of the richest, or as we have said, perhaps the richest, of the merchants in the ancient city of Assisi. For even in those far-off days the "Pearl" of Umbrian cities was venerable with the halo of antiquity. In some of the classic authors it is mentioned under the name of Aisision as the birthplace of a Latin poet who was born in the year 46 B. C.

The family of the Bernadone originally belonged to Lucca where they were famous as weavers and merchants. Pietro's father settled in Assisi where he speedily made the name equally renowned, and his son, Pietro, upheld the honour of the family so well that, as we have seen, he was looked up to as one of the greatest men of the place.

The wide ramifications of his business often obliged Pietro di Bernadone to undertake long journeys to distant parts. Whilst on one of these business trips in Provence he made the acquaintance of a girl of noble family. Pietro, possessed of great wealth and of high civic standing in the proud city of Assisi, had no hesitation in paying his court to the noble maiden. Fortune favours the brave. His suit was successful and he took back to his home in the grey old city of Assisi his fair Provencal bride. Contemporary evidence tells us that the Lady Pica, the mother of St. Francis, was a woman of deep and fervent piety and possessed at the same time of rare wisdom and discernment.

The family of Pietro and Pica de Bernadone consisted of two sons, Francis and Angelo, Francis being the elder.

There is a tradition to the effect that before Francis was born his mother was so ill as almost to be brought to death's door. Whilst she was in this state of suffering a pilgrim knocked at the door of the Bernadone dwelling, and to those who opened the door he said that the Lady Pica would know no relief until she left her luxuriously furnished bedroom and, going to the stable, lay upon the straw in one of the stalls. Scarcely had Pica obeyed the stranger's instructions than her son was born. And so the future Apostle of Poverty, like his Divine Master, drew his first breath in a manger and was cradled upon straw. It was said that the stable was afterwards converted into a chapel. This chapel still exists in Assisi and is known by the name of the Chapel of St. Francesco il Piccolo (St. Francis the Little). Over the door is the following inscription:

"Hoc oratorium fuit bovis et asini stabulum  
In quo natus est Franciscus mundi speculum."

"This oratory was the stable of ox and ass in which Francis, the mirror of the world, was born."

The chapel stands near the house which is pointed out as having been the home of the Bernadone family. The opinion has been advanced that it may have formed part of the original house from which the family removed whilst St. Francis was still a child.

On the 26th of September, 1182, the first-born of Pietro Bernadone was baptized in the neighbouring Cathedral of San Rufino, erected in the middle of the twelfth century in honour of St. Rufinus, Apostle of Assisi, who was martyred about the year 303. The font at which our saint received the regenerating water of baptism is still to be seen in the Cathedral Church of San Rufino, over it being inscribed the following words: "This is the font where the Seraphic Father, St. Francis, was baptized."

Once more tradition tells us that the stranger who had advised Pica's removal to the stable appeared in the church at the new-born infant's baptism and held him at the font. A stone on which are seen marks which seem to many to resemble footprints is still shown in the Cathedral as that on which the stranger—thought to have been an angel in disguise—stood during the sacred ceremony.

Yet another tradition in connection with the Saint's baptism has come down to us. After the ceremony was over another stranger presented himself at Ser Pietro's house and requested to be allowed to see the infant. The servant who opened the door naturally refused to be the bearer of such a strange request. But the stranger declared he would not leave until his wish was gratified. Pietro himself was absent from home at the time, and so Pica was informed of what had happened. Much to the surprise of the household she gave orders that the child should be shown to the stranger who took it into his arms and said, "Today there have been born in this street two children; one of them, namely, this very child, shall be one of the best men in the world but the other shall be one of the worst." Tradition adds that the prediction was verified in both instances and also that the stranger then made the sign of the cross on the right shoulder of the newly baptized, telling the nurse to take great care of the child as the devil would strive to take its life. Having said this, the mysterious stranger disappeared, nor was he ever seen again.

The Lady Pica, we are told, cherished a great devotion to the beloved disciple and so gave the name of John to her son. Pietro, who was away from home at the time, on his return, added the name of Francis by which he insisted that the boy should be called. At that time, Francis was rather an unusual name amongst Italians,

and many conjectures have been hazarded as to Ser Pietro's reason for changing his son's name. Some have seen in his action a protest against his wife, as a woman, assuming the right to give the child his name. But the general opinion is that Pietro, who was an ardent lover of the French, wished that his son, "in memory of the fair land of France, should bear the name of Francis so intimately associated with French history." He hoped and desired that his son would resemble the French both in his nature and in his conduct. One writer thinks that by the changing of his son's name he wished to express the sentiment: "I wish no camel's hair John the Baptist but a Frenchman with a fine nature."

Beyond the fact that he was trained from infancy in the ways of virtue by his pious mother and that he was quick and intelligent, we know little of Francis' childhood. When the time came his education was entrusted to the care of priests of the parish. We are told that he made rapid progress in his studies and quickly acquired a knowledge of Latin and French, the latter language being held in high esteem in Italy. Some tell us that the Saint never succeeded in learning to speak French well. Francis himself, in after years, always spoke of his great ignorance of all worldly learning but it may have been his great humility which led him to speak in this manner.

At the age of fourteen, in accordance with a custom still existing in Italy, Pietro took his son into partnership, and Francis assisted his father in all his business transactions. It comes on us as a surprise to learn that he proved himself a shrewd, capable man of business, even more gifted in this respect than his father. One most necessary qualification for his calling alone was wanting to him; he knew absolutely nothing of economy, rather was he lavishly prodigal, even wasteful.

Would we know something of how it is that we find this son of the great merchant who thus showed himself endowed with the soundest business qualifications, the acknowledged leader, when barely twenty, of a band of reckless, pleasure-loving, adventurous spirits, himself the most adventurous, most pleasure-loving of all?

This paradox may be traced to two causes: First, we look to his environment, to the spirit of the age in which he lived. Those were the days of knighthood, of chivalry. Romance was in the very air that Francis breathed. To be a knight was youth's highest ideal. The most renowned troubadours of France wandered from city to city, singing their songs of love, of knightly chivalry and deeds of high emprise. Can we wonder that young hearts beat quicker and young blood grew hotter and coursed more rapidly through young veins wherever these minstrels sang their lays? Nothing was talked

of amongst the youth of the time but the magnificent tournaments and tilting matches by which the proud Republics of Milan and Florence sought to outvie each other. Can we wonder that Pietro's young son should be carried away by this resistless tide? "He was not like his father—only the saving and easily-contented Italian—to whom it was enough to accumulate money. There flowed through his veins, also, the sparkling blood of Provence—he must have enjoyment by means of his money; he wanted to change gold into splendour and joy." Thus it was that Francis, the son of the richest man in Assisi, became the leader of all the wealthy, high-spirited youths in the place, "became what in our day would be called the leading society man of the town. He was skilled in earning money but very frivolous in giving it away again. No wonder that he soon gathered a circle of friends about him"—not only the youths of his native city, but even from distant places. Romance, chivalry, was in Francis' blood; he was an artist, a poet, a troubadour, the beau ideal of a true knight by nature. He loved music and song. Nature in her every varying mood appealed to him. He loved light and brightness, gaiety and all that was beautiful. He shrank instinctively from gloom, sadness, sickness, everything that was ugly or deformed.

But with all this love of life, its pleasures, its enjoyments, Francis' soul was as pure as the snows on the highest peaks of the Apennines. Grossness in any form revolted him, and he shrank like a sensitive plant, touched by rude hands, from a coarse word, a coarse jest. Never was his fair fame sullied by the faintest breath of scandal. He was refined, dainty even, in food, in dress, in manners, in speech, and his exterior refinement faintly shadowed forth the spotless, delicate purity of his heart and mind. His young companions who lived in closest intimacy with him bore testimony to his horror of anything that savoured of coarseness. He was romantic, an artist to his fingertips; he was ambitious for this world's fame and glory; he would be a soldier, and the world should ring with his knightly deeds, but his shield should be ever spotless.

When we read of the gay doings of the wild youths of Assisi with Francis at their head, we must bear in mind that their fun and frolics never degenerated into brawling or riotousness, as too easily happened with the wilder, rougher youth of Northern lands. Italian sobriety, Italian politeness reigned over all their festive gatherings. These young men ate well, dressed well, kept joyous festival together, laughed, jested and paraded the city, as we have seen, at night, singing and playing their guitars in imitation of the troubadours. Francis, especially, was so enamoured with the sweet singers from Provence that he had a suit such as minstrels wore made for himself

and in which he always appeared at the festive gatherings of his friends.

It seems strange that Pietro, the prudent, parsimonious man of business, made no attempt to check his son's extravagance. Sometimes, indeed, he would say to him: "Anyone would imagine you were a nobleman's son and not the son of a simple merchant." The truth is, it flattered the old burgher's pride that his son should have these princely ways, should be "like a nobleman's son." The cloth merchant had his ambitions. He looked forward to his son one day attaining to high place in the civic council. He might even become Chief Magistrate of the city. Besides, hard, avaricious man as Pietro was, he dearly loved this light-hearted, brilliant boy of his who was such a favorite with everyone, and so he shrank from employing harsh measures to check his extravagance. Pica, too, looked on and was silent. She seemed to have no fear for the future of the son who was as the apple of her eye.

Occasionally, when sympathetic neighbors, such are to be found everywhere, condoled with her on her boy's wildness, she would smile and answer: "I will tell you how this son of mine will turn out; he will become a son of God." Beneath all the gaiety, the love of pleasure, the extravagance, her maternal instinct divined the real nobility of Francis' character.

To the mother who so keenly observed all her boy's ways, two traits in his disposition afforded grounds for her hopes. First and foremost, his delicate purity of mind. A companion had but to utter an unseemly word, and instantly the gay, laughing Francis grew stern, severe, silent; his whole nature seemed changed. Next, he was generous, unselfish, and he remembered the wants of the poor. As his father's partner, he had control of large sums of money, and it is said of him that he spent this money like water, yet not wholly on his own pleasure. He lent freely to such friends as needed assistance, and he was prodigal in his almsgiving as in all else.

It is related of him that once, being in a great hurry, he refused an alms to a beggar at his father's door. Instantly his kind heart was filled with regret. "If this man had come from one of my friends," he said to himself, "from Count this or Baron that, he would have got what he asked for. Now he comes from the King of Kings and from the Lord of Lords, and I let him go away empty-handed. I even gave him a repelling word." And he resolved from that day forth to give to all who asked for charity in the name of God. In Assisi, in Francis' youth, there lived a poor half-witted man who roamed the streets, dependent for a daily crust on the charity of his fellowmen. Francis was kind to this poor creature, how kind

we may guess from the fact that the imbecile every time he met his benefactor took off his cloak, spread it on the ground and requested the young man to walk upon it.

We have already touched upon Francis' love of nature, a sentiment rarer in those days than now. The ancient Greeks were filled with this sentiment, and they gave expression to it by deifying nature's various attributes, but since those remote times the feeling had declined amongst men. It was in Provence that it first began to revive, and thus it is said that Francis owed its full development in himself to his Provencal mother.

"The beauty of the country, the charm of the vineyards, all that was pleasing to the eye," says Thomas of Celano, his disciple and friend, brought gladness to his heart. Sunrise and sunset, moonlight, the young buds and fresh green of early Spring, Summer's wealth of many-hued flowers, the rich fruits of golden Autumn, the austere silence and solitude of the mountain heights, their changing lights and shadows—each and all were a delight to the artist soul of Francis. And he retained this sentiment to the last hour of his life, but purified, freed from earthly alloy. This love of nature was part of Francis himself, but it was refined in God's crucible until from Nature he rose to Nature's God. "As all good which is to grow, so must this side of his nature be pruned down even to the very roots—but only to bear a still richer crown." For, as a German mystic has said: "No one has 'true love of created things unless he has first forsaken it for love of God, so that it has been dead for him and he for it.'"

A delightful pen portrait of our saint in early youth has been given us by that Thomas of Celano who was afterwards the saint's disciple and trusted confidant.

Francis, it would seem, was small, rather undersized, but well formed. "He was thin and of a delicate constitution. He had an oval face, broad brow, white, close-set teeth; dark complexion, black hair, regular features, expressive countenance, rosy lips and a charming smile. His beautiful black eyes were full of brilliancy, mildness and modesty."

When we add to these personal attractions his charming manner, his profuse generosity, his kindness and his lavish use of his wealth, can we wonder that this delightful boy was called the flower of the youth of Assisi?

Francis was born and grew up in very stormy times. Proud republics continually waged war upon one another, striving for supremacy. The fortified cities of Umbria, grown insolent in their pride of wealth, refused to acknowledge any sovereign, and kept

themselves in a state of continuous preparation for war, ready to defend themselves at a moment's notice from attack, or, it may be, for equally rapid assault upon some neighboring city which had provoked jealousy by its prosperity. It was at this period that the inhabitants of Assisi surrounded their city with those walls and towers which yet remain a testimony to its former greatness.

Francis at this time was about seventeen years of age. Pleasure lover as he was, his thoughts went far beyond his diversions and his feasts. He was filled with romance, as we know, and deeply versed in all the stories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Like them, he longed to go forth and do great deeds, always in some noble cause. Quite what he wanted was not clear to himself. One thing alone was certain, his name should ring through the world as the bravest, the best of knights; he should be crowned with the laurel wreaths of undying fame. His father, good man, dreamed of civic honors and dignities for him, little suspecting how far beyond such petty renown his son's aspirations had soared.

As might be expected in such warlike times, an opportunity was not long wanting to Francis and his noble associates to try their warrior mettle.

Perugia, the most powerful city in Umbria, attacked Assisi with the intention of reducing the latter to subjection. A battle was fought on the plain between the two cities. The Perugians were victorious, taking prisoners a number of those who had fought for Assisi, amongst them Francis. We are told that, owing to his distinguished appearance, he was not thrown into the common prison, but was allowed to share the more honorable captivity of the young Assisian nobles who had been amongst those who had been taken prisoners.

Francis' imprisonment lasted one year. In November, 1203, a treaty of peace between the two cities was signed, and the captives were released. It is recorded that during the whole time of his imprisonment Francis' cheerfulness and good humor never failed. He laughed, jested and sang, just as in the old days of Assisi. Sometimes his high spirits angered his fellow-prisoners, and they chided him in no gentle terms. He would answer: "Do you not know that a great future awaits me, and that all the world shall then fall down and pray to me?"

It is a strange fact that throughout all his early days St. Francis seems to have been possessed of the unalterable conviction that he was destined for great things. Truly he was destined for a brilliant future, but in a far different sense to what his glowing imagination pictured.

On his return home the young man resumed his former life, entering with greater zeal than ever into the old pleasures and gaieties. Possibly his taste for the good things of life had been sharpened by his prison experiences. The days went by in a continual whirl of gaiety, until at length, when in his twenty-third year, Francis was stricken by so severe an illness that all his hopes and dreams were very nearly brought, with life itself, to an abrupt conclusion. And it was now, as he lay on his bed of sickness, that, for the first time, there came to him thoughts of another kind of life to that which he had pictured hitherto. In a vague way, dimly, it was borne in on him that this life might possibly hold something better than the being a paladin of chivalry. But all this came to him like something heard in a dream, the meaning of which was as yet incomprehensible. The first real sense of disillusion, the feeling that the things that he had hitherto loved were not what they seemed, came to him on the first day he was able to leave the house. He was pining for a sight of that Nature so dear to him, and, leaving the city, directed his steps towards the country. He paused and gazed on the scene before him—the fertile valley adorned in all the beauty of summer leaf and blossom; the majestic Apennines, seen through a golden haze like the portals of Paradise, the river winding like a silver ribbon through the valley. All that had once thrilled him with delight now left him cold and unmoved. The soft west wind gently fanned his brow; the sweet song of the birds fell upon his ear, but the charm had gone out of everything, and, sad and sick at heart, Francis turned his steps homeward, feeling that the joy of life had turned to dust and ashes. "The beauty of the fields, the delight of the vineyards and all that is fair to the eye could in no way gladden him," says his friend and biographer, Thomas of Celano. "Wherefore he was amazed at the change that had come upon him, and thought them most foolish who could love these things."

But as the days went by, with returning health and strength, Francis' spirits grew brighter. He began to long for action. He felt a distaste for the gaieties, the frivolities of his old life. He was a man now, and would fare forth into the world and play his part therein.

He had not long to wait his opportunity. A great struggle was going on at that time between Pope Innocent III and the Emperor Frederick II of Germany. Duke Walter of Brienne had espoused the Pope's cause, and all the best and noblest in Italy flocked to his standard. Amongst others, a nobleman of Assisi was preparing to join de Brienne with a small band of adherents.

The news filled Francis with feverish excitement. Here was the

opportunity of his life. At last his aspirations were to find fulfillment. He would join the nobleman's troop, and the Duke Walter should knight him. Afterwards—well, the world should hear of him. Francis instantly set about preparing for the expedition. He was wild with joy, and dreamed the most enchanting dreams. His friends, seeing him in such high good humor, inquired the cause. The young man's cheek flushed and his brilliant eyes glowed like lamps as he answered: "I know now that I am going to be a great prince."

Nothing could exceed the splendor of his equipment. His father, fired with his son's ambition, was determined that his appointments should excel all others in splendour. And so we read that none of the nobles were as magnificently equipped. In this connection a story, eminently characteristic of him, is told. A couple of days before that fixed for his departure Francis, flushed with delight in the possession of his gorgeous military equipment, chanced to meet with a poor nobleman who also had joined the expedition. His shabby attire denoted his fallen estate. Instantly the old spirit of prodigal, quixotic generosity woke within Francis. It were a shame, he argued within himself, that one so nobly born should be so meanly clad. And straightway he made over his splendid mantle and tunic and all his gorgeous outfit to the poor noble. That night the saint had a dream. It seemed to him that he stood in his father's shop, but that, instead of the rolls of cloth with which it was usually filled, he saw everywhere nothing but shields, spears and armour, all shining resplendently and marked with the sign of the Cross. Whilst he wondered for whom these were intended, he heard a voice saying: "All this is intended for thee and thy soldiers."

Francis regarded this dream as a happy omen, and so, in great good humor, he rode out of Assisi one sunny morning with the rest of the band, their destination being Apulia. Spoleto was reached that evening, and here a halt was made for the night. Francis, wearied out, had nearly fallen asleep when once more he heard the mysterious voice. Rousing himself, he listened intently.

"Where are you going?" asked the voice.

"To Apulia to be a knight," was Francis' ready answer.

"Tell me, Francis," went on the voice, "which is it better to serve, the Lord or the vassal?"

Filled with wonder, Francis replied: "The Lord."

"Then why do you desert the Lord," was the rejoinder, "for the servant and the Prince for the vassal?"

Then, we are told, the young man recognized the voice of God, and cried out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

"Return to your home," was the answer. "There it will be told to thee what thou art to do. For the vision thou hast seen must be understood in another way."

There was no more sleep that night for Francis. He lay awake until morning pondering over the words he had heard. The same thoughts which had agitated him during his illness returned now, but no longer vague or incomprehensible. They were clear, distinct, and Francis understood them perfectly.

When morning dawned the youth mounted his horse and in all his splendid martial attire rode back to Assisi.

His dreams of knightly fame and glory were now over for Francis, his plans shattered. The glamor had vanished from all the prospects which but yesterday were so fair and alluring. He had no plans now; no dreams of future greatness. And yet, we are told, he felt no sadness, nay, was happy. He knew that God would show him the way He would have him follow.

Nothing is recorded of how he was received by his parents or his friends on his return. But we may well imagine that there was much surprise, much speculation as to what had caused the sudden change in his plans, and Francis would have to stand not a little chaffing.

It is highly probable, too, that Ser Pietro was very wroth at what he would regard as one more freak of his volatile son. Indeed, one cannot help feeling a little sympathy for the proud old man who had indulged in such fond hopes and had spent his money so lavishly in giving this provoking young man an equipment which would have befitted the son of the highest noble in the land, to no end save to cause a nine days' wonder in Assisi when Francis returned the day after he had set out without any excuse for such seeming caprice.

But surprise and anger and conjecture died out as they always do. Francis resumed his usual life as if nothing had happened. He entertained his friends with the same profuse hospitality. Once more he became the center of all fun and gaiety in the city; again he was the leader of fun and frolic. But, although he did all this, his heart was not in it as in the olden days. He grew silent and abstracted. Often in the midst of some festive gathering he would fall into a fit of deep musing, from which he was roused with difficulty. There was but one solution, his friends declared, to this enigma—Francis was in love.

It chanced one evening that after dinner the young man and his friends went singing through the streets, as usual, but very soon Francis dropped behind. When he was missed, one of his friends went back in search of him and found him in a small, quiet street standing motionless in the moonlight, utterly unconscious of earthly

sights and sounds. His heart was inundated with such heavenly sweetness that he knew not how long he had stood thus, and only when his friend called him did he come to himself. He said afterwards that if he had been torn limb from limb he would not have felt it, so completely had he lost consciousness of himself.

"Why, Francis," cried his friend, "are you in love? Have you found a maiden of such peerless beauty that you must be always thinking of her charms?"

"Yes," answered Francis, "in truth, I am thinking of taking a wife more noble and richer than any ye have ever seen."

At this his companions, who had gathered round him, burst into rude, incredulous laughter. But Francis was in earnest. He was about to enter on a new way of life, which would be to him a bride, and the name of the peerless maiden was the Lady Poverty.

From that time forth Francis grew more and more silent and abstracted. He beheld more clearly than ever the vanity, the worthlessness of his past life, and he mourned bitterly over the wasted years and over his sins, as he, in his humility, termed his youthful levity and extravagance. He now withdrew altogether from the society of his friends, and loved to steal out of the city to pray in lonely places. "He now kept hiding in hermit caves, and now piously built up ruined churches." There was a cave in a cliff some distance from the city whither Francis loved to go, and where he often remained for hours in secret prayer. He sought out the poor and entertained them in the place of those friends upon whom he had formerly lavished such profuse hospitality. If he were asked for alms in the street, he would give all the money he had with him. If he had nothing else, he would give away his mantle, his hat, and even his tunic. He also spent much money in supplying poor churches with all that was necessary for the service of the altar. From the time of his conversion an intense zeal for the glory of God's House became one of the saint's most marked characteristics.

Slowly, but surely, a settled resolve was taking possession of Francis. He must renounce wealth, kindred, comfort and go forth from his father's house and beg his bread as the poorest outcast. For a long time the saint hesitated to obey this mysterious call. He was perplexed, disturbed, and, with the object of gaining light and strength, he made a pilgrimage to Rome. It is recorded of him that while in the Eternal City he laid aside his rich garments and, bribing a beggar to lend him his rags, for one whole day he stood outside St. Peter's and asked for alms, in all outward seeming a veritable beggar.

During the greater part of this time Ser Pietro was absent on one of those long journeys which he was accustomed to take at stated periods. Francis was thus able to follow his inclinations undisturbed. His mother's sympathy and toleration he was always certain of.

But the saint had yet to gain the final victory over himself. We know already that an intense dislike to all forms of disease or deformity was deeply rooted in his heart. He shrank from decrepit, blear-eyed, toothless age; he shuddered at the sight of the maimed, the disfigured. But, above all, he dreaded contact with the lepers. It so happened that one morning after his return from Rome, as he rode outside the city, a leper stood in his path. Francis reined in his horse, and for a moment a strong desire seized him to turn and ride away as quickly as possible. But he overcame the temptation. Now was the time to show his love for his crucified Lord by trampling on self. He dismounted, went up to the sufferer, and as he placed his alms in the outstretched hand he kissed the wasted fingers. We are told that he went back to the city like one in a dream, scarce knowing what he did or where he went, so filled with heavenly sweetness was his soul.

The next morning he went of his own accord to the leper hospital, some distance from Assisi. He knocked at the gate and was admitted. Instantly, from all sides, the lepers, in every stage of their loathsome disease, crowded round him, beseeching alms. The soul of Francis sickened within him. He reeled and almost staggered. But with one supreme effort he recovered himself, and as he bestowed his alms he kissed each hand stretched out to him. He had conquered self and routed it from its last entrenchment.

From henceforth Francis regarded the lepers as his special care. He constantly visited them and gave them generous alms.

A little outside the city of Assisi stands the old church of San Damiano, on the slope of the hill overlooking the Via Francesca. Seven centuries ago, when Francis was young, San Damiano was a small, dilapidated chapel, of which so many are still to be seen in Italy. Its only adornment was a large crucifix over the poor, dusty altar. This was one of the saint's favorite places of prayer. One day, as was his wont, he knelt before the crucifix rapt in contemplation of his Divine Master's sufferings. He prayed with the deepest fervour of his soul for guidance and enlightenment that he might do the will of his crucified Lord. Then he heard a voice speaking from the crucifix. "Go hence, Francis," said this voice, "and build up my house, for it is nearly falling down." Francis bowed his head in ready obedience. With joyful heart he cried out: "Lord, with joy I will do what Thou wishest."

Never slow to act, less so now than ever, the saint sought out the priest, who was an aged man, giving him a sum of money to buy oil and keep a lamp burning always before the crucifix, telling him to apply to him when he wanted more money. Francis then hurried home, took several rolls of cloth, with which he loaded a pack-horse, and rode off to the town of Foligno, two miles distant, where he sold both horse and cloth for a considerable sum. Without delay he returned to San Damiano, and giving the money to the priest, he told him to employ it in restoring the chapel, at the same time begging to be allowed to remain at San Damiano, as his father's house was no longer a suitable abode for him.

But the priest refused to accept this second and larger gift. He may have had doubts as to the right of Francis to give the money, and very possibly he feared Ser Pietro's anger. Be this as it may, he would listen to no argument on the point. Francis was welcome to stay with him, but he would have none of the money. Not being able to prevail with the old man, Francis threw the money on the sill of one of the chapel windows and left it there. He did not return to Assisi, but took up his abode at San Damiano.

### PART III

Meanwhile his father had returned home, and was surprised to find Francis absent. A few days passed, and then the old man grew alarmed. He made inquiries, and soon learned the truth. His son had turned hermit, and was living in a cave at San Damiano. All this was he told, nor was the selling of the cloth and the horse withheld from him. Ser Pietro flew into a violent rage. Never was a man so persecuted with a willful son, but this last escapade was the worst of all. Francis must be crazy. He called upon a few friends to accompany him and set out for San Damiano, intending to compel Francis to return home. But the young man had been warned of his father's coming, and so when Pietro reached San Damiano the bird had flown, no one knew where.

Poor Francis! Who can blame him for avoiding a meeting with his angry father. Those were the early days of his conversion, and he was still diffident of his own strength. Besides, Italians dread a parent's anger. There is nothing they fear so much as a father's curse.

The priest gave the furious father the money, which still remained on the window sill where Francis had thrown it, and, somewhat mollified, the cloth merchant went back to Assisi.

Francis had fled to a cave which he knew of, where he remained for a whole month in darkness and solitude, but in constant communion with God. Food was brought to him in secret, most likely in connivance with his mother. At the end of the month he came to the conclusion that he was acting a coward's part in thus remaining hidden. He would no longer shirk the meeting with his father, but would go forth valiantly, as befitted a knight of the Cross. And so he appeared once more in Assisi.

It was with difficulty that the citizens recognized in the gaunt, hollow-eyed form which appeared in their midst the richly-dressed man of fashion of former days. They looked upon Francis as a madman, and, with the proverbial fickleness of the masses, they jeered and even threw mud at him whom they once called "the flower" of the youth of Assisi.

It was an April morning, 1207. Ser Pietro was busy in his shop when the sound of a great disturbance in the streets reached him—voices screaming, laughing, rude cries, shouts. Nearer and nearer came the noises, until at last Pietro sent one of his assistants to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. He came back with the information that the boys of the city were chasing a crazy man. Then, as the crowd drew near, Pietro went to the door, and there he saw who the crazy man was, his Francis, his first born, for whom he had dreamed such great things and for whom he had nourished such bright hopes. There he came home now, at last, in a disgraceful company, pale and emaciated to the eye, with disheveled hair and dark rings under his eyes, bleeding from the stones thrown at him, covered with the dirt of the street. This was Francis, the pride of his eyes, the support of his age, the joy of his life and his comfort. It had all come to this. To this had all his crazy, cursed ideas brought him.

The old man's heart was well-nigh bursting with pain and shame and sorrow. To add to his misery, the crowd halted before his door and, grinning and jeering when they saw Pietro, called out: "Look, Ser Pietro, see here is your fine son, your proud knight. See, he has come back from the war, and has won his princess and half the kingdom."

Flesh and blood could stand no more. With a roar like an angry lion, Bernadone bounded into the midst of the crowd, striking to the right and to the left. He seemed as if endowed with the strength of ten men, and the mob fled before him, terrified. He seized his son and bore him in his arms back to the house, still in his fit of rage; and carrying him to an underground cellar, flung him on the ground, more dead than alive. Then, locking the door, he went away, leaving

Francis in the cold, damp darkness. He gave orders that his son was to get nothing but bread and water, and for several days he saw that his commands were strictly carried out. He remembered how, in the olden times, Francis had loved dainty fare, and he hoped by this prison diet to bring him to reason. But Francis had changed to an extent beyond his father's power to realize. Dainty dishes had lost their flavor for him, and thus his father's harshness availed nothing. His mother's heart ached for her boy. She was glad that he had given up his frivolous, useless life and was now what she herself had predicted long ago he would become, "a son of God." But, at the same time, she sympathized with the father, so sorely disappointed in his dearest hopes. Pietro had gone away for a few days, and in his absence she tried all a mother's persuasions to induce Francis to yield even a little. Without returning to the old, useless life, he could modify somewhat his austerities and consent to live once more under his father's roof. Finding her tears and prayers of no avail, Pica unlocked her son's prison and set him free.

The first use Francis made of his liberty was to return to San Damiano. Finding him gone, Pietro, when he came home, flew into a fury and cursed his son, but made no attempt to follow him. He now determined to disinherit this rebellious son, and sought the aid of the law to wring from Francis a formal renunciation of all his rights as eldest son. Now, Francis, as "a man vowed to religion," was no longer subject to the civic authorities; an ecclesiastical tribunal alone could decide in his case. The matter therefore was referred to Guido, Bishop of Assisi. The Bishop, who ever proved himself a devoted friend to Francis, on this occasion advised the saint to give up his inheritance. He told him to have no fear for the future; that God would provide for all his wants. Francis, who loved the Bishop as a father, only too gladly acted upon advice so wholly in accord with his own sentiments. Not only his inheritance would he renounce, but the very clothes he wore should be returned to his father. Accordingly he divested himself of his rich raiment, reserving nothing but the hair shirt which he wore beneath his fine garments, and, wrapped in a farm laborer's cloak, given to him in charity, and upon which he chalked the sign of the Cross, he returned to San Damiano, rejoicing in his heart that now indeed he might call himself with truth a follower of Him Who had not where to lay His head.

We are told that Francis ever regarded that day, when in the Bishop's court he renounced all earthly possession, as his marriage day, for then it was that he wedded the bride of his dreams, the Lady Poverty.

The old priest of San Damiano gladly accorded the saint food and shelter, and now he set himself to the task of repairing the half-ruined chapel. "Go and repair My church" the voice from the crucifix had said.

"Go and repair My church." One day the saint will understand these words in their real sense. Then he will know that it is the church of living souls which he is to help to restore to all its strength and beauty. But just then he took the command literally; he was to rebuild the tottering little church of San Damiano. But how was this to be done now, when he no longer owned even a roof to shelter him? In a flash it came to the saint how he was to accomplish the task which he felt was allotted to him by his Divine Master. And thus it was that when Francis next appeared in his native city it was in the guise of a beggar. Garbed in a long brown tunic, such as the peasants wore, with a hood drawn over his head, a rope tied round his waist, and with bare feet, he went through the streets of Assisi, those streets which he had paraded in other days dressed in splendid attire singing gay songs. At every door he begged an alms for God's Church. Some jeered at him, laughed in his face, but others gave liberally. He begged for stone, bricks, mortar, lime and also oil for the sanctuary. Laden with offerings, he went back to San Damiano and, helped by the peasants, he labored at the rebuilding of the little chapel.

The old priest looked on in wonder. He pitied the youth who had been so tenderly nurtured, who was so slight and delicate of frame, and who was so often weary and exhausted at the close of his day's toil. He prepared dainty little repasts for his guest, and ministered to him with kindly solicitude. But one day there came to Francis the thought that by accepting such delicate fare he was untrue to the fealty which he had sworn to his Lady Poverty. What had he, a follower of the Crucified One, to do with the ease and softness of life? Besides, the saint knew his natural liking for things dainty and refined, and so he was afraid. From that time forth Francis begged his daily bread. Bowl in hand, day after day he knocked at every door in Assisi and asked for the scraps and leavings from men's tables. It is recorded of him that one day, looking at the bowl, in which soup, bones, bits of meat, salad were all mixed together, his delicate stomach rebelled at the meal thus set before it, and he was seized with nausea. But, as when he first visited the leper hospital, so now, with a strong effort the saint conquered self and ate the unappetizing mess. And, as on that former occasion, his soul was now flooded with spiritual sweetness and the beggar's scraps were to him as a heavenly banquet.

Meanwhile, who can tell the rage, burning like fire, the bitterness which filled Pietro Bernadone's heart and soul? His idolized son, who had once lorded it in Assisi, a very prince in the grandeur of his ways, the son on whom he had built such magnificent hopes, a beggar asking for scraps of broken victuals at the citizens' doors like the meanest outcast. The proud old man groaned aloud in his anguish. Something akin to hatred took possession of him, and he cursed the son who had brought such disgrace upon his family.

When his task of restoring San Damiano was finished, Francis turned his attention to another half-ruined chapel in the vicinity. It was a very ancient building, known as Santa Maria della Porziuncula—St. Mary of the little Portion. The origin of the name is doubtful, but an interesting story is told in connection with it. In the days of St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, four holy men from Palestine made a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles, and then, wishing to live for the remainder of their lives in communion with God, apart from men, they came to Umbria, and in a wood near Assisi built a chapel and round it four huts. There they lived for some time. So great was their sanctity that we are told the place whereon they abode was holy in the sight of God, and the songs of the angels were often heard within the chapel. Time went on. The chapel in the wood was almost forgotten, when the great St. Bernard, passing through Umbria, chanced upon it, and had it restored. Then it is said that he begged a small piece of ground adjoining the chapel, upon which he built a cell for himself. Because of this gift of land he named the chapel St. Mary of the Porziuncula—of the little Portion. Afterwards St. Bernard sent monks from Monte Cassino to care for the little sanctuary, but after a time the place was again deserted, the monks having withdrawn to the newly-built monastery at Monte Subasio.

A dense wood lay between the chapel and Assisi, and its great seclusion and loneliness, no doubt, added to its charm in the eyes of Francis, whilst at the same time it was near enough to the city to allow of his daily quest for bread, and was also not far from the leper hospital. Thus this woodland retreat, while affording him the utter solitude for which his soul yearned, also afforded him the opportunity of exercising his vocation of poverty and of charity towards the afflicted members of Christ.

Here, then, he took up abode, spending his days in toil, long hours of communing with God and in offices of charity to the most suffering of God's creatures. In the early morning he heard Mass, said in one or other of the lonely churches scattered through the plain and amongst the mountains, and when evening came he rested from his

labor of restoring his beloved Porziuncula and ate his meal of the unsavory scraps collected in the beggar's bowl, washed down by a draught of clear cold water from the neighboring spring. And never did the richest wines and the rarest viands of those olden days, when he feasted with his friends, taste to him as did this beggar's fare.

Only the angels knew the secrets of the night watches, during which Francis studied the Book of the Crucifix. Only the angels heard his sighs as he sighed and wept over the sorrows of the Crucified.

#### PART IV

But now there arose within the saint's heart a fresh and burning desire, enkindled therein by the words of our Divine Lord in the Gospel as recorded by St. Matthew, in which he bids His disciples go and "preach, saying: the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

We are told that when Francis heard these words read in the Gospel for the Mass on the Feast of St. Matthew, he exclaimed: "This is what I want. This is what I, with all my soul, want to follow in my life." Henceforth he would be an apostle. He would bear to the citizens of Assisi the message of the Lord. And from that day he began to preach in the market square of the city or wherever he saw a crowd assembled. His words were simple, and peace was his theme —"peace as the greatest good for man, peace with God by keeping His commandments, peace with man by righteous conduct, peace with oneself by the testimony of a good conscience."

By this time the citizens had grown accustomed to the daily presence in their midst of the wasted figure in the coarse gray peasant's robe, with the hood drawn over the head, the rope tied round the waist and the feet bare. It was dawning faintly on their dulled intelligence that a saint was passing amongst them. They no longer jeered at him. They listened silently, even reverently, to his words, and many went home with the dawn of God's grace in their souls.

Ere long Francis' preaching attracted to him disciples, who would fain follow him in his life of evangelical poverty and self-renunciation. The first of these whose name has come down to us was Bernard of Quintivalle, a merchant like Francis, and, like him also, possessed of much wealth. Following the saint's example, Bernard disposed of all his property and distributed the proceeds amongst the poor, reserving nothing for himself. With the consent of Francis, he took up his abode with him at Porziuncula, leading the same life of toil, of prayer, penance and self-abasement. Before the year was out four disciples abode with Francis in his hut of wattles

plastered with mud. Indeed, it may be said that this hut merely served them as an occasional meeting place, for they were mostly absent on missionary work. But wherever they went they observed the same rule of life. They prayed much; kept silence when not engaged in preaching; they possessed nothing. Wherever possible they worked for the farmers and peasants, accepting no other remuneration than their food. When they could not get work, they begged their bread. Everywhere they preached Christ crucified, exhorting men to penance and forgiveness of injuries.

Here in these small beginnings we have the germ of the great order which, like a grain of mustard seed, while Francis even yet lived, had developed into a great tree, spreading its branches far and wide.

It was thus that the saint realized his youthful dreams of becoming a knight of high renown. "So Francis takes up his life's burthen. The golden sunlight of his youth's dream lies upon his path; his heart is filled up with a great love." But to the last hour of life the inner Francis remained unchanged. He was ever the peerless knight, ready to do battle for the cause of truth; ready to help all who suffered; the resplendent brightness of whose stainless shield was never dimmed by the lightest breath. But now the chivalry, the romantic daring and the longing to do great deeds were enlisted in the cause of Jesus crucified. He was God's knight, fiery, fearless in his liege Lord's service. He was God's troubadour, ever pouring forth his soul in glad canticles of praise and thanksgiving. To the end he loved music and song, but not now for him the *chansons* of fair Provence; his were the songs of Sion.

The meanest thing that lived was dear to Francis because of Him Who created it. It is told of him that he would lift the earthworms from the dust of the highways and put them in some secure nook, lest they should be crushed beneath careless feet. The wild things of the woods knew him and came to him at his call, the most timid as well as the fiercest. The hares, shiest of all, played round him, and hungry wolves crouched at his feet. There is a beautiful story told of him in this connection.

The inhabitants of Gubbio, a small town in Umbria, built on the steep slopes of the Apennines, had suffered much from the depredations of a wolf of enormous size and such ferocity that it attacked not only the domestic animals, but also human beings, having even devoured several children. Consternation reigned in Gubbio. No one dared venture outside the walls. St. Francis, pitying the terrified people, went in search of the wolf. The inhabitants, fearing for the saint's life, followed him, but, as the old chronicler remarks, at a

distance. Francis fearlessly approached the cave in the mountains where the wolf had his den. The savage animal instantly rushed at him. Making the sign of the Cross, the saint said in a loud voice: "Come here, brother wolf. I order you in the name of Christ do me no harm, neither me nor anyone." And instantly the fierce brute crouched like a lamb at the saint's feet. Then St. Francis went on to rebuke the wolf for his misdeeds: "Brother wolf, you have committed great crimes. You have not only killed animals, you have been so cruel as to devour men made to the image of God. You deserve to die. Everyone complains of you, and you are an object of horror to the whole country. But it is my wish that you should sign a treaty of peace. I know hunger is the sole cause of your crime. Promise me, therefore, to lead an innocent life, and the inhabitants on their part will forgive you and provide for your future subsistence. Do you consent?" Whereupon the wolf bowed his head and placed his paw in Francis' hand, as if to intimate his acceptance, and then, like a dog, trotted after the saint as he went back to Gubbio, followed by the inhabitants, praising and blessing God for their deliverance.

"Brother wolf" lived for two years in Gubbio, going about the town and entering the houses freely, but never attempting to molest anyone. He was as tame and domesticated as a dog, and was well fed and cared for. When at length he died of old age, there was much sorrow in the town for him.

Birds in particular were always regarded by St. Francis with special affection. It is related of him that once as he was journeying with some of his brethren they came to a place where many trees grew by the roadside. In these trees and on the ground beneath them was a great multitude of all kinds of birds. "When St. Francis saw all this multitude, the spirit of God came over him . . . and he began to preach to the birds. And all those that sat in the trees flew down to him, and none of them moved, although he went right among them. But St. Francis said to the birds: 'My sister birds, you owe God much gratitude, and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt Him, because you can fly so freely wherever you want to; and for your double and threefold clothing, and for your colored and adorning coats, and for the food which you do not have to work for, and for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. . . . You sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourself in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and, though you can neither spin nor weave, He gives you and your young the necessary clothing. Love, therefore, the

Creator much, since he has given you such great blessings. Watch, therefore, well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves in praising God.' . . . But after this, our holy father's words, all these little birds began to open their beaks, to beat their wings and stretch out their necks and bow their heads reverently to the earth, and with their song and their movements showed that the words St. Francis had said had pleased them greatly. . . . And when St. Francis had finished his sermon and his exhortation to praise God, he made the sign of the Cross over all the birds. And all the birds flew up at once and twittered wonderfully and strongly, and separated and flew away." (1) ("The Fioretti," c. 16.)

But of all created things Francis loved best the sun, and next to it fire.

"In the morning," he would say, "when the sun rises all men ought to praise God Who created it for our use, for all things are made visible by it. But in the evening, when it is night, all men ought to praise God for brother fire, which gives our light at night. For we are like the blind, but God gives light by means of these two brothers."

It is remarkable how St. Francis loved Christmas with a special love and wished that his brethren should ever keep it with much rejoicing. Christmas Day happening one year to fall on Friday one of the brothers suggested that meat should not be eaten. "If it is Christmas," said St. Francis, "it is not Friday. If the walls could eat flesh I would give them it today, but as they cannot I will at least rub them over with it." On another occasion he said, "If I knew the Emperor, I would ask him that all might be ordered on this day to throw out corn to the birds, especially to our sisters the larks, and that everyone who has a beast in the stable should give them a specially good feed for love of the Child Jesus born in a manger. And on this day the rich should feast all the poor."

It is to St. Francis that we are indebted for the devotion of the crib. There was a certain Ser. John Vellita, a devoted friend and benefactor to the Saint and the Brothers. Just before Christmas in the year 1223, Francis sent for this man and said to him: "I want to celebrate the holy Christmas night along with thee, and now listen, for I have thought it out for myself. In the woods by the cloister thou wilt find a cave, and there thou mayest arrange a manger filled with hay. There must also be an ox and an ass just as in Bethlehem. I want for once to celebrate seriously the coming of the Son of God upon earth, and see with my own eyes how poor and miserable he wished to be for our sakes."

His faithful friend carried out all the saint's wishes, and at "midnight of Christmas Eve, the Brothers came together to celebrate the festival of Christmas. They stood around the manger and all held lighted candles, so that, as we read, it was light as day in the dark cave under the cliff. Mass was celebrated over the manger so that the Divine Child under the forms of bread and wine should himself come to the place as He had come on the first Christmas Eve to the manger at Bethlehem. For a moment it seemed to John of Vellita that he saw a real child lying in the manger, but as if dead or sleeping. Then Brother Francis stepped forward and took it lovingly in his arms, and the child smiled at Francis, and with his little hands stroked his bearded chin and his coarse grey habit. And yet this vision did not astonish John. For Jesus had been dead or else asleep in many hearts, but Brother Francis had by his voice and his example again restored the Divine Child to life and awakened Him from His trance."

We have not space to follow much further the footsteps of the Seraphic Saint of Assisi. . . . We cannot linger over the history of that sublime manifestation of God's predilection for His servant, when as Francis on the lonely heights of Mount Alverno wept in an ecstasy of grief contemplating the sufferings of Jesus crucified, he received the sacred stigmata so that henceforth he bore "the image and likeness of Our Lord Jesus Christ the Crucified in his side and likewise on his hands and feet."

Nor yet can we dwell at length on that most beautiful and touching story, so closely woven with Francis' own life-story, of the Lady Clare, who happening to hear the saint preach, in the first flush of radiant youth and beauty, left her father's castle, and renouncing her riches and high estate, embraced the abject poverty practiced by the Apostle of the Poverty of Christ. Nor may we delay to tell of that other glorious follower of Francis, the angelic Antony of Padua.

We have already spoken of the saint's love for the woodland hermitage of Porziuncola, a love which grew and deepened as the years went by. It may be said with truth that the only spot on earth that Francis ever allowed himself to regard as home was Porziuncola. Thus it is that in the autumn of 1226 we find him returning to the loved retreat, a weary, worn-out man; broken with austerities, physical sufferings, many sorrows and much disappointment. Francis had come home to die.

It is related that a short time previously, whilst sojourning at Rieti, the saint, being in greater pain than usual, requested one

of the brothers to play and sing to him some sacred song which might soothe his suffering. The Brother demurred, alleging as an excuse that the people of the house would be disedified if they heard the sounds of a violin issuing from the sick man's room. The meek Francis did not press the matter further. But that night, as he lay sleepless on his couch of pain, he heard in the stillness strains of unearthly sweetness outside his window. Well the saint knew that never did earthly musician produce from instrument fashioned by mortal hands such melody. All through the hours of darkness the celestial harping continued, and when morning came Francis said to the Brother: "The Lord did not forget me this time either, but comforted me, as He always does. Instead of thee, He sent me an angel who had played for me all night."

On the 3d of October, 1226, the Master's call came. As the day waned Francis seemed to gain strength, and lifting up his voice he sang the 141st Psalm, beginning, "I cried to the Lord with my voice." And then as the golden light of sunset was illumining the Apennines, there fell a sudden stillness round the couch of Francis, that stillness which is like no other, and the weeping Brothers knew that their father had left them.

God's peerless knight, God's sweet singer, had gone home. After the first few moments of silence there came a burst of harmony sweet and loud. The saint's "sister larks" were filling the air with hymns of praise.

E. LEAHY.

### A DARK SPOT IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

**S**LOVAKIA, known as Czecho-Slovakia since the World War, is very much hampered in her progress of political economy owing to internal complexities that were known to exist almost since the establishment of the new Czecho-Slovak Republic. Looking back toward the month of March, 1921, about the time that the effects of a long subjected political persecution of the Czechs and Slovaks began to wear off, everything seemed to be in a state of harmony. But as matters progress, it is alleged that the Czech part of the republic begins to lose its equilibrium, attributed to the overwhelming effects that were brought on almost suddenly through the acquisition of Independence granted through the Treaty at Versailles, and which proved to be a little more than the Czechs had expected. It was not long after the establishment of the Republic that the Czechs began to take advantage of the Slovaks on many problems. They have gone so far as to seriously offend the Slovaks and disregard any suggestion made by them which was meant for the good of the Republic.

When the matter was brought before President Masaryk, it was hoped that something would be done. But the only words that Mr. Masaryk uttered were, "Remember, that we are only in the honeymoon of our liberty, and much is to be forgiven us." It was rumored at the time, that Mr. Masaryk had somewhat looked into the matter and had taken the situation into such consideration that in his effort to prevent the practice of said offense against the Slovaks, he had lost one of his strongest associates in the government, Dr. Kramer.

From present indications, it seems that the action of the President had no direct effect on the situation, and as is evident, has since lost all its value.

The Czechs and the Slovaks are closely related, both in blood and language, yet in many respects, they are quite unlike. Briefly, the Czechs are inclined very much to Agnosticism and Materialism, where on the other hand, the Slovaks are the most pious Catholics

of Europe. Considerable offence has been caused the Slovaks of the Republic through Czech anti-Clerical feeling that had its beginning almost with the establishment of the new Republic. Repeated protests and admonitory pleading on the part of the Slovaks, have failed to bring an agreement between the two races. And, as a result, the situation has aroused an anti-Czech feeling amongst the Slovaks and the various races or nationalities settling in the Slovak portion of the Republic.

Reports of April 6, 1924, in the *Narodene Noviny* (National News), a Czech-Slovak publication, and in the *New World*, of Chicago, for June 20, 1924, seems to indicate that there has never been a danger so insistent in its pressure to bring about a separation of the Slovaks from the Czechs in the Czech-Slovak Republic as there is today. The promise of Mr. Masaryk made in the early days of the Republic, that the Slovaks would have an Autonomous Constitution has been so far unfulfilled. Matters have come to be more or less intolerable amongst the Slovaks, and as a result, a movement for complete Autonomy and Self-Government has gained considerable headway with the Slovaks.

Another disturbing factor in the Republic has been occasioned through Czech interference with the Slovak religion.

Following is a very recent report which may serve as evidence of that: Otto Skovrina, a Lutheran minister from Turchancky St. Martin, published an article in the issue of the 6th of April, 1924, of the *Narodne Noviny* (Nat. News) in which he raised a determined protest against the proceedings and behavior of the Bohemians who had agreed that all religious schools in Slovakia must be abolished and all teachings of religion excluded in that country.

Otto Skovrina writes as follows: The teaching faculty of the schools at St. Martin at its session on the 29th of March last, which was attended by a majority of the teachers "without creed" he says, debated the school and religious question and proclaimed after a vote with only one dissenting that all church schools are to be abolished in Slovakia. He then goes on to say, "This then is the desire of the Czech teachers 'without creed' but certainly not the wish of the Catholic Slovaks."

In commenting on the above, the *Chicago New World* says, "Will the warning voice of this Lutheran minister be heeded here in America?"

"For five centuries," says R. W. Seton-Watson in a London periodical, "it has been a tradition amongst the Czechs to identify themselves with a certain opposition to Rome. Hussitism has been there a long smoldering cause, and has since come to mean many

things of which John Huss would certainly have been the first to disapprove were he alive today."

During the first three months which elapsed between the collapse of the old Austro-Hungarian State and the permanent establishment of the Czecho-Slovak authorities, R. W. Seton-Watson, who is editor of the Slovanic Review published in London, says in his periodical for March, 1924, that "There was a very satisfactory order and discipline through the country, and a pleasing harmony between the various confessions. But with the advent of the Czechs into the various positions of the government, everything was changed. The Czechs have imported with them the passions of excitement which their anti-Clerical frenzy had stirred up in them."

Assuming that Rome was to blame for former Austrian domination, the Czechs obviously have considered it a fair retribution in unjustly treating the Slovaks in a political and religious way because of their attachment to Rome through their confession of faith.

Meeting with a great deal of success with their "sham" patriotism in Bohemia, they soon set out for Slovakia. They thought that their views would meet with the same response in Slovakia as in Bohemia. It was not long however before they discovered their mistake. They soon found that they had given the greatest possible offence to the religious feelings of the population, Catholic as well as Protestant.

It also appears that since the establishment of the "State or National" church in Bohemia, the government has been doing all in its power to facilitate its cause, while at the same time placing every obstacle in the way of those belonging to the Catholic Church when seeking rights and privileges that should be accorded them as in all other modern constitutional governments, and to which they are entitled.

In a recent report of the Jednota (Union), a Catholic Slovak weekly published in Middletown, Pa., it was indicated that the Czechs had taken upon themselves full and complete charge of the school system in Slovakia, and in so doing, had considered it expedient to supply the teaching faculties for the schools in Slovakia. The reception of the Czech teachers there was cold, for as soon as the Slovaks found that they were the free-thinking kind, they refused to send their children to them. This has caused a great deal of excitement in the Republic, and it seemed for a while that the Czechs would gain in the controversy owing to the lamb-like innocence that is generally ascribed to the Slovaks.

Friendship between the two peoples is very necessary, for the sake of liberty, progress, honor, and peace of mind.

Since the creation of a new State calls for new politicians, new bureaucracies, and a reorganization in governmental policies, this likewise was essential in the establishment of the new Czecho-Slovak State. The Czechs however, have taken advantage of the Slovaks, and inevitably this meant that the bureaucracy of this new republic was composed largely of Czechs. The result was that the Czechs have taken upon themselves complete authority in the new Republic with the Slovaks receiving only second consideration, and being made to feel that they are foreigners in their own country. The Slovaks being on equal footing with the Czechs as far as founding of the Republic is concerned, therefore reasoned that more of their own people should be represented in the civil service of the Republic.

In a self-governing Slovakia, where the Slovaks themselves would be the deciding factors, such an arrangement would be impossible.

Meekness and humility are the Slovak people's virtues, but they must not be yoked to draw the burden of discrimination.

The Slovaks are not by nature revolutionists, but it appears that the spirit of revolution is gaining among them, and that they are unanimously supported in their protests by the majority of the population living among them.

The Slovaks with their characteristic humbleness, unostentatious strength and unfeigned equanimity, have patiently withstood the attacks and abuses that were heaped upon them for centuries while defending their political and religious rights, and for the curbing of organizations which might interfere with that prerogative. What is one of the miracles of history is the survival of the Slovak spirit and of their race and faith.

The Slovaks maintain that the Czechs have failed to live up to and accommodate themselves to conditions in Slovakia. And it is alleged that Mr. Masaryk as President has turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the Slovaks asking for a complete modification in the system of present governmental affairs. As a result, the Slovaks have concluded that when a long train of usurpations pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right and their duty to throw off such government.

"Who and what," says a report from Prague for June 16 to the Chicago *New World*, "will save Slovakia from a destructive influence on the morals of a deeply religious people? Is it proper or even permissible that this race should be ignored and left to sustain further torment by the application of fear, force and compulsion?"

These are indeed troublous times in Europe. The Slovaks assert that Mr. Masaryk has declined to grant them an autonomous con-

stitution that would lead to that prerogative. They have now decided to spare no vital energy in their effort to establish a Home-Rule Autonomy of Slovakia, based on the joint agreement called the "Pittsburghska Dohoda," which was adapted in Pittsburgh in the latter days of the World War by prominent European and American Slovaks and Czechs, who were then active in organizing a free Czecho-Slovak Republic. Such, the Slovaks figure, is the only possible means of eliminating the policies now existing in their country.

The Slovaks maintain that they have been made the victims of a premeditated deception at the hands of the Czechs who, being a little more aggressive of the two, have seized the reigning power of the republic and begun an era of political and religious interference far more stringent than that exercised on the latter by the Magyars shortly before the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian State.

It has been difficult to obtain any great measure of news out of the republic, as a strict censorship has been placed on all out-going and in-coming information that would prove inconvenient to the government. The present system of the government prohibits the importation of any literature from the outside that would tend to offer any defence to the Slovaks. This, say the Slovaks, seems to be the sense in which the Czechs understand, as they are accustomed to declare in a boastful fashion, their homogeneity with the Slovaks in the form of kinship.

When we reflect upon the tremendous assaults which the Slovak race has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way they are going to perish.

"Just now," says Otto Skovrina, in the *Narodne Noviny* (Nat. News), "there is a vein of pitiless cruelty running through the new Republic, and the Catholics in Slovakia have been made none the worse because of it." He adds, "Is it proper for such a state of affairs to prevail in a country that has proclaimed itself a Republic based on the fundamental principles of the American Government?"

A report to the Chicago *New World* from Vienna dated August 25, 1924, gives an account of a recent address by President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia, in which he attacked the Catholic Church and which received a prompt answer, the report says, from the Czech Catholics at the recent annual meeting on the "Holy Mountain," near Pribram, Bohemia.

At this gathering, which is an ancient custom with the Czecho-Slovakian Catholics, sharp expression was given to dissatisfaction with the present administration at Prague, according to "Slovak,"

published in Czecho-Slovakia. President Masaryk, before entering the political arena, became famous as a man of science by expounding atheistic theories.

It is now generally conceded that only a Home-Rule Autonomy of Slovakia, based on the agreement drawn up at Pittsburgh previous to the establishment of the Republic, will suffice as an alternative between the two people. This accomplished, the rights of the Slovaks as well as of the Czechs will be equally respected. Matters could be fairly well adjusted by allowing the Slovaks to assimilate to every possible extent the civil duties of the country, both in Bohemia and in Slovakia.

It is asserted that Czecho-Slovakia is none too strong, and that its wilful president is bent on dividing this dwindling strength with the same unfortunate characteristics that he cried out against in Austria; that Mr. Masaryk, against his pledged word, began his political career by hostility to the religious belief of the Slovaks; and that he put in jail those who stood out in defence of their faith; and that from present observations, he seems to have forgotten the fact that the Slovaks had given their services equal to that of the Czechs in the fight for liberty and freedom.

Possibly the Slovak cause has developed to be one that President Masaryk may hate, but with which he may have to reckon.

The Slovaks in America are well established throughout the country, and have wonderfully adapted themselves to the principles of the land. Their population and wealth continued to increase along with their social development, and as Americans, they are inherently progressive.

The two million Slovaks that are in America today, are glad to possess the ideals and aspirations of a Nation that awakens the enthusiasm of patriotism and common interest of a country of which one feels the pride of citizenship.

STEPHEN J. PALICKAR.

## THE CURE OF ARS: DIALOG WITH SATAN

THE probable canonization of the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney, commonly called the Cure of Ars, during this Jubilee Year will undoubtedly revive interest in that very remarkable priest's life. Surprise, astonishment and amazement follow in order, as the reader pursues the experiences and achievements of this humble servant of God during his forty-four years of ministry. His uninterrupted labors in the face of discouraging conditions during his entire priesthood, as well as heroic ascetism so constantly practiced, and his self-imposed poverty, provoke justly generous admiration. Yet, in spite of his masterful and perfect and ceaseless self-oblation, he is best known as a confessor who patiently listened to sinners for many hours every day for about forty years. His life is a marvelous combination of prayer, preaching, poverty, mortification and patient endurance. He seemed to have combined all virtues without emphasizing any particular one. While the most active of priests, he was at the same time a contemplative outside a monastery. Many saints are known to the world for some individual quality heroically adhered to, but in the life of the Cure of Ars it would seem that he equals any of the specialists in their conspicuous virtues.

The life of this meek, yet powerful, servant of God, cannot be read by the average priest without feeling the utter hopelessness of comparison. When Pope Leo XIII put forth the Cure of Ars as the model for parish priests, he placed an ideal so great before them that were there three such invincible servants of God on earth, according to Satan's own statement, "my kingdom would be destroyed."

Although the Cure of Ars is interesting as a child, as a student, preacher, confessor, contemplative, ascetic, reformer, man of prayer and worker of miracles, yet, perhaps the most astonishing aspect of his career is his thirty-eight years of persecution by the devil.

The Blessed Cure of Ars was a priest three years when Satan began to annoy and persecute him. We may well imagine the terror of the simple, unsuspecting priest when he first learned from the

absence of footprints in the snow, after the violent hammering on the door, that he was the victim of diabolic attack. The effect of the first week's noises, inside and outside his house, was noticed in the run-down condition of his health. The Cure admitted that he was almost frightened to death, but prayer proved his safety. Even the best men of the parish, who had armed themselves and stood on watch to protect the priest, ran away in terror when the malicious enemy began his nocturnal banging with supposed sledge-hammers.

Prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary was usually effective in driving the devil from the Cure's room; but it required many weeks to overcome the soul-wracking fear. The experiences of other servants of God in their fights with Satan also proved that the Immaculate Virgin's protection was unfailing when called upon. In this magnificent fact we may understand the devil's fear of the one promised in Genesis (III: 15), who would eventually crush his head.

The creating of disturbance by a variety of noises, such as the tramping of numerous sheep over his head, on the floor above or the pounding of horses' hoofs below, was not the only means the devil used to persecute the Cure for long weary hours. The violent shaking of his bed and bed-curtains, the throwing and breaking of furniture, the hammering on the walls and the driving of nails, the smearing of holy pictures with sickening filth, especially the picture of the Blessed Virgin, the filling of the house with nauseating stenches, the lifting of the holy priest while in his bed, up to the ceiling and again dropping him, the same trick in the confessional, the striking of the Cure with painful blows upon the body, the imitating of hissing snakes and barking dogs and panting bulls, wearisome sighs under the bed and pillow of the Cure while he tried to rest, these were the usual diabolic activities from which this patient victim suffered every night for thirty-eight years. The little rest the Cure sought after his tedious and monotonous hours in the confessional were never without the hideous annoyance of Satan. On one occasion the living martyr complained that during the night, the devil made several efforts to kill him.

One thing which the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney learned after some months, was that when the devil and his noisy troop were noticeably vicious and fiendish, the next day hardened sinners of many years, burdened with the most degrading of crimes, came to make humble confession. When the holy priest realized this protest by Satan was but the sign of a rich harvest the next day, he was exceedingly grateful to God and was glad to suffer for the sake of the sinners won. Further on in this article we shall hear the devil bitterly

denouncing the saintly priest on this score; the devil did not lose his clients without taking revenge upon the venerable servant of God.

According to some spiritual authorities, the reason behind this diabolic persecution is twofold; first, as in the case of holy Job, for the purpose of meritorious trial at the hands of Satan, so that the victim will the more turn to and depend absolutely upon God. And secondly, the envy of the devil is aroused by the evidence of spiritual strength. That is to say, when the various, numerous and insidious temptations by Satan are continually resisted, and he feels that he has met one more powerful than himself, he becomes infuriated and openly assaults such a one. The proud spirit apparently cannot understand how any human creature can be capable of resisting him. Tertullian (*De Poenit.*), states, "When you overcome him, you do not daunt his boldness, but you inflame his rage." The persistence of the devil is no less wonderful than his malice, for he seems stupid in his repeated efforts to wear down his opponent. When we realize that the devil persevered for thirty-eight years against the Cure of Ars, in his determination to break the endurance of the holy priest, we can well marvel at the power of sanctity in one, and the hatred and malice of the other.

The lives of many saints prove to us that the experiences of the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney were not unusual; in fact many lives of renowned sanctity reveal similar attacks on the part of Satan. In Fr. Wolferstan's translation of Abbe Monnin's *Life of the Cure of Ars*, we read the following: "One cannot utter the word 'temptation' without the memory of the Thebaid immediately coming before the mind; for the temptations of St. Anthony have become proverbial. During the time he dwelt in the mountain of Kolsim, whence he ruled over the desert and several generations of coenobites, the numberless visitors of his terrible solitude hardly ever approached it without hearing a confused and terrible sound of voices of all sorts, the clashing of arms and the stamping of horses, as though he were besieged by an army of invisible spirits. St. Hilarion was no sooner at prayer than he heard the baying of hounds, bellowing of bulls, hissing of serpents, and the various and terrible cries of different monsters trying to affright him. Devils made such an uproar about the cell of St. Pachomious that they seemed determined to destroy both man and cell. They appeared to St. Abraham, axes in hand, as if to demolish his hut; at other times they set fire to the mat on which he prayed.

The lives of St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Anthony of Padua, St. John of God, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Nicholas of Tolentino, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Francis of Rome, St. Rose

of Lima, St. Hedwig, St. Lidwina, St. Teresa, John de Castillo, Sebastian del Campo, Dominic of Jesu-Maria, Christine of Stormelm, Crescentia of Kaufbeuren, Christine the Admirable, The Solitary of the Rocks, Benoite, the little shepherdess of Laus, and Marie de Moerl, the ecstatic of the Tyrol—all of these offer striking resemblances to the events already narrated in the life of the Blessed Cure of Ars.

On only a few occasions did the devil assume a material and visible form; once he appeared as a hideous dog with fearfully glaring eyes, and on another occasion the devils came as a swarm of bats covering the walls and ceiling of his room. It is worthy of mention here that some years ago, *Everybody's Magazine* offered a prize to any reputable gathering of spiritual-mediums which could show the nearest approach to a spirit-materialization. The gathering that won the prize testified that during the seance, in the darkness, and while seated about a table, all present felt the hairy side of a "dog"; but not one suggested or even suspected that the "dog" was the devil. Had they been acquainted with the lives of some of the saints mentioned above, they would have learned a helpful truth. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the writer, a few months ago, questioned a missionary from Uganda concerning reputed diabolic activities. The missionary stated that for many years the devil had been a cause of fearful trouble to the missionaries, especially in the wrecking of the churches which were of light construction. Showers of rocks often did great damage to the humble thatched structures. But the most vivid experience in the mind of the missionary was the day-long effort on the part of three priests to exorcize two girls. Only after each priest took up his turn in relay was the demon finally driven out.

An experience of unusual interest and profitable significance is found in the dialogue which the Blessed Cure of Ars held with the devil. On this occasion Satan spoke through a possessed woman who had been brought to the holy priest for exorcism. It is taken from the latest translation of Abbé Monin's *Life of the Cure of Ars*, and is as follows:

The Possessed: I am immortal.

The Cure: Then you are the only person that will never die.

The Possessed: I have committed only one sin in my life, and I will share the knowledge of it with anyone who wants it. Raise thy hand over me and absolve me. Thou hast done so before often in my behalf.

The Cure: (*In Latin*) Tu quis es? (Who art thou?)

The Possessed: (*Also in Latin*) *Magister, Caput* (The Master, The Chief) (*and continuing in a sort of diabolic French*). Vile, black toad! how thou hast made me suffer! We are mutually at war; it is a case of which shall conquer the other. But though thou gettest them into thine own hands, it happens occasionally that thou workest for me. Thou dost imagine they are properly disposed, but they are not. Why dost thou examine the consciences of thy penitents? Of what good are all these inquiries? Can it be that what I have made them do does not suffice thee? ,

The Cure: Thou sayest that I examine the consciences of my penitents? But they have recourse to God before they make their own examen.

The Possessed: Yes; with their lips. I tell thee that it is I who make their examen. I am oftener in thy chapel than thou knowest; my body may leave, but my spirit remains. I am pleased when they prate there. By no means do all who come there obtain salvation. Thou art a miser.

The Cure: I can hardly be a miser; I have but little, and that little I give away willingly.

The Possessed: That is not the avarice of which I speak. Thou art avaricious of souls; thou dost wrest all that thou canst; but I will do my best to recover them. Thou art a liar. Long since hast thou said that thou wouldest depart, and yet thou art still here. What dost thou want here then? So many others retire and take their ease. Why not do as they do? Thou hast labored full long enough. Thou didst wish to go to Lyons (This was very true; at the time referred to, the Cure seriously planned to go to Fourvieres). At Lyons thou wouldest be as avaricious as you are here. Thou dost desire to withdraw into solitude. (This also was true; the Cure was torn in spirit by two great desires:—retreat to Fourvieres or to La Trappe.) Why dost thou not do it?

The Cure: Hast thou anything more to reproach me with?

The Possessed: I troubled thee sufficiently during Mass last Sunday. Ah, dost thou remember? (The Sunday in question was the second Sunday after the Epiphany; the Cure had declared that he had felt troubled in an extraordinary degree up to the Gospel.) Thy *purple cassock* (i.e., Msgr. Raymond Devie, Bishop of Belley) has recently written to thee; but I have managed so well that he has omitted an essential matter, which has disturbed him. (The Cure had, in fact, received a letter from his Bishop that day.)

The Cure: Will the Bishop permit me to go?

The Possessed: He values thee too much. Without that—— (here the possessed designated the Blessed Virgin by names that cannot be hinted at) thou wouldest be gone already. We have done all we can to get thy *purple cassock* to pack thee off, and we have not succeeded because of that—— (again mentioning the Virgin Mary by unthinkable names). Thy *purple cassock* is as avaricious as thyself; he has caused me just as much suffering. No matter; we have lulled him into security concerning an abuse in his diocese. Come then, raise thy hand over me, as thou dost over so many others. Thou thinkest to convert all; there thou dost err. Things look well just now, but I will retrieve the situation presently. I have several of thy people on my books.

The Cure: What thinkest thou of A. B.? (A priest of tried virtue.)

The Possessed: I like him not. (These words were uttered in a tone of concentrated rage, accompanied by horrible grinding of teeth.)

The Cure: And of C. D.?

The Possessed: A good man that. He lets us do very much as we please. There are black toads who do not cause me as much suffering as thou. I serve their Mass. They say it for me.

The Cure: Dost thou serve mine?

The Possessed: Thou dost weary me. Ah, if that—— (The Blessed Virgin) did not protect thee! But wait a while. We have ruined stronger than thou; . . . thou are not yet dead . . . Why dost thou rise so early. Thou dost disobey thy *purple cassock* who told thee to take care of thy health . . . What maketh thee preach so simply? Thou dost pass for an ignoramus. Why not preach in the grand style, like they do in the towns? Ah, how those grand sermons delight me, which fluster nobody, which leave everyone to go his own way, and do as he pleases. At thy catechisms some there are who sleep; but thy simple words go direct to the hearts of others.

The Cure: What dost thou think of dancing?

The Possessed: I am round about a dance as a wall is round about a garden.

On another occasion, when a possessed woman was brought to the Cure of Ars, the devil said to him: "How thou dost cause me to suffer! If the world had three such as thyself, my kingdom would be destroyed . . . thou hast already snatched eighty thousand souls from me." This woman remained ten days at Ars, made a general confession, received holy Communion and departed in peace.

But before she left, or rather before she was exorcised, she had said in the presence of several: "What a foul place this Ars is; how bad it smells; everybody here stinks. Give me *La Rotonde* (a famous haunt of vice in one of the worst parts of Lyons), all is fragrant there—roses, jasmine, violets . . . Ah, if the lost could come here, they would, indeed, profit by it more than all of you." Someone asked her: "Who is it that makes tables turn?" She replied: "I do . . . mesmerism, hypnotism . . . all that sort of thing is my business."

This astounding dialogue between the Cure of Ars and Satan offers very instructive information upon the knowledge possessed by the devil, as well as his furious hatred of personal mortification and simple, straightforward preaching, such as was done by the holy priest. Furthermore, it appears, as a very significant hint to priests, that asking questions in the confessional, in order to obtain the fullest integrity of confession, is offensive to the devil and therefore most salutary to the penitent. Many matters taught by theology are vindicated by the evidence brought forth in this unique exchange between Satan and the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney.

Surely, no one, especially a priest, can read these astounding experiences and words which the Blessed Cure of Ars had with the enemy of old, without much fruitful profit. In all this we see the terrifying reality of the malicious and powerful enemy of God and man. Neither can one escape the fearful reality and consequences of sin. The need of penance, intensely earnest preaching, mortification and the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, are unquestionably constant in our lives. The ceaseless efforts of Satan against man are fearful, leading us to realize the necessity of grace, vigilance and dependence on Christ, without whom we are helpless and lost.

Let us conclude by remembering that the truth of holy Revelation concerning the existence and the activities of the powers of darkness are fully vindicated, not alone by the terrible experiences of the holy priest of Ars, but by many other saintly souls who were tried by the eternal enemy in many ways and for many years. And in light of these facts, who will misunderstand St. Paul, when he said to the Ephesians, (VI-12): "FOR OUR WRESTLING IS NOT AGAINST FLESH AND BLOOD; BUT AGAINST PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS; AGAINST THE RULERS OF THE WORLD OF THIS DARKNESS; AGAINST THE SPIRITS OF WICKEDNESS IN THE HIGH PLACES."

OWEN A. MCGRATH, C.S.P.

## HUMOR AND ITS SOURCE.

MANY theories of the comic have been formulated, but none of them "work," not one of them includes within its explanation the whole vast field of the laughable. We laugh at Falstaff, we laugh at Volpone and the Jew of Malta, we laugh at Lucian's comedy of adventure, Rabelais' huge fantastic invention, these and many other things, all unlike one another, arouse in us the same strange pleasure of laughter. Some single subterranean principle, we argue, must feed all these different fountains of laughter. But what is that principle—surprise? the correction of *raideur*? We give it up; the problem is too vast and too densely tangled.

We laugh at the first, as we laugh at Rabelais or Nashe, because it is romantic, it invents improbable episodes and surprising forms of speech, it is a fantastic distortion of life. The other amuses us because, like the old comedy that castigates in laughing, it is a commentary on life. Although nearly every great man and innumerable lesser ones have theorized as to the origin and purpose of laughter, their attempts have not resulted in a complete general understanding of it. Like love, to which it is closely related, as Professor Greig abundantly illustrated in his treatise published last year, laughter has a special and a general significance. Just as the word "love" may be used to describe the emotion felt by a man towards his dog, his wife and his god, so the physiological reaction caused by tickling, by poetic satire and the behaviour of a child may be, without discrimination, known as laughter.

The word "humour" has had a strange, eventful history, and is now commonly used to denote any laughter at the ludicrous or, by some writers, to denote any kind of laughter whatever. But there is some justification in the English tradition for this distinction between purely comic and sympathetic humorous laughter. Coleridge distinguished the "pure, unmixed, ludicrous or laughable" from the "congeniality of humour with pathos." "The humor-

ous writer," according to Thackeray, "professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness" and "your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed." Since Thackeray thought that "the humorous writer" should also awaken "scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture," he did not confine "humour" to a sympathetic sense of the comic. Meredith distinguished wit as warlike, whose laughter, like that of Hoyden, sounds like the smack of harlequin's wand upon clown, from the comic which does not drive into quivering sensibilities, and both from humour which comforts sensibilities and tucks them up. Professor Saintsbury describes humour "as a feeling and presentation of the ludicrous, including sympathetic, or at least meditative, transcendency." There is authority, therefore, as well as justification through private observation, for distinguishing the sympathetic laughter of humour from the pure amusement of the purely comic.

Laughter is admittedly a perplexing study, and is as difficult to analyse as it is genial and welcome to experience. When doctors disagree it is all the more important to discover and hold to any certainties. Now a survey of laughter, an examination of its occasions and of its theorists through human history, seems to disclose one certain and significant fact. Laughter has been humanised, it has responded to the advance of sympathy as civilisation advances by becoming more sympathetic and less cruel. Since this survey is extensive it must be here represented by two instances, one relating to the occasions of laughter, and the other to estimates of its nature.

When Homer made the bandy-legged Thersites, with his rounded shoulders arched down upon his chest, and his head with its scanty sprouting stubble warped over them, a reviler who was hateful to Achilles and Odysseus, he commemorated a traditional ascription of a bitter spirit to the dwarf or deformed person. So Richard "not shaped for sportive tricks" sent "into this breathing world, scarce half made up," and halting by the barking dogs, resolved "to prove a villain" and be "subtle false, and treacherous." The passing of this tradition marks an advance in human sympathies.

Laughter is greatest when it is a momentary break in the serious things of life, and fills its highest role with a background of seriousness. As Emerson says, "The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves."

After all, what is life but a contradiction? Pascal saw and exposed with an unmatched incisiveness the duality of human life

and human nature. Man is a reed, but he is a thinking reed, and all his dignity lies in his consciousness. We show our greatness when we know our misery, which is something that a tree cannot know. Yet we are bound to seek our happiness, and by a last infirmity which is the noblest we covet glory.

Herbert Spencer, by referring laughter at the ludicrous to a "*descending incongruity*" and Kant, by referring it to an expectation dwindled into nothing, hint distinctly at the element of relief that is unmistakable in the more physical situation and present in its more mental analogue of amused laughter. The sense of the ludicrous is a mental appreciation of an incongruity lodged in a situation of relief. This transference of laughter from the more physical situation of relief to the more purely mental situation of amusement is intimated in Bacon's "laughing . . . hath its source from the intellect; for in laughing there ever precedeth a conceit of somewhat ridiculous" and in Mr. MacBeerbohm's "the physical sensation of laughter, on the other hand, are reached by a process whose starting-point is the mind."

"If consensus of opinion," writes Mr. J. C. Gregory in a highly technical article, "can ever be relied upon to indicate a certain feature of laughter, the sense of the ludicrous depends upon an incongruity. An incongruity is a contrast that administers a psychical shock to the mind; when the shock is pleasant, and Johnson thought that "the pleasures of the mind" always "imply something sudden and unexpected," it may be laughable. It results in amusement when it is lodged in a situation of relief. The sense of the ludicrous tends to steal into all situations of relief and steadily to dominate laughter, because the two sides of a situation of relief compose an incongruity. There is an incongruity in the moment of triumph between violent struggle and ease of success, and between sharp menace from a foe and his present powerlessness. There is an incongruity in scorn between the perception of a threat and a feeling of security. The persistence of the mind in perceiving incongruity and deriving amusement from its mental appreciation constantly tends to pervade all laughter with a sense of the ludicrous, and to conceal its connection with a rich variety of laughers."

"I have heard," a writer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "a critic of the House of Commons declare that the House of Commons has a style of humour which is unintelligible to anybody outside its sacred precincts. I suppose it is so; and if I were asked to define what Parliament considers humour I should find it hard to give a definition. I just attempt it by saying that there must be in

a successful speech a touch every now and then of personal allusion, and especially allusion to the personal peculiarities of the other member with whom the speaker finds himself in disagreement. A certain gift of mimicry, not carried too far, is also useful. Perhaps I might sum up the matter by saying that the ironical—a little after the French style—is also the most welcome form of humour."

The clown is the primitive comedian. Sometimes in the exuberance of animal life a spirit of riot and frolic comes over a man; he leaps, he dances, he tumbles head over heels, he grins, shouts, or leers, possibly he pretends to go to pieces suddenly, and blubbers like a child. A moment later he may look up wreathed in smiles, and hugely pleased about nothing. All this he does hysterically, without any reason, by a sort of mad inspiration and irresistible impulse. He may easily, however, turn his absolute histrionic impulse, his pure fooling, into mimicry of anything or anybody that at the moment happens to impress his senses; he will crow like a cock, simper like a young lady, or reel like a drunkard. Such mimicry is virtual mockery, because the actor is able to revert from those assumed attitudes to his natural self; whilst his models, as he thinks have no natural self save that imitable attitude, and can never disown it; so that the clown feels himself immensely superior, in his role of universal satirist, to all actual men, and belabours and rails at them unmercifully. He sees everything in caricature, because he sees the surface only, with the lucid innocence of a child; and all these grotesque personages stimulate him, but not to moral sympathy.

A modern journalist recently asked the question: "Why do we laugh—you and I who have what is known as a sense of humour—at a witty remark?" Many attempts have been made to explain this curious phenomenon by means of a brief definition. But it has proved impossible to define wit wittily—at any rate in such a way as to disclose the hidden source of the laughter which is a sudden discharge of psychic energy. The truth is that this problem, if it is to be solved at all, must be solved scientifically. That is to say, we must compare the different kinds of witticism, find what they have in common, and then investigate the why and how of the joyous explosion. Then, and not till then, shall we know what wit really is. It is generally supposed that the hearer of a jest is the person whose soul-state must be chiefly considered in such an investigation. Shakespeare takes this point of view in the famous lines in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act V, Scene 2):

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it."

But there seems to be little or no truth in this popular belief. A witticism is a failure, of course, if those who hear it for the first time are not stirred to sudden laughter.

Various opinions have been advanced as to what is the ultimate nature of our intellectual apprehension of the ludicrous. There are a great many books about the subject. Hobbes thought one laughed because one felt superior. Bergson thinks that the comic is always the animate imitating the mechanical; and Kant thought something else—I forget what. Some persons would reduce it to a simple perception of incongruity, while others consider that an idea of superiority on the part of the laughter is implied in it. Certainly actions which provoke our laughter are very commonly seen by us to be silly actions, done foolishly, in neglect of that ordinary common-sense which should have hindered their perpetration. Laughter is excited when we see a person over-reached or outwitted, in cases where ordinary foresight ought to have guarded him against it; and he becomes especially an object of derision if some slight moral fault is at the root of his intellectual blindness. If, however, his mistake was utterly unavoidable, it then calls not for ridicule but pity, while, if the moral obliquity is extreme, it then gives rise to loathing. The apprehension of the ridiculous is sometimes thought to be an apprehension of what is antithetical to the sublime, and certainly some instructive contrasts may be drawn between our apprehensions of the beautiful, the sublime and the ridiculous. The delight of giving an extra turn of the screw that destroys the last shred of verisimilitude for the sake of a fantastic effect is to be seen everywhere in American humorous writing. We can say with truth they love exaggeration. The idea of the sublime tends to overwhelm us with a sense of our relative inferiority which the comic rarely, if at all, does.

Humour is characterized by an inclination to reflect, and to take large views of things which embrace relations; further, by a mirthful caprice of fancy in choosing for playground the confines of issues felt all the time to be serious. It grows distinctly philosophic when, as in Jean Paul or his disciple, Carlyle, the contemplation of things breaks through the limitations of the viewer's particular world-corner, surmounts "relative" points of view, and regards humanity as a whole, with oneself projected into the spectacle, as nearly as possible as disinterested spectator.

Lamb himself has told us what attitude a man should bring to the appreciation of this comedy. He is to regard these "sports of a witty fancy" as "a world of themselves almost as much as fairy-land." His moral feelings are left at home with his morning suit. He goes to the play in order "to escape from the pressure of reality." For him the figures that pursue one another across the stage have no moral substance, and are proper subjects neither for approval nor for disapproval. "In other words," wrote Sully, "Lamb tells us that the comedy of Congreve and his school is to be taken as a pure show, holding no relations to the real, everyday world. This view has been spurned by Macauley, in a well-known essay, as subversive of morals. To him, the comedy of the Restoration is a thing that is inherently anti-moral in spirit and intention; and he proceeds to pound it with weighty invectives."

Why does wit amuse us? Tendency-wit saves us the trouble of self-repression. In other words, we derive pleasure from an "economy of psychic expenditure." That phrase is too precious to be lost. How can we force "Harmless wit" into the frame? Why, ever since we were children we have been repressing our childish pleasure in nonsense and free play among words; "harmless wit" allows us indulgence again. Here we have our economy in psychic expenditure so that synthesis is complete. He really need not have given an appearance of doubt by throwing in "the rediscovery of the familiar" as a make-weight. Why, again, does wit so often seem suddenly inspired? Because "a fore-conscious thought is left for a moment to unconscious elaboration and the results are forthwith grasped by the conscious perception." When Dr. Freud remembers that sometimes such an unconscious process has obviously *not* taken place, all he has to do is to assume "a particular *personal adaptation* which finds it as easy to come to expression as it is for the fore-conscious thought to sink for a moment into the unconscious."

No human actions, apart from those of mere organic life, take place at an earlier stage of existence than do the smile and laugh of the infant. Laughter, also, is conspicuous in persons whose process of mental development has been abnormally arrested. According to Sir Crichton Browne, laughter is the most prevalent and frequent of all the emotional expressions of idiots. Though some are "utterly stolid," yet many laugh frequently in a quite senseless manner, while others "grin, chuckle, and giggle whenever food is placed before them, or when they are caressed, or shown bright colours, or hear music."

Vocal exercises, of which laughing is clearly one, have been recommended by experts from the time of Aristotle as a means of

strengthening the lungs and of furthering the health of the organism as a whole. By many, moreover, laughter has been specifically inculcated as a hygienic measure. The learned Burton (b. 1577) quotes a number of physicians in favour of the ancient custom of enlivening the feast with mirth and jokes. The reader may find references to the salutary effects of laughter in the latest text-books of physiology.

"I prefer," writes Max Beerbohm, "that laughter shall take me unawares. Only so can it master and dissolve me. And in this respect, at any rate, I am not peculiar. In music halls and such places, you may hear loud laughter, but—not see silent laughter, not see strong men weak, helpless, suffering, gradually convalescent, dangerously relapsing. Laughter at its greatest and best is not there. To such laughter nothing is more propitious than an occasion that demands gracity. To have good reason for not laughing is one of the surest aids. Laughter rejoices in bonds. If music halls were schoolrooms for us, and the comedians were our schoolmasters, how much less talent would be needed for giving us how much more joy! Even in private and accidental intercourse, few are the men whose humour can reduce us, be we never so susceptible, to paroxysms of mirth. I will wager that nine-tenths of the world's best laughter is laughter *at*, not *with*. And it is the people set in authority over us that touch most surely our sense of the ridiculous. Freedoms mis a good thing, but we lose through it golden moments. The schoolmaster to his pupils, the monarch to his courtiers, the editor to his staff—how priceless they are!"

The humble birthplace of Greek comedy was the village revel—a sort of merry harvest home—of the vintagers. At first, we read, there was no actor, only a leader "who let off coarse and scurrilous impromptus." Or, as another writer has it, Greek farce began with mocking songs and ironical speeches during processions, the Greeks being quick to mimic and to improvise. The dawn of our own comedy shows a somewhat similar process. It was in an atmosphere of mirth that the child, half-seriously quizzing things in order to laugh the more, was born.

Tickling is probably the most primitive expression of the sense of the laughable that we can observe. The laughter which is roused by tickling is due to the tickled person instinctively reacting to the touch as though it were a threat of bodily harm, and almost at once perceiving the fear to be unjustified. The laugh does not arise from the sense of the ludicrous in this situation (though such a secondary or civilised laugh might be grafted on to the first),

but from the physiological changes resulting from the mental apprehension of the fact that there was no danger to be feared.

The call for action (against the threat) with which the situation resulting in laughter begins increases the sugar in the blood. This sugar, and the other associated secretions, supply an extra source of energy. When action is called off this extra store of energy-producers would remain in the body, and become, since unrequired, waste products. These waste products would clog the body, which would be like a fire with too much fuel. Laughter, therefore, Dr. Crile suggests, substitutes for action *by* the body action *of* or *in* the body, and thus consumes the "energizing secretions."

This theory, which gains strength and significance the more closely it is examined, accounts for the feeling of physical well-being which accompanies laughter, the excess energy being expended within the body; and also for the severe exhaustion which accompanies prolonged laughter. It must not be thought that Mr. Gregory identifies the *sensations* of laughter and of relief. Laughter is something more vigorous than a sensation of relief; it is, he appositely quotes Hobbes, "a sudden glory following the mental perception of the occasion for relief. It is the accompanying exuberance which makes laughter so important an element in the personal and in the social life.

A woman who was caught in machinery and suddenly snatched from mutilation or death, threw herself on a table and laughed. If we can never get close to an original laughter of sheer relief we get close to it in this incident. Then again at the Roman feast of the Lupercalia two young men were bound to the sacrificial altar. When their cheeks had been smeared with a bloody knife and wiped with wool dipped in milk the ritual required them to laugh. This dwindled ritual relic of an original sacrifice, in which the young men were doubtless actually slain, would allow no disturbance of its solemnity by amusement. This ritual laughter expressed relief, and as relief, it is important to note, it was estimated.

When Washington Irving was staying at a country house he was wakened on Christmas morning by little voices singing carols outside his chamber door. As he peeped out at the children their voices hushed, and they stood mute with shyness. Then they scampered down the corridor, and Irving heard them laughing as they turned the corner. In this little episode a laughter of amusement is almost observed in the act of emergence from laughter of relief, for the children laughed first because they were relieved, and, secondly, because they were amused.

In the make-believe world of literature, on the other hand, we can laugh at disasters that in real life would horrify us just as in retrospect we can laugh at accidents to ourselves that at the time of their occurrence caused us nothing but terror and pain. Literature, it seems to me, puts us in the mood of retrospect, and our attitude to a great deal of the physical pain that is dealt out so lavishly in comedy may be explained by the fact that we regard it as belonging not to the present, but to the past. The illusion of literature is never a complete illusion. Even when it transports us into another world, we know in our secret imaginations that this is a world in which things have not quite the same significance as in the world that we at present inhabit. If it were not so, who could bear to read a tragedy? Yet, no one after reading "King Lear" ever puts on mourning. On the contrary, the day after we have read "King Lear" we mourn only that there is not a tragedy on earth to surpass it. Thus it is clear that our sensibilities in literature are somewhat different from our sensibilities in life. They may be founded on our sensibilities in life, but in literature an element of play—is not even "Hamlet" called a "play"?—of make-believe, enters into them, and enables us to enjoy many things that, if they actually took place in our presence, would make us miserable.

Thomas Brown included the perception of "unexpected *congruity*" with the perception of "unexpected incongruity" in the feeling of the ludicrous. The detection and expression of remote resemblances, or congruities, is the traditional role of wit. Thus Traill conforms to two traditions in describing "humour" as the display, and wit as the revelation of unsuspected similarity. If these two descriptions are both true, and if wit is a species of the ludicrous, Traill is involved in contradiction, for his "humour" is our sense of the ludicrous. He escapes the contradiction by denying that wit is laughable in itself, assigning to it a sedater form of pleasureable emotion, and by explaining its frequent accompaniment by laughter through a simultaneous revelation of likeness and exposure of incongruity. Traill hints very distinctly at the truth, though he unduly restricts wit by confining it to the revelation of similarities, and incompletely relates it to laughter through its exposure of incongruity. He rightly perceives that, though wit and laughter are such close neighbors as to provoke a mistaken belief in their membership of one family, wit is not one of the laughters, and provides them with occasions without being itself laughable.

The spirit of pure comedy is the shyest, most illusive, and treacherous of all the spirits which lure the novelist up the slippery foot-

hills of Parnassus. Writers who have taken tragedy fairly by the collar have wallowed in horrible quagmires of farce and awful humour in their endeavour to catch so much as a wisp of comedy's fancy as she flits in front of them of the truth being that she dances across such a narrow plank, with farce, pathos, and bathos all around her, that it takes a sure foot and a fine sense of balance to follow.

And what better explosive is there than humour? "A little ruthless laughter," says a writer, "clears the air as nothing else can do it; it is good for us, every now and then, to see our ideals laughed at, our conception of nobility caricatured; it is good for solemnity's nose to be tweaked, it is good for human pomposity to be made to look mean and ridiculous." There are the popular pleasures of the twentieth century, for example; an ounce of dynamite would do them (and their devotees) all the good in the world. In the cinema "countless audiences soak passively in the tepid bath of nonsense."

A joke is more like a tune than anything else. You may compare tunes and try to find reasons why this one is better than that; but it always comes to this, that there is a tune-instinct which tries to master experience, to make tunes of it, and that the best tunes are those which have mastered most experience and yet remain triumphantly tunes. But how they master it, how we know that some have mastered more than others, or what is the source of the peculiar pleasure of a tune—that is to us unknown, and must be so; or tunes would cease to be tunes for us and become something else, which, of their nature, they cannot do. A tune is a tune and nothing else; and a joke is a joke and nothing else; and that is why we enjoy both so purely and with an enjoyment like no other.

"It is for the mastering emotions of love and religion," writes an Oxford don, "so far as they are not content to confess themselves mere lust and superstition, that men most necessarily seek expression. And where they are most impelled to create beauty they most dread the ugliness which is failure and which can only be redeemed as comic. Otherwise it is hard to see why a passionate attraction to one's fellow-mortals need have been more laughable than hate or hunger or any strong propensity; yet the relation of our physical economy to the love of the sexes and to the procreation of human souls has been a choice theme for humorists from Aristophanes to Sterne, only gaining an added piquancy from the added exaltations of Christian and chivalrous love. So universal is the

appeal, so inherent does it seem in the subject, that if, on the strength of bodily and natural beauty, we speak of nature as the divine artist, providing us with natural symbols for self-expression, it is hard to see why we should not speak of it as the divine humorist providing us, in no malicious irony, with an inexhaustible well of timely laughter. More subtly if less profoundly amusing are those extravagances of the spirit, doted on by Meredith, those illusions and self-deceptions, false delicacies and idealisations in which romantic passion has clothed itself in the modern world."

Laughter seems at once the simplest and least decipherable of human riddles. All laughter, it is well known, contains, fundamentally, an element of relief. Probably men have been clearer as to the sources of their tears; and if we believe, like Johnson, that our sense is keener of what we suffer than of what we enjoy, that might account for the position. But the inference is not certain, nor even the fact. It is because laughter is so lively and transfiguring a commotion that we have great doubts when it is taken to pieces. The mere act of doing that seems incongruous—almost an unconscious humour. In our heart of hearts, perhaps, we do not want the thing made explicable. A joke which has to be explained is no joke, and one which has been explained is too generally explained away. And so with laughter; to probe the springs exactly might be perilous.

We enjoy jokes for themselves and in themselves; but there is also a philosophic, even a religious gusto in our enjoyment of them, because they are the very type of those things which we enjoy in themselves and for themselves. Besides the enjoyment of the joke, there comes to us subsidiary enjoyment in exulting and consenting waves with the recognition that this joke is indeed a joke; it is as if we had seen an angel and thereby become convinced of the existence of angels. In the world of use and wont we are so involved in things that no one can enjoy for their own sake, things which can be valued only in terms of something else, that we lose the habit of immediate enjoyment, almost the belief in it. To experience it suddenly once again is the true "sudden glory" of laughter, which Hobbes explained with the perversity of unconscious malice. He said that laughter is incident most in them, that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves (Shakespeare, for instance, or Aristophanes), who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of other men.

"Such," Mr. Eastman says, "is the most famous opinion about laughter ever expressed and the most purely and perfectly incor-

rect." But it is only one of many sayings which find in laughter always some flattering of our own defects. On this point Bergson is no better than Hobbes. In laughter—Mr. Eastman quotes him:

"We always find an unavowed intention to humiliate, and consequently to correct our neighbor, if not in his will, at least in his deeds. . . . Laughter is incompatible with emotion. Depict some fault, however trifling, in such a way as to arouse sympathy, fear or pity; the mischief is done; it is impossible for us to laugh."

Laughter incompatible with emotion! Think of Hamlet, of Tristram Shandy; above all, of the music of Mozart, in which laughter and emotion seem to be one, in which we hear angels laughing so that they, and we, must go on laughing, to the complete satisfaction of all emotions.

The nature of laughter, as of most things, is not in its origin, but in what it is trying to be. It is our effort to rise to the level of the comic, as art is our effort to rise to the level of the beautiful. Not only is there creative evolution in laughter; but it is, itself, the surprised and delighted awareness of creative evolution with its power of bringing rabbits out of hats.

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON.

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE French Revolution can be treated in more ways than one—with epic irony as by Carlyle, with philosophic analysis as by Lord Acton, or in the narrative style. Carlyle's method has the disadvantage of exaggerating persons and incidents out of proportion to their importance. With Lord Acton's so much depends on the philosopher, who is apt to bring to bear on his subject tests too severe for the lay intelligence. But if the story is left to tell itself, so to speak, we get much nearer the heart of things. A dispassionate exposure of the facts explains to us why a movement that began so well lost its impetus; why reform gave place to insurrection, and insurrection had recourse to outrage; and why the cannonade of Valmy inaugurated not, as men hoped, a regenerated world but organized slaughter.

The history of the Revolution is still for most people a panegyric or a philippic, in which more attention is given to commenting on and judging the facts than to ascertaining them and ordering them according to the principles of causality: for the French Revolution awoke humanity from an age long sleep, and the cramping traditions of many centuries were dissolved. But its watchwords of Liberty and Equality have not been translated into fact. The wars which followed vastly stimulated the organisation of power, but that power was consolidated in the hands of the few,—and used principally for the private gain of the few. Until the unprecedented control which man has gained over natural resources can be placed in the hands of chosen and trusted persons, and used for the purpose of freeing from the degrading motive of individual hunger the servants of humanity, there can be no realisation of the ideal of political liberty. Most of the narratives of the Revolution have been written by partisans of the successful revolt against the ancient regime of France. Some of these writers had Liberal and Constitutional sympathies, some were out-and-out Jacobins, or Bolsheviks, as they are now called. Even the military and Imperialist party in France professed to sympathise with the Revolution in theory, partly from contempt for the Bourbon rule and partly because their great Emperor and his army arose in the Revolutionary Service.

Nevertheless, these writers one and all travestied the truth. The rule of the French Kings, though feeble, was not tyrannous. The regime needed reform, which was, in fact, accorded by Louis XVI, and the nobility long before the great catastrophe of law and order.

Take a rapid survey of France in the closing years of the Monarchy. She had not recovered the desolation of the long wars of Louis XIV, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the monstrous extravagance of Versailles and the corrupt system which was there concentrated. The entire authority was practically absorbed by the Crown, whilst the most incredible confusion and disorganisation reigned throughout the administration. A network of incoherent authorities crossed, recrossed, and embarrassed each other throughout the forty provinces. The law, the customs, the organisation of the provinces, different from one other. Throughout them existed thousands of hereditary offices without responsibility, and sinecures cynically created for the sole purpose of being sold. The administration of justice was as completely incoherent as the public service. Each province, and often each district, city, or town, had special tribunals with peculiar powers of its own and anomalous methods of jurisdiction. There were nearly four hundred different codes of customary law. There were civil tribunals, military tribunals, commercial tribunals, exchequer tribunals, ecclesiastic tribunals, and manorial tribunals. A vast number of special causes could only be sued before special judges. If civil justice was in a state of barbarous complication and confusion criminal justice was even more barbarous.

Two great currents prepared and made the Great French Revolution. One of them, the current of ideas, concerning the political reorganisation of States, came from the middle classes; the other, the current of action, came from the people, both peasants and workers in towns, who wanted to obtain immediate and definite improvements in their economic condition. And when these two currents met and joined in the endeavour to realise an aim which for some time was common to both, when they had helped each other for a certain time, the result was the Revolution. What we call the French Revolution of 1789, was really a new phase of civilisation announcing its advent in form. It had the character of religious zeal because it was a movement of the human race towards a completer humanity.

Rhetoricians, poets, and preachers have accustomed us too long to dwell on the lurid side of the movement, on its follies, crimes, and failures: They have overrated the relative importance of the catastrophe, and by profuse pictures of the horrors, they have drawn off attention from its solid and enduring fruits. Though a new France was born, it had little ability in the face of popular discomfort and

the fear, the very real fear, of foreign invasion. A good deal has been made of the self-denying ordinance, brought forward by Robespierre, which prohibited members of the Constituent Assembly from sitting in the Legislative. The mistake, however, was not serious, since politicians, all pretty much on one level, abounded. The Legislative Assembly had quite the energy of its predecessor, and Condorcet's educational proposals, together with universal suffrage, rounded off the reconstruction of France.

The year 1789, more definitely than any other date marks any other transition, marks the close of a society which had existed for some thousands of years as a consistent whole, a society more or less based upon military force, intensely imbued with the spirit of hereditary right, bound up with ideas of theological sanction, sustained by a scheme of supramundane authority; a society based upon caste, on class, on local distinctions and personal privilege, rooted in inequality, political, social, material, and moral; a society of which the hope of salvation was the maintenance of the *status quo*, and of which the Ten Commandments were Privilege.

The fact is that a people does not pass all of a sudden with the maximum of facility from several centuries of administrative and political minority to a new system of complete autonomy; experience of affairs cannot be improvised, and it is one thing to know by heart Montesquieu and Rousseau (we may add Marx and Nakunin), and another to govern a democratic republic; one thing to destroy a castle and another to direct the administration of a rural commune.

To too many of us the French Revolution is but a chapter, enlivened perhaps by a few dramatic personalities, in that strange dry, and embalmed record of antiquities which is generally known as "history."

Extremes of luxury and misery with which life abounded in the eighteenth century have been admirably depicted by every historian of the Great Revolution. But one feature remains to be added, the importance of which stands out especially when we study the condition of the peasants at this moment in Russia on the eve of the great Russian Revolution.

The misery of the great mass of French peasants was undoubtedly frightful. It has increased by leaps and bounds, ever since the reign of Louis XIV, as the expenditure of the State increased and the luxury of the great lords became more exquisite in the extravagancies revealed for us in certain memoirs of that time. What helped to make the exactions of the nobility unendurable was that a great

number of them, when ruined, hiding their poverty under a show of luxury, resorted in desperation to the extortion of even the least of those rents and payment in kind, which only custom had established. They treated the peasants, through the intermediary of their stewards, with the rigour of mere brokers. Impoverishment turned the nobility, in their relations with their ex-serfs, into middle-class money-grubbers, incapable, however, of finding any other source of revenue than the exploitation of ancient privileges, relics of the feudal age.

The lawyers did their part. In so far as inequality depended upon the legal status of a privileged class it was replaced by the principle of civil equality. If we ask why the Revolution broke out in France instead of in England, seeing that the capitalist and industrial system which supplied the driving-wheel both of governments and of the forces that were changing them was more advanced in England than in France, the answer is partly, that in the game France and England were playing, it was England who won, and consequently England who swept in the stakes, India and America, and therefore it was England who could afford to pay the interest on her debt. "On the whole," observes Professor Courthope, "it may be said of the state of English taste on the eve of the French Revolution that, while cultivated society was far from having lost its hold on the principles of criticism established in literature by the study of the classics, the weakening of the governing classes and the spread of cosmopolitan ideas among the people had produced a body of opinion extremely favourable for the experiments of any pioneers who might attempt a new departure in the art of poetry."

The people groaned under the burden of taxes levied by the State, rents and contributions paid to the lord, as well as under the forced labour exacted by all. Entire populations were reduced to beggary and wandered on the roads to the number of five, ten or twenty thousand men, women and children in every province; in 1777, one million one hundred thousand persons were officially declared to be beggars. In the villages famine had become chronic; its intervals were short, and it decimated entire provinces. Peasants were flocking in hundreds and thousands from their neighbourhood, in the hope, soon undeceived, of finding better conditions elsewhere. At the same time, the number of the poor in the towns increased every year, and it was quite usual for food to run short. As the municipalities could not replenish the markets, bread riots, always followed by massacres, became a persistent feature in the everyday life of the kingdom.

As to existing histories, the following weighty opinion of G. Lenôtre is worth pondering: "We must lay it down," he says, "as a principle that we still know hardly anything of what went on behind the scenes during the Revolution. Those who communicate the knowledge of it to us have too often reduced it to the narrow measure of our prejudices or of their partiality; it was very different from that which they show us, and if a Robespierre, a Barras, or a Fouché were by a miracle to return and describe it to us without either reticence or omission, their narrative would appear absurd to the official professors who have made a point of instructing us." (*The Dauphin—Louis XVII: The Riddle of the Temple* p. 107.) If M. Lenôtre's views be correct it helps to explain the curious fact that no two historians are entirely at one, not merely in their presentation of the facts, but in the conclusions they draw from them.

The terrible cataclysm came about because scandalous abuses, monstrous inequalities and a rotten fiscal system subsisted side by side with an effete government and an active public opinion. In any case, any good that the Revolution accomplished had been achieved by the autumn of 1789, when political inequalities and feudal privileges had been abolished with the free consent of the King and the aristocracy. All that followed was a useless medley of blasphemy and blood, and it has left to Europe the evil legacy of conscription and Imperialism.

Louis XVI was unfortunate in succeeding to the throne after two wholly unsatisfactory reigns; unhappy, too, in that his succession had been anticipated as the only chance of better things. He was not the man for the times. As we know, he meant well, but he did not well know what he should mean. Slow, good, slightly stupid, adoring a masterful and worldly wife, Louis XVI was the man to whom France looked in the spring of 1774, for the salvation she so sorely needed.

The reign of Louis XVI saw arbitrary monarchy definitely established. Many of the nobles, shorn of their ancient power, had to live at Court to live at all; and so, being strong in numbers, had largely to fill sinecures (to the utter prejudice of merit,) save those who still, by the exaction of their feudal rights, were able to draw blood from a stone or a living from a starving country. Nobles, Parliaments, liberty of life, liberty of conscience, all went down before Louis XIV. Under his heir the bleeding of France continued; warfare under Louis XIV, warfare and debauchery under Louis XV: Warfare not against enemies only, but against the intellect

and its liberty. Of the state of France in 1774, of the state in which it lingered until 1789, I shall say a few words later. Here it is enough to say that France was a starving nation on the verge of bankruptcy from the simplest causes. The crowd of nobles to be kept in feudal state; of courtiers, of younger sons, to be found sinecures, commissions, or offices; the hosts of lawyers, were more than one poor country, partly cultivated by obsolete methods, could possibly perpetually support. Yet support them, for a time, she did, and to do so contracted debts. The matter was no more complex than this. Proper taxation, better cultivation; it sounds an easy reform, but led to the Revolution and the Terror.

By the people generally the battle of the Revolution was fought not so much for political liberty as for personal equality. The peasants certainly did not trouble their heads much about such abstract notions as the "rights of man," and it is doubtful whether the high-sounding words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," meant more in their ears than such an alteration in the existing scheme of things as would secure them immunity from the burden of taxation by the State and from the exactions of the lords of the soil. Nor were the middle classes, or bourgeoisie, more idealistic in their outlook. They, for the most part, like the peasants, demanded liberty only in so far as it would ensure them justice; they objected to despotism, not because despotism was in itself an outrage on humanity, but because of the flagrant injustices and inequalities for which it was answerable. The ruling passion of the middle-class citizen was for such a betterment of the established order as would allow him to enjoy his personal freedom and possessions without constant interference and disturbance. As for the leaders of the revolutionary movement, it is questionable whether they were deeply stirred by the wrongs of the down-trodden masses, though when it came to asking them for their suffrages, they did not hesitate to play upon and to magnify those wrongs, as is the immemorial habit of all demagogues in the pursuit of place. If they fought for political liberty, it was as the synonym of power—power to attain the ends of their own ambition and to reap the fruits of their own cupidity.

It is a curious fact that while educated opinion in France now realizes that the great Revolution was in the main a series of hypocrisies and murderous rascalities, English writers still often accept as gospel the picture of a revolt against inhuman oppression pictured in Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*.

The Revolution was in truth but a mere phenomenon on the surface of the national life—a bubble, monstrous and in many respects noxious, which did but need to be pricked to vanish in the smoke of its own bursting. It was a movement, engineered, as we have seen, by a set of wild reactionaries, which beat up against the rock of the national character till it destroyed itself by the force of the impact. Behind the Revolution the great heart of the French people, though doubtless temporarily disturbed and deranged, maintained its accustomed beat, and probably had we been there to see we should have discovered that for the great mass of French men and women the Revolution made very little difference.

The French Revolution brought on the stage of human affairs forces which have moulded the actions of men ever since, and have taken a permanent place among the formative influences of civilization. As Christianity taught that man was a spiritual being, so the Revolution asserted the equality of man, each of whom had inalienable rights.

On the other hand might be seen the superfine aristocrat of the eighteenth century squandering immense fortunes—hundreds of thousands and millions of francs a year—in unbridled and absurd luxury. Readers of all nations may well be attracted by the story of these few crowded years of glorious and of sordid life, teeming with paradox and mystery, with lofty hopes and bitter disillusionments, beginning with the wild enthusiasm of a great people panting for freedom, and closing with the most dramatic incident of history, the rise, the greatness, and the fall of the Heir of the Revolution. But, if this period has so deep an interest for the outside world, how much deeper is the absorption of the near descendants of those who acted their part in the tragedy of the Terror or the glory of the Empire! There can be no question that the Revolution has influenced the daily life, the religion, the thought, the legal position of every Frenchman now living, in a degree which has no parallel in the past history of any other nation. France, moreover, possesses in the *École des Chartes* an unrivalled school of history. Thus the importance of the Revolution gives the motive while the *École des Chartes* supplies the means, the result being a constantly increasing literature on the subject. Perhaps the most significant portion of this literature consists of the many periodicals and publications of societies devoted to the history of the period, such as the "Publications relative à La Révolution," published by the municipality of Paris, the series of monographs issued by the "Société de l'histoire de la Révolution," the "Révolution Française," the "Annales Révolu-

tionnaires" and others, all throwing new light on one detail after another of the Revolution in Paris and in the provinces, and all finding interested readers. The ideas of the masses were expressed chiefly by simple negations. "Let us burn the registers in which the feudal dues are recorded! Down with the tithes! Down with 'Madame Veto!' Hang the aristocrats!" But to whom was the freed land to go? Who were to be heirs of the guillotined nobles? Who was to grasp the political power when it should fall from the hands of "Monsieur Veto," the power which became in the hands of the middle classes a much more formidable weapon than it had been under the old régime?

This want of clearness in the mind of the people as to what they should hope from the Revolution left its imprint on the whole movement. While the middle classes were marching with firm and decided steps towards the establishment of their political power in a State which they were trying to mould, according to their pre-conceived ideas, the people were hesitating. In the towns, especially, they did not seem to know how to turn to their own advantage the power they had conquered. And later, when ideas concerning agrarian laws and equalising of incomes began to take definite form, they ran foul of a mass of property prejudices, with which even those sincerely devoted to the cause of the people were imbued. The delirium, the extravagancies, the hysterics, and the brutalities which succeeded one another in a series of strange tragic-comic tableaux from 1789 to 1795, were most intensely French, though even they, from Caps of Liberty to Festival of Pikes, have had singular fascination for the revolutionists of every race. But the picturesque and melodramatic accessories of the revolution have been so copiously over-colored by the scene-painters and stage-carpenters of history, that we are too often apt to forget how essentially European the revolution was in all its deeper meanings.

The members of the Convention, 716 declared Louis XVI guilty. Twelve members were absent through illness or official business, and five abstained from voting. No one said "not guilty." The appeal to the people was rejected by 423 votes out of the 709 who voted. Paris, during all this time, was in a state of profound agitation, especially in the faubourgs.

The voting by name on the third question—the penalty—lasted twenty-five consecutive hours. Here again, apparently through the influence of the Spanish ambassador, and perhaps with the help of his piastres, one deputy, Mailhe, tried to stir up confusion by voting for a reprieve, and his example was followed by twenty-six

members. Sentence of death, without any proviso, was pronounced by 387 out of 721 voters, there being five who abstained from voting and twelve absent. The sentence was therefore pronounced only by a majority of fifty-three voices—by twenty-six only, if we exclude the votes containing conditions of reprieve. And this was at a moment when all the evidence went to prove that the King had plotted treason; and that to let him live was to arm one-half of France against the other, to deliver up a large part of France to the foreigners, and, finally, to stop the Revolution at the time when, after three years of hesitation, during which nothing durable had been effected, an opportunity at last presented itself of broaching the great questions which were of such intense interest to the country.

But the fears of the middle classes went so far that on the day of the King's execution they expected a general massacre. On January 21, Louis XVI died upon the scaffold. One of the chief obstacles to all social regeneration within the Republic existed no longer. There is evidence that up to the last moment Louis hoped to be liberated by a rising, and an attempt to carry him off, when on the way to execution, had in fact been arranged. The vigilance of the Commune caused this to fail.

Immediately after the execution of Capet, a young Englishman, the emissary of George III and Pitt, gave ten francs to a gendarme to be allowed to dip a white handkerchief in the blood of the Tyrant. This handkerchief he carried to Pitt, who caused it to be hoisted as a flag on the summit of the Tower of London, hoping thus to rouse the people to fury against the French nation. Unhappily for him, this new species of banner produced a totally opposite effect. The English people, when they flocked to see the symbol of the death of an execrable tyrant, were seized with a noble desire to emulate the example of their brave neighbours by ridding themselves of their own tyrant, and washing out in his blood the crimes he had committed against liberty. The debate in the House of Lords on February 2, 1793, spread fury far and wide. The brave *sansculottes* of London embraced each other frantically, hoisted the tricolour, donned the bonnet rouge, and flew to the Society of the Friends of the Revolution. They placed its President, the virtuous Lord Stanhope, at their head, and bore him in triumph to St. Paul's, where they hoisted the Cap of Liberty as an answer to the blood-stained handkerchief. Next they marched against the Parliament House. The honourables of the House of Lords, conscious of their guilt, did their utmost to barricade themselves, but

in vain. Many of them have been arrested and will shortly suffer the penalty of their crimes. The infamous Calonne and the other *émigrés*, who conspired with Pitt against Liberty, have already received their punishment. They are all dead. As for those of the House of Commons who have advocated the cause of the people, this day of vengeance has been for them a feast of happiness and triumph. Still there remained the punishment of the Tyrant, the prospect of which raised the public fury to its sublimest height. The note of doom sounds immediately: Marie Antoinette appears like a kind of graceful victim, even on her wedding journey, and the ministers of sacrifice lower in the distance—for the present respectful and deferential. The awful liturgy proceeds; the event is written down in the books of fate; and so the movement passes along, through horror after horror—the atmosphere darkening at each instant—until the hour strikes, the knife falls, and all is over. Yet with all this, we never are allowed to forget for one instant that the drama is not acted by helpless and controlled marionettes; they are real people who tread the stage; their most personal characteristics and temperaments help on the action of the piece; they behave as they like; and yet each impulse or shrinking movement is worked into the play. The sense grows on one that even if they had acted differently, it could not have changed that destiny, though it would have modified the particular manner in which that destiny was fulfilled. Thought deepens and deepens into a kind of awful certitude that there was some will—whether kindly or harsh is a matter of opinion—that controlled those actors—monarchical and popular alike—with so supreme an ease and subtlety, that, struggle as they will, it is but as struggling in a quicksand, where every movement, however violent, but plunges them deeper. The sea must, in the long run, receive her dead. Now at length the Revolution lent all its force to the Committee of Public Safety for a season and the government became pitiless, invincible, and absolute. The result was one of the noblest military triumphs in history. A nation struggling for freedom defeated a continent.

But in the struggle the nation was after all baulked of the very freedom for which it was fighting. The Revolution, growing weary of perpetual struggle and suspicion, entrusted its soul to Danton, Ropespierre and Marat, and the soul was lost, not, it must be owned, by the fault of those men.

Every great attempt of the human race seems to entail an expenditure of force that makes it fail after a time, though some fruit is ultimately gained. The Romans established an empire that did

wondrous things for humanity, but they came to grief because in this grand enterprise they came upon unforeseen problems of economics and politics which they had not the opportunity to solve. Similarly the French nation advanced bravely into their Revolution, but the weight of the unforeseen problems became heavier with every month. The more closely the events in France after 1792 are compared to the late Russian Revolution the more striking is the similarity. It is evident that the miscreants who have brought Russia to the dust had closely studied and faithfully imitated their French model.

Lord Acton, in his *Essays on the French Revolution*, admitted:

"The appalling thing in the French Revolution is not the tumult but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organization. The managers remain studiously concealed and masked; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first."

Chief of all the political reformers, in many things the noblest type of the men of '89, is the great Turgot; he, who if France could have been spared a revolution, was the one man that could have saved her. After him, Necker, a much inferior man, though with equally good intentions, attempted the same task; and the years from 1774-1781 sufficed to show that reform without revolution was impossible. But the twenty years of noble effort, from the hour when Turgot became intendant of Limoges in 1761 until the fall of Necker's ministry in 1781, contained an almost complete rehearsal, were a prelude and epitome, of the practical reforms which the Revolution accomplished after so much blood and such years of chaos. Most assuredly the close of the eighteenth century in France displayed a convulsion, a frenzy, a chaos such as the world's history has not often equalled. There was folly, crime, waste, destruction, confusion, and horror of stupendous proportions, and of all imaginable forms. There was the Terror, the Festival of Reason, the Reaction, and all the delirium, the orgy, the extravagance, which give brilliancy to small historians and serve as rhetoric to petty politicians. Assuredly the revolution closed in with most ghastly surprises to the philanthropists and philosophers who entered on it in 1789 with so light a heart. Assuredly it has bequeathed to the statesmen and the people of our century problems of portentous difficulty and number.

The operation by which one idea is driven from power is called in logic negation, that by which another is established is called

affirmation. Every revolutionary negation therefore implies a subsequent affirmation; this principle, which the practice in revolutions proves, is about to receive a wonderful confirmation.

Is it because we are so intolerant of introspection that as long as the political machine works fairly well we don't inquire too closely as to the mechanism? Or that we are characteristically incurious as to the political institutions of our neighbors? Or that, lacking a constitutional code, we do not possess, like Germany, France?

Here are a few illustrations of the amazing ignorance of the Frenchmen of the Revolution. One of the most important points that rose during the early discussions on the Constitution was the right of the King to sanction the laws passed by the Assembly. This right was bitterly opposed by the Left, who managed ingeniously to turn the question round until it figured as the right of the Crown to veto. Street orators, ballads, placards, were employed to exasperate the public against the Veto. The people of Paris and elsewhere had never heard the word before and had little or no idea of its meaning. It was explained by some as a new and crushing tax, by others as a speculation to raise the price of corn; as a plot to enable the Queen to send money to her brother the Emperor; as a law giving the King the right to hang whomsoever he chose without trial.

In short, it is the birth of completely new ideas concerning the manifold links in citizenship—conceptions which soon became realities, and then begin to spread among the neighbouring nations, convulsing the world and giving to the succeeding ages its watchword, its problems, its science, its lines of economic, political and moral development.

To arrive at a result of this importance, and for a movement to assume the proportions of a revolution, as happened in England between 1648 and 1688, and in France between 1789 and 1793, it is not enough that a movement of ideas, no matter how profound it may be, should manifest itself among the educated classes; it is not enough that disturbances, however many or great, should take place in the very heart of the people. The revolutionary action coming from the people must coincide with a movement of revolutionary thought coming from the educated classes. There must be a union of the two.

That is why the French Revolution, like the English Revolution of the preceding century, happened at the moment when the middle

classes, having drunk deep at the sources of current philosophy, became conscious of their rights, and conceived a new scheme of political organization. Strong in their knowledge and eager for the task, they felt themselves quite capable of seizing the government by snatching it from a palace aristocracy which, by its incapacity, frivolity and debauchery, was bringing the kingdom to utter ruin.

And such enormous movements, springing out of the entire past history of a great people, and destined to influence the future course of the world, take on very different aspects as they are viewed from day to day during their transaction, and as they will be recorded in the pages of history. When Emile Zola said, "Il est rare qu'une révolution s'accomplisse dans le calme et dans le bon sens," he made a curious under-statement. Revolutions are never calm or commonsensical—otherwise they would not be revolutions.

That the horrors of the Revolution we are now witnessing eclipse those of the French Revolution, as the French Revolution far surpassed those of the English Revolution of which it was a belated replica, simply proves that Russia has suffered from a longer and more horrible tyranny than that against which France revolted, as France had suffered from a worse tyranny than England had endured. Proportionate causes produce proportionate effects. The monstrous ogre, Autocracy, has produced the hideous chimera, Bolshevism. Sycorax has spawned Caliban. What could be expected of so foul a parentage but fire and sword, red ruin, and the breaking up of laws? We must look upon such portents, not with the eyes—however keen and however honest—of the newspaper correspondent, but with the "larger other eyes" of the historian and the philosopher.

The final history of the Revolution has not yet been written, nor can it be completely written for a long time to come. We are still living and acting under its influence. Whether that influence has been for good or for evil is a question which cannot be lightly asked or glibly answered. It is the enigma which the present century will be called upon to solve.

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON.

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expansion of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the Review not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."  
(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

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## THE BIBLE AS THE GRAND PRAYER-BOOK OF PRE-REFORMATION LAITY

**I**N THE controversies between Catholics and Protestants about the Rule of Faith, now going on for four centuries, the use of the Bible as source of our belief has been emphasized to such an extent that the other aspects have become somewhat obscured. The defenders of the Church have demonstrated in a long line of controversial works that her teachings are not in the least adverse to the doctrines taught in the Bible and that there is a most perfect harmony between the Bible and the Church, both being the work of God for the salvation of souls through the diffusion of His Word among the nations. The Bible, however, has an exceedingly great value not only for the theologian, but also for the historian, the antiquary, the philosopher, the philologist, the ethnologist and the litterateur. Yet, besides all these scientific viewpoints the Scriptures possess the greatest practical value by becoming potent means of enlightening our faith, of quickening our religious life, of leading us on the way to Christian perfection, thereby to draw nearer day by day to the greatest model, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Work of God. In one word, the Bible is "The great textbook" of Christian morality and religious education.

There is, however, still another aspect which is not emphasized enough now-a-days, viz: The Bible is not only a "Law of Creed" or book containing the saving messages of faith, but also a "Law of Prayer" or a book embodying the most perfect, the truest and the

most efficacious prayers. St. Paul points out the devotional character of the Old Testament, saying (Rom. 154): "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and the consolation of the Scriptures may have hope" to be saved in heaven. And the early Fathers of the Church witness to the truth that all Scripture, both the Old and New Testaments, is permanently fitted for our edification and an inexhaustible well of living water, ever springing up unto eternal life. In like manner, the Apostles themselves taught the Christians to use the Bible as their prayer-book.

The book of Acts (20-7) and the Epistles of St. Paul (1 Cor. 16, 1 Tim. 4-13, Ephes. 5-19, Col. 3-16) show us plainly, how the first Christians assembled together and gave themselves to the great duty of prayer, as it had been practiced in the Jewish synagogues. About the year 65 A.D., the date when the first epistle to Timothy was written, the Apostles had adopted, in addition to the liturgy and the Mass, at least one hour set apart for prayer, and probably even two, Lauds in the morning and Vespers in the evening. Certain Psalms, the reading of portions of Scripture, along with certain chants and prayers formed the basis of these devotional practices (Baudot, *Roman Breviary*, pp. 6 and 7). They have continued to remain the essential parts of public or liturgical prayer throughout all succeeding centuries, as will be readily seen by any one who but pages through a modern missal or breviary. Holy Scripture enters so largely into their make-up that it forms, as it were, the wool of the fabric. More or less extensive portions of all the books of the Bible are read in the course of the liturgical year.

During the first four centuries the lay people and clergy assisted at the recitation of the breviary in church. However, the lay people of the fifth century, while they increased in numbers, did not increase in fervor; they neglected to take part in chanting the Divine Office, so that the burden of performing that "Work of God" was laid upon the monks and ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, the recitation of the canonical hours, in church as well as at home, remained popular with the laity throughout the Middle Ages and, to a certain extent, up to modern times. The Latin Sunday Vespers of today is the only vestige of an ancient custom reminding us of past centuries, when lay people joined with the clergy in chanting the liturgical prayers of the canonical hours on Sundays in Church.

As with the Jews, so also among Christians, the principal element of public prayer has always been the recitation or singing of Psalms.

Even today, the Psalms still form its framework. The Book of Psalms, then, is pre-eminently the official prayer-book of the Catholic Liturgy. The breviary is so arranged for the last fourteen hundred years that the entire Psalter is to be recited once at least in the course of one week (cp. Cabrol, *Liturgical Prayer*, p. 12).

*The Book of Psalms accordingly was the first Catholic prayer-book of the clergy as well as the laity.* It is still the official prayer-book of the clergy having been used as such uninterruptedly from the times of the Apostles down to this very day. Certainly, as long as the lay people took part in the public services chanting the Psalms in unison with the clergy in church, the Psalter was also the official prayer-book of lay people; it was their service-book in public worship. That the early Christians used the Psalter for *private* devotion also, was a most natural practice which is attested by the historian Eusebius of Caesarea (d. about 340) at the beginning of the fourth century (*Comment in Psal. 652 and 657*) and by the Apostolic Constitutions (VIII, c. 34) towards the end of the third century, and by St. Cyprian (d. 258 A.D.) at the middle of the third century (Letter to Donat.).

Apparently the Christian lay people in the first centuries found that the Psalms sufficed on the whole for their needs of private as well as public devotion; at least, we do not know of any other prayer-book for the laity besides the Psalter. The Catholic laity of the early Middle Ages did not feel in the least different in this matter, so that the *Book of Psalms remained the one and only (with few exceptions) prayer-book used by the laity for private and public devotion from the time of the Apostles down to the middle of the thirteenth century.*

During the centuries of barbarian inroads into the western empire (5th to 8th centuries) the light of learning was kept burning only in monasteries and the uneducated lay people had no need of prayer-books. However, towards the close of the eighth century a spread of culture was inaugurated among the nobles. The boys and girls of nobility were educated in monasteries, where they learnt Latin and took part in chanting the Divine Office. In later life they settled on their large estates, where they built churches, in which they chanted the Psalms together with their chaplain. Accordingly, the chronicles and records make mention of Psalters and other liturgical books used at these churches. The monks and ecclesiastics made use during service in church of small-sized books written in a sort of modern shorthand (*Tironian notes*), many of which dating from the ninth and tenth centuries are preserved in

to us in some few copies, partly on account of their priceless ornamentation or binding and partly on account of their association with exalted former owners and users. The earliest of these prayer-books still extant are the Psalter of Emperor Lothair (died 855 A.D.) written about the year 845, the Psalter of Emperor Charles the Bald (died 877), now preserved in the National Library at Paris, and two fine Psalters now preserved in the library of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland, one of them written by monk Folchard in that monastery before the year 872, and the other written somewhat later at the same place, probably with the assistance of the famous calligrapher Sindram. The last mentioned Psalter is known as "*Psalterium aureum*" or Golden Psalter, either because it was written entirely with gold or because it was bound in gold. Its dimensions are 14 1-2x10 9-10 inches. It contains besides numerous exquisite initial letters executed in gold, nine full-page and even smaller pictures representing scenes of David's life in illustration of the text of the Psalms. Likewise was written in the ninth century King Aethelstan's (died 940) Psalter, now in the British Museum at London, which seems to have been intended for a prayer-book for private devotion. The famous "Utrecht Psalter," so called from its present location at the library of Utrecht, was written and illustrated at Hautvilliers, France, between the years 800 and 833. The superb pictures illustrate by representations of many persons and groups of people the meaning of the Psalms in such a graphic manner, that even illiterates or such who could not understand Latin can easily grasp the sense of the text.

Psalter prayer-books dating from the tenth century and once used by lay people are now preserved at Stuttgart, Amiens, and Boulogne. Others dating from the eleventh century are now found at Paris (Bibl. nat. lat. n. 8824), London (Harley, n. 603), and Kassel, Germany. This last one was written for Emperor Henry by his chaplain Marcus in the year 1020. Psalters dating from the twelfth century are preserved now at Cambridge, England (Trinity College), Rome (Vatican Library), Berlin and Hildesheim. The thirteenth century is represented by Psalters now found at Paris (Bibl. nat. lat. n. 8846 and n. 1077, and Arsenal n. 280), two Psalters used by St. Elisabeth of Thuringia, but written toward the close of the twelfth century (one of which is preserved at Stuttgart and the other at Cividale, Italy), Psalters now preserved at Berlin, Wolfenbüttel, Hamburg and Cologne, the psalter of Guy de Dampierre at Brussels, and five Psalters which had belonged once to St. Louis,

King of France. The oldest of these five Psalters is one of the finest manuscripts of the Middle Ages. It was written and illuminated at the beginning of the thirteenth century for Queen Ingeburg of France, and came into possession of King Louis by heritage. The second Psalter, now in Paris (Arsenal Library), belonged to King Louis' mother, Blanche of Castile. The third Psalter, now preserved at Leyden, Holland, was used by St. Louis in his boyhood as a first reader or primer. The fourth Psalter is preserved at Paris (Bibl. Nat. n. 10525) and the last in London. These are some of the notable illustrated Psalters among those still preserved in European libraries.

With the beginning of the thirteenth century the Psalter commenced to cease gradually to be the unrivalled, sole and exclusive layman's prayer-book. Up to that time praying from a book was equivalent to praying the Psalms. However, during the thirteenth century a new type of lay people's prayer-book was introduced which became in the course of time the most popular book of private devotion displacing the Psalter to the greater extent, though not entirely. *Nevertheless, the Psalter was still used as a favorite prayer-book by many lay people during the three centuries from 1220 to 1520 and long after.*

A notable characteristic of this later period is the ever increasing substitution of the vernacular Psalter to the Latin Book of Psalms in the hands of many lay people. Education was spreading more extensively during the later Middle Ages, but not so extensively the knowledge of Latin. Many a lay person found it accordingly more or less difficult to grapple with Latin Psalters. For their use and at their request the Psalter was translated into the vernacular. Hence the early translation of the Psalter into the different European languages were not made for scientific purposes, but first and last to provide lay people with appropriate prayer-books. Evidences of such early versions for private devotion are not wanting in the history of literature of all these people. French versions of the Psalms appeared as early as the seventh century. German versions go likewise back to the seventh and eighth centuries. Ancient Gaelic versions of the Psalms are found as early as the seventh century. Pope Adrian II (died 872) translated the Psalter partly into Italian in the ninth century. Later, the eastern and northern nations received translations of the Psalter in their vernacular from the first missionaries, as the Magyar in the eleventh century. However, statistical lists of all the German Psalters written and used previous to the year 1500, which are still extant, does not fall much short of one

hundred. A calculation based upon the usual rate of loss in books (94 per cent.) evinces that *no less than 1600 German handwritten Psalters had been in use from 1000 to 1500*. Undoubtedly, however, the actual sumtotal of German Psalters used during the last five centuries of the Middle Ages had been considerably larger; fashion in many cases had dictated that less nice copies were thrown away, so that many copies of German Psalters have disappeared without leaving the least trace. Finally, the steadily increasing demand for German Psalters was adequately met by the productions of the printer's art.

Priests and those in the lower ranks of the clergy were bound since the beginning of the sixth century to recite the breviary in the church and, when prevented from assisting at the solemn celebration in the church, to receive it in private. However, in the thirteenth century the custom originated to make the recitation of Psalms likewise obligatory upon certain classes of lay people.

The Fourth Lateran Council imposed in 1215 annual confession upon all the faithful who have arrived at the age of discretion. In compliance with this commandment of the church, people approached the Sacrament of Penance oftener than it had been customary up to that time. The penance which was imposed in confession by the priest was generally recitation of certain Psalms, if penitents could read the Psalter. Accordingly thousands of Catholic lay people had been obliged by their confessors, both before and after the Reformation, to pray from their Psalter some portions of the Psalms. Unfortunately priests have been forced in modern times to abandon this most laudable custom, since lay people as a rule do not use Psalters nowadays any more as prayer-books.

In 1221, St. Francis of Assisi prescribed in the Rule of the Third Order that those members who could read were obliged to say the Breviary every day, either in church or at home, and moreover, to pray fifty Psalms for the repose of every member who dies, and finally to pray the whole Psalter once a year for the living and deceased members of the order. *These rules had been in force for 662 years, from 1221 till 1883*, and in compliance with these regulations, thousands of tertiary lay men and lay women have been reading their Psalters year after year during more than six centuries.

The great number of confraternities and congregations of lay people, founded between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, invariably obliged by statutes the members who were enrolled, to

pray the Psalter, or at least portions of it, mostly the Penitential Psalms.

The custom of watching by the dead, or the wake, is a very ancient Christian observance which was attended with the chanting of Psalms. During the nine or ten first centuries the wake consisted uniformly in the chanting of the whole Psalter beside the dead person's corpse at his home. By appointing relays of chanters to succeed one another provision was made quite frequently that the corpse was never left without prayer. This practice of passing the night in psalmody beside the corpse, led during the eleventh and twelfth centuries to the development of the Office for the Dead, where portions extracted from other books of the Bible alternate with the Psalms. Nevertheless, the original custom of chanting or praying the Psalter was retained most widely throughout the Middle Ages, yet with this difference that boys were the chosen chanters for this office during the latter part of the Middle Ages. We quote only one instance. Margaret, Countess Palatine and wife of Elector Philip of the Palatinate, stipulated in her will, made in 1488, that her corpse should be laid out in the chapel of the castle and a number of boys should read the Psalter without any interruption till burial will take place (Anzeiger f. Kunde d. Vorzeit, VI, 1859, p. 375). In this way, many a poor scholar earned some money. It had been likewise an ancient custom to pass the night in praying the Psalter on the third, seventh and thirtieth day after the death and on its anniversary. This custom was likewise retained throughout the Middle Ages, but was not always kept as uniformly as the wake (Kirchenlex. IX, 787). Such nocturnal vigils belonged to the devotion of rulers as Charlemagne, Alfred, Godefroy de Bouillon, Louis VII of France, and many others.

The family prayer in the homes of the educated lay people consisted to the greater part of reading the Psalms. Even as late as the beginning of the sixteenth century, Blessed Thomas More (died 1535) retained this medieval custom and prayed with his family every evening four Psalms and had the Scriptures read during meal-time (Bridgett. Life of More, p. 140).

The Psalter continued to be the *First Reader in the schools*, St. Elizabeth of Hungary (born in 1207, died 1231) used to go to the church, at the age of five years, with a Psalter which she opened, although she could not yet read it. In this way the Psalter was placed into the hands of children as their first reader and their first prayer-book during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. However, at the beginning of the fifteenth century the

educational aims and methods were changed greatly by the Humanist Educators. Their aim was erudition and they displaced in many schools the medieval method of making the classical studies a means of adorning and moralising the lives of pupils. Latin was still regarded as the only medium of instruction, so that the youths of those days acquired a remarkable ease in speaking and writing Latin. In spite of the secular character of their schools, the Humanist Educators maintained in them a religious temper. The first subjects of instruction of children at the first stage of their education was, besides reading and writing, the Psalms, Creed, Lord's Prayer and Hymns learnt by heart. The more advanced scholars were provided with separate books of the Scriptures, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, or selections from the Bible as text-books to be used in schools. The choice of these Biblical books was limited for most part to the historical books, read as moral teachings as well as history. The famous Humanist teacher Vittorino da Feltre placed a Latin Psalter into the hands of Prince Alessandro Gonzaga (born 1427) at the age of four years, and a copy of the Four Gospels in Greek into the hands of Cecilia Gonzage (born 1425) at the age of seven years, when she had mastered already the Greek grammar. The Gospels with or without the Latin version written side by side served as the first Greek Reader (W. H. Woodward, *Vittorino da Feltre and other Humanist Educators* 2 edit.—Cambridge 1912, pp. 70, 141, 152, 200, 225, 226). Only after 1460 the classical text displaced the Scriptures entirely in the schools of the Humanists (op. cit. p. 210). Yet the dislike of Scripture did not become as general, as historians are wont to believe, among those later Humanists. *The Greek Bible was substituted for the Latin Vulgate in their hands.*

The strong demand for Psalter prayer-books was first adequately met by printing. The new art multiplied in rapid succession Psalters in Latin as well as in the vernacular. *We count from 1457 till 1500 no less than one hundred ninety-four different editions of the Psalter in Latin.* Of these 49 editions are in the large size of folio, 71 in quarto, 47 in octavo, 5 in duodecimo, 17 in 16mo, 1 in 24mo, and 4 in 32mo. All the Psalters in folio size are printed to be used as service books in choir, or for scientific purposes, whereas all the remaining smaller-sized Psalters with three exceptions were laymen's prayer-books for use at home or in church. The clergy had no need of Psalters for private use, since the Breviary they were obliged to pray daily, contained the entire Book of Psalms in Latin; they could most conveniently pray the Psalter from their

Breviary. Accordingly, at the very least *one hundred and forty-two* (142) editions of the Latin Psalter, each edition consisting of no less than 500 copies, making a sumtotal of 71,000 copies, were printed for the laity and purchased and used by the laity prior to the year 1501. As a matter of fact, all these 71,000 smaller-sized Latin Psalters were printed from 1470 to 1500, the larger-sized folios antedating them.

In addition to these Latin Psalters were printed at the demand of the laity and for their use, 6 editions of the Psalter in Latin with German translation, 16 editions in German without Latin text, 17 editions in Italian (some with Latin text), 14 editions in French (with or without Latin text), 7 editions in Flemish or Dutch, 3 in Greek (one of them with Latin text), 2 in Bohemian or Czech, 1 in Spanish, and 1 in Church Slavonic for the Catholics (Cracow in 1491), in all 67 editions or 33,500 separate copies of the vernacular Psalter. We do not count one edition of the Psalter in Church Slavonic for the use of the Orthodox Christians, printed at Cettigne, Montenegro, in 1495, nor eight editions of the Psalter in Hebrew printed by and for Jews. The Psalters in Greek were printed for the Humanists who despised the Latin Vulgate as "barbaric translation." It was only in 1516 that an edition of the Greek Psalter was printed exclusively for scientific purposc (Bohatta, *Liturg. Bibliogr. d. XV. Jahrh.*, Wien 1911, pp. 48-59).

From 1501 to 1520, at the very least, 102 editions of the Book of Psalms were printed in fourteen different languages. One of these editions, the Polyglot Psalter edited by Aug. Justiniani (Geneva, 1516), contains seven different versions of the Psalter, three in Latin, one in Hebrew, one in Greek, one in Arabic. Three other editions contain each five different Latin versions of the Psalter (*Psalterium quincumplex*, Paris 1508, 1513, Caen 1515). John Potken's Polyglot Psalter (printed at Cologne 1518) contains four versions, Hebrew, Greek, Aramaic and Latin. Amerbach published in 1518 at Basel St. Jerome's three different Latin versions in a separate work. Finally, nine editions of the Latin Psalter are accompanied by a vernacular translation. Accordingly these 102 editions contain in reality 134 different editions of the whole Psalter.

According to the languages, the 102 editions are divided into 73 editions in Latin, 2 Polyglot editions, 2 editions in Hebrew, 1 edition in Aramaic (Chaldaic), 1 edition in Ethiopic, 1 edition in Armenian, 7 editions in Latin and German, 2 editions in German only, 4 Dutch editions, 2 in Latin and French, 2 editions in French only, 2 editions in Italian, 1 edition in Czech or Bohemian, 1 edition in Swedish, and

one in Church Slavonic. Eliminating 29 editions of the Psalter in Latin and 7 editions of the Psalter in Oriental languages, we have a *sumtotal of 44 editions of the Latin Psalter and 22 editions of the Psalter in European languages, each comprising at least one thousand copies or a total of 66,000 Psalters* which had been printed solely for the laity and purchased and used by the laity from 1501 to 1520 (Panzer. *Annales Typogr.*, vol. X, pp. 156-172).

The above figures must be regarded as established beyond any reasonable doubt. Yet after all they express only the minimum, as far as it can be ascertained in a most positive way. However, the actual output of printed Psalters had been considerably larger. First the average edition consisted of somewhat more than 1000 copies for the years 1501 to 1520. Then a number of editions have been completely used up and destroyed or have escaped the ken of the professional bibliographers. New finds will increase the above figures, almost every day adding new titles to the latest up-to-date list. Accordingly, we may state for certain that about 200,000 copies of Psalter prayer-books were printed for the exclusive use of lay people from 1470 till 1520. Most of these Psalters contained in addition to the 150 Psalms also ten Biblical Canticles extracted from the Books of Moses, Books of Kings, the Prophets and the Gospel of St. Luke.

Printing did not put a stop to the use of manuscript Psalters. In fact, there was pronounced predilection for hand-written prayer-books among the better educated classes of lay people all through the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The German Empress Mary Theresia (died 1780) never used a printed prayer-book, but always an artistic handwritten copy. As a matter of fact, the Psalter was transcribed by professional copyists for a long time after the invention of printing in the best medieval style and handwritten copies were used by Catholics and Protestants alike, in Europe as well as in America.

Of all the 150 Psalms the so-called *Seven Penitential Psalms* (Psal. 6, 31, 37, 50, 101, 129 and 142) enjoyed the greatest popularity among the laity. They were the first Psalms which were learnt by heart by the children in school and their recitation was imposed by priests upon penitents in confession as the most common penance. Besides numerous reprints in Breviaries and Books of Hours, we count at least twenty separate editions, 7 previous to 1501 and 13 from 1501 to 1520, with a *sumtotal of 16,500 different copies*.

According to language they are divided as follows: ten Latin editions, six Italian editions, one Dutch, one German, one Hebrew and

Latin and finally one Hebrew and Latin and German. Naturally, most of these small-sized booklets have perished and according to indications a much larger number of editions must have issued from the press prior to 1520. These editions of the Penitential Psalms have to be added to the above figures of editions of the complete Psalter. It is very striking that Martin Luther's first published work is a commentary on the Penitential Psalms in Latin (1517). From 1517 till 1520 Luther published four editions of the Penitential Psalms in Latin or German which are not included in the above figures.

A class of its own are the "*Boys' Psalters*" or first readers of children. It was a rule of all medieval school-regulations that pupils of the elementary schools studied the Latin Psalter by heart. Yet, these statutes are commonly misinterpreted as implying that these children committed to memory the entire Book of Psalms. Their Psalter, the so called "*Boys' Psalter*," contained only a more or less small selection of the most favorite Psalms. Of the large number of such Boys' Psalters printed before 1501 no more than two copies representing two different editions have escaped the ravages of time, one at the State Library of Munich, Germany, and the other at the Victor Emmanuel Library of Rome, Italy. The "*Boys' Psalter*" of Munich is a little volume of sixteen pages in quarto which was printed about 1490 at the Augsburg in Bavaria by Erhard Ratdolt. The first page of this interesting school-book gives the Latin Alphabet, and below, the text of the Pater Noster. The second page contains the Ave Maria, the Benedicite (grace before and after meals). The Ten Commandments and Seven Virtues, all in Latin. Then follows the Latin text of the Psalms, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 116, and 114 the Magnificat (Luk. I, v. 46-55), the Nunc Dimittis (Luk. II, v. 29-32), and Psalm 129. The last pages contain in Latin the Creed, the Salve Regina, the beginning of St. John's Gospel (John I, v. 1-14), the "Inteibo ad altare Dei" (server boys' Mass prayers) and a few short ejaculatory prayers. At the end the title is given: "Explicit psalterium puerorum." The second copy which is preserved in Rome was printed at Paris by Peter Levet in 1488. It is more than another time as large as the Munich copy consisting of forty pages in quarto size and containing in addition to the Biblical portions of the Munich copy a number of other Psalms and prayers in Latin. The title printed at the end reads "Explicit parvum psalterium pro pueris" or "Here ends the small Psalter for boys." Moreover, we know of two editions of "*Boys' Psalters*," printed in Italy between 1472 and 1475 which have been

completely destroyed, so that not a single copy is left any more (*Bibliofilia*, vol. XI, pp. 183, 185). Surely a number of other editions have perished entirely in the same way. However, we know for certain that *four editions consisting each of 500 copies or a sumtotal of 2000 Boys' Psalters* were printed prior to 1500 and were used up by boys and girls through constant wear and tear.

Yet large as these numbers of editions and copies of the Psalter prayer-book or portions thereof may look, they are vastly surpassed by the issues of the most popular prayer-book of medieval laity, the "Book of Hours."

As in other fields the thirteenth century brought about a change in the line of laymen's prayer-books. Men and women of all classes were accustomed to assist at the recitation of the Breviary or Divine Office, which were celebrated in all parish churches as well as cathedrals and monasteries throughout the Middle Ages. King Alfred of England, that model of heroes and wise kings, never let a day pass without assisting at the Divine Offices. To follow the ecclesiastics in chanting the Psalms, the lay people needed a Psalter and this is the reason why the Book of Psalms became their first prayer-book. The Benedictines had maintained and kept alive among the laity the custom of taking part in the recitation of the Divine Office and thereby had made the Psalter the one and only prayer-book of lay people. However, this close union of clergy and laity at prayer was loosened in the thirteenth century. Lay people demanded a greater variety of prayers in conformity with the Breviaries of the Franciscans and Dominicans; they wished to have short offices similar in construction to the longer offices of the Friars; they longed for new books of piety, new forms of prayer which would appeal better to them at their private devotions, especially before and after the reception of the Sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion and at the feasts of certain favorite Saints. All this was finally provided for them in the "Book of Hours."

The "Books of Hours" or "Horae Beatae Mariae Virginis" (Livres d'heures" in French, "Getydenboek" in Dutch, "Libri d'ore" in Italian, "Primer" in English) received their name from the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary which forms the most important part of these laymen's prayer-books.

The "Cursus" or "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin" was first prayed by the Benedictines and Cluniacensian Monks during the latter half of the tenth century as a second office of the day and this form of devotion to Our Lady spread rapidly, so that it had found universal favor in the thirteenth century not only with the

monks and secular clergy, but also with the laity. It became the most popular prayer-book used by the laity from the thirteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and continued to be used till the beginning of the eighteenth century, the last edition in print having been issued in 1825.

Besides the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, the Books of Hours contained the Office for the Dead, the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany of all the Saints. These invariable features of the Books of Hours are augmented in nearly all extant manuscript copies by a variety of other devotions which were later repeated in the printed copies. Accretions of this kind are some other minor offices of the Passion, the Angels, the Conception of our Blessed Lady, of the Cross and the Holy Ghost, extracts from the Four Gospels (John I, v. 1-14, Luke I, v. 26-38, Matthew II, v. 1-12, Mark 16, v. 14-20), the Passion of Our Lord (John, chapt. 18-19) and prayers to God and the Saints. Many copies contain, moreover, the Fifteen Gradual Psalms (Pss. 119-133), and very many editions of the *Livres d'heures*, a French translation of the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Abbreviated Psalter made by St. Jerome.

Like the Psalter, the Book of Hours was also used as a first reading book for children. We know for certain that several editions of such small primers for pupils had been published in print before 1520; none, however, of these now survive. The large and complete Books of Hours were also used in many families as a first reader from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. This educational purpose of Books of Hours induced the sixteenth century printers to embody in very many editions the moral maxims, the A B C of the Christian, and sometimes a Greek alphabet for the benefit of children who were to study these pieces by heart. The "Heures" printed at Lyons in 1558 even discarded the time-honored Gothic characters substituting Roman letters, so that children could more easily learn to read from this book (Lacombe, *Livres d'Heures au XV et XVI siecle*, Paris 1907, p. LXVI-LXVII).

The "Books of Hours" which were used by noble and rich personages during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were all written on vellum and decorated by initial letters painted in gold and other colors and a number of exquisite miniatures and full-page representations of biblical scenes. These lavishly decorated and illuminated prayer-books were justly considered as treasures and were handed down in families from generation to generation. People who had been accustomed to pray from such artistically embellished hand-written books, could not help to despise

the productions of the printing press. However, enterprising printers succeeded in the course of time to issue "Books of Hours" decorated artistically to such a perfection that they could appeal to the good taste of those lovers of art.

The manuscript Books of Hours which are still preserved in European and American libraries were never accurately counted. They run up into the thousands. Father Steph. Beissel, S. J., gives a brief description of twenty of the most famous of these artistic treasures (*Stimmen aus Maria Leach*, LXXVII, 1909, pp. 170, 178, 274-277). However, every larger library preserves dozen of Books of Hours. There is no book auction of any note nowadays without several sales of precious manuscript Books of Hours.

Regarding the number of printed copies we are better informed. In 1478 the first edition of the Book of Hours appeared in print at Venice. From 1478 till 1500 at least 412 editions consisting of more than 206,000 copies were printed. From 1501 to 1520 no less than 625 editions or a sumtotal of 625,000 copies were issued from the press. In addition to these dated editions we count at least 20 editions without imprint or a sumtotal of 15,000 copies which were printed between 1478 and 1520. Accordingly the "Book of Hours" was printed from 1478 till 1520 in 1057 editions and in 846,000 copies. Classified according to languages, we count one edition (500 copies) in German, eleven editions (10,500 copies) in Greek, thirteen editions (10,000 copies) in Spanish, thirty-five editions (21,500 copies) in Dutch or Flemish, about one hundred editions in Latin, and the remaining 897 editions in French or French accompanied with Latin text. (A detailed list of these 1057 editions is given by Bohatta. *Bibliographie des Livres D'Heures*, Wien 1900, pp. 1-54 and Hoskins. *Horae B. M. Virginis or Sarum and York Primers*, London 1901, pp. XIII sq., XLI sq., pp. 1-22).

We must remind the readers again that these figures express only the lowest estimate or the numbers which can be ascertained in the most positive manner and that the actual output of printed Books of Hours had been considerably larger. New finds of hitherto hidden copies, especially of such printed between 1501 and 1520, will eventually raise the above figures. But even a certain proportion of editions will remain which have perished completely, but must be included in the final sumtotal.

The "Book of Hours" or the "Primer," as the Book of Hours of the Salisbury Use is called, writes the Rev. Edgar Hoskins, Rector of St. Martin's at Ludgate in London (*Horae B. M. Virginis*, London 1901, pp. XV), "was a layman's book of devotion

for private use either at home or at church." Many rubrics heading the prayers tell us that these prayers were to be used by lay people at home. "That the Hours of the Virgin," says the Rev. E. Hoskins (p. XVI) "besides being used at home were used privately by lay people in church is also evident, for an Italian who was traveling in England in the fifteenth century says: "Although Englishmen all attend Mass every day, and say many Pater Nosters in public, any one who can read taking the Office of Our Lady with him, and with some companion reciting it in the church verse by verse in low voice after the manner of religious." "We find," continues Rev. Hoskins (p. XVII) "that bequests were made to the laity in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of Psalters, Primers and Portuases or portable Breviaries and it is plain from their contents that the owners of these books had it in their power to follow either the Hours of Divine Service (Breviary of the clergy) or the Hours of the Virgin when they were said publicly by the clergy in the church" in Latin.

This explains the fact that the English lay people only used Latin Books of Hours or Primers until the year 1535, when the first edition of the Hours in English was printed. From 1478 till 1500 were printed exclusively for Englishmen 26 editions or 13,000 copies and from 1501 till 1520 exactly 35 editions or 35,000 copies of the Books of Hours in Latin. Accordingly *60 per cent. of Latin Books of Hours printed before 1520 were bought and used by Englishmen.* From 1521 till 1535 were printed again 59 editions of the Latin Hours for Englishmen exclusively (Hoskins, op. cit., pp. 1-43).

Be it noted that the Books of Hours are mainly composed of Psalms and Lessons, the latter being extracts from other Books of Scripture besides the Psalter. These laymen prayer-books are exact copies of the Breviaries of the clergy; the different offices are composed of the same elements in both the Breviaries and Books of Hours. A layman who prayed from his Book of Hours conversed with God in the inspired words of King David's Psalms and in reading the various lessons he communed with God in the heavenly language of other inspired writers of the Sacred Scriptures. Since these offices of the Books of Hours, unlike the offices of the Breviary, were invariable, they were apt to be learned by heart and prayed with ease even by those who had little pretensions to scholarship. Nay, even thorough-going illiterates derived spiritual benefits from the use of these lavishly illustrated Books of Hours. As a matter of fact, many an owner of such a precious prayer-book could not under-

the title of "Seelen wurgertlein." The "Hortulus" gained the widest circulation in Germany and became a very popular prayer-book of the laity to such an extent that it displaced the "Book of Hours." *We count five editions of the Hortulus printed from 1498 till 1500 and 63 (probably 64) editions issued from 1501 till 1520 which consisted of 66,000 copies at the very least.* Many (43) later editions were published from 1521 up to 1589, when the last, the 111th) edition was issued (Bohatta. *Bibliograph. Des Livres D'Heures.* Wien 1909, pp. 61-65). Since the Latin Hortulus found great favor in France and England soon after its first appearance in print, it was the cause that the French "Livres d'Heures" were recast before long. These remodelled "Livres d'Heures" caused in turn imitations in the "Hortulus," so that a greater uniformity was introduced into the two prayer-books, especially after the Hortulus was printed at Lyons in France in 1513 and the various publishers of the one book appropriated any feature found in the other which took their fancy.

In Italy the most favorite laymen's prayer-book on the Eve of the Reformation was the "Officium Beatae Mariae Virginis." It differed greatly from both the "Horae B. M. V." and the "Hortulus" in its contents, in its size, and general makeup. Whilst the "Horae" and "Hortulus" were brought out in sizes of 4to, 8vo, and 12mo, the "Officium" was issued in the pocket-size of 12mo, 16mo, 18mo, and the miniature size of 32mo. The edition of the "Officium B. M. V." was printed at Venice in 1472 in the small size of 16mo. The height of the printing surface is three and one-seventh inches with 14 lines to a page. In 1473 the first edition of the "Officium" in the miniature size of 32mo was published likewise at Venice. The printing surface measures two and one-seventh inches in height with 13 lines to a page. This extremely small size pleased the buyers so much that the "Officium" in 32mo was in greater demand than all others of somewhat larger size. Regarding the general makeup, these small sized manuals had as a rule no other artistic embellishment save black and red print. A few editions, however, of the 4to and 8vo sizes were brought out in the style of the "Livres D'Heures," adorned with Biblical representations full-page illustrations, artistic borders, and other ornaments, at Venice and Naples between 1473 and 1476. These later induced the French printers to reproduce their superbly illustrated "Books of Hours." The tiny manuals of the Office of Our Lady perished in even larger numbers than the highly artistic productions of the "Book of Hours." Yet, in spite of enormous losses we still preserve *copies*

of 82 different editions printed from 1472 till 1500, and 43 (probably 44 editions) printed from 1501 till 1520. The aggregate number of copies printed from 1472 till 1500 was at the very least 84,000. From 1521 till 1600 were printed 96 editions (Bohatta, *Bibliograph des Livres D'Heures*, Wien 1909, pp. 55-61). All these editions with but a few exceptions were published in Italy. There are some editions in Italian, but all the rest are in Latin. The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is contained in all copies of the *Officium B. M. V.* The great majority of editions included, moreover, the Office for the Dead, the Office of the Cross, and the Holy Ghost, the Seven Penitential Psalms, and the beginning of the Gospel of St. John I, v. 1-14). Some others contained the Mass prayers, while again others gave the Passion of Our Lord from the Gospel of St. John. Each and every of these 84,000 copies had been printed for and bought by lay people, since the clergy had no use for those tiny prayer-books. Most of these Latin "Officia B. M. V." were purchased by members of the different Third Orders who had obliged themselves to recite daily the Little Office of the Blessed Lady in Latin.

Alcuin was apparently the first man to compile a laymen's prayer-book, where special devotions are given for each day of the week. This eighth century manual of piety contained nothing but a number of Psalms followed by a variety of orations arranged in a systematic manner according to the different objects which he had assigned to the several days of the week. It was too long and too uniform and did not take with the laity. His weekly arrangement was conspicuously revived towards the close of the fifteenth century, when laymen's prayer-books multiplied which contain seven offices, one for each day of the week. The Vatican Library preserves such a manuscript Book of Hours for a week which has the Office of the Trinity for Sunday, Office of Eternal Wisdom for Monday, Office of the Holy Ghost for Tuesday, Office of God's Mercy for Wednesday, Office of Blessed Sacrament for Thursday, Office of the Passion for Friday, and the Office of the Compassion of Mary for Saturday. This Book of Offices was written and adorned with Biblical illustrations about the year 1500, at a time when similar books had appeared already in print. To this class of laymen's prayer-books belongs the "*Cursus B. M. Virginis*," printed and used in Germany. It contains seven offices of the Blessed Lady thereby differing from the Books of Hours and the *Officium*. The *Cursus* first appeared in print in 1485. From that date till 1500, fourteen editions were issued and from 1501 till 1520 six, and three more from 1521 till 1533, when the last

impression was issued. At least 13,000 copies of the "Cursus" were printed from 1485 till 1520, of which 3 editions or 1500 copies were in German, and one edition or 500 copies in Dutch or Flemish (Bohutta, *Bibliog. D'Heures*, p. 67).

Besides these laymen prayer-books the medieval book-sellers placed on the market a great variety of miscellaneous manuals of piety for lay people, which consist likewise mainly of Psalms and lessons taken from the Bible and which bear twenty-three different titles. They are handy manuals of pocket size ranging from 100 to 400 pages. To this class belong the *Cursus hinc inde collecti* (6 editions before 1500), *Cursus sparsim in devotionum libellis inventi* (1 edition with illustrations on the style of the Hortulus), *Cursus per totam septimanam* (1 edition before 1500), *Cursus et Orationes* (1 edition before 1500), *Officium Breve Quotidianum* (2 editions before 1500) *Officium sive Collectio Precum* (1 edition before 1500), *Orationale seu Paradisus Animae nuncupatum* (4 editions before 1500), *Compendium Deprecationum* (2 editions before 1500 and 1 edition in 1505), *Opsus familiare* (1 edition before 1500), *Orationes Sacrae* (1 edit. before 1500), *Preces Latinae* (Paris 1519), *Liber Precum* (about 1510), *Officia quotidiana* (2 editions before 1500), *L'Ordinaire des Chrestiens* (9 editions before 1500), *Gebetbuechlein* (7 editions before 1500), *Sontaegliche Gebete* (1 edition before 1500), *Libro de Compagnie overo di Fraternita di Battuti* (4 editions before 1500), *Uffizio di Mortii* (1 edit. before 1500), *Ghetiden* (not Book of Hours) (6 editions before 1500), *Orationes Spiritu-ueles*, *Vigiles des Morts*, *Heures de Jesus-Christ and Matins en Francois*. Accordingly from 1470 to 1520 were printed 60 editions consisting of 31,500 copies of laymen's prayer-books belonging to this class of miscellaneous manuals of piety. Of these 26 editions were in Latin, 15 in French, 8 in German, 6 in Dutch, and 5 in Italian.

Laymen's prayer-books consisting of selections of Psalms and Biblical Lessons were even issued in the form of pamphlets of small size. This class is composed of editions of various "Officia Propria" which were not found in the popular prayer-books. We know of 42 editions printed before 1500, and 12 editions from 1501 to 1520. They are small brochures ranging from 16 to 50 pages and bearing different titles as "Officium," "Historia," and "Servitium." Ten editions of these Offices served liturgical purposes and were supplements to the Breviary as is evinced by their ecclesiastical approbation. The remainder of editions was printed for lay people to be prayed by them in private. Accordingly we must set down

as laymen's manuals of prayer 32 editions of Offices printed before 1500 and 12 printed from 1501 till 1520 making a sumtotal of 28,000 copies. Four editions or 4000 copies are in German, one edition of 500 copies is in Italian and the remainder in Latin.

Finally summing up all these particulars, we have a grand total of 1673 editions and 1,257,500 copies of laymen's prayer-books printed from 1470 till 1520. We have to remind the reader that even these high figures are actually too low an estimate, since new finds will raise them before long. There are still a large number of copies hidden away escaping the ken of bibliographers. Moreover, we have to make allowance for a certain percentage of editions which have been completely destroyed to such an extent they neither a single copy nor a historic record will ever vouch for their former existence.

Taking the above figures which represent an ascertained minimum as the basis of a statistical calculation, we will gain these interesting facts. In 1470 there were living in Europe no more than from 65 to 70 million Catholics. From 1470 till 1520 lived and died at the highest 130 millions of Catholics in Europe forming 23,600,000 Catholic families at the ideal average of 5½ persons to a family consisting of father, mother, three children and an occasional grandfather or grandmother or aunt or uncle. *The average number of a laymen's prayer-book to a family was exactly 18.76, so that at least every nineteenth family possessed a printed prayer-book.*

However, the truer average was still more favorable. We must deduct from the total of 130 millions about a half of a million of clergymen in minor and major orders, and the religious of both sexes.

Again we must deduct about 725,000 families (or 4 millions of persons) of the nobility and wealthy bourgeoisie which possessed each and every one handwritten Psalters or Books of Hours and would not use printed prayer-books. *According to this computation the average number was exactly 18.14, so that practically every eighteenth family of the rather poorer classes was the owner of a printed prayer-book.*

Children under 6 years formed 15 per cent. of the total population. A calculation upon this basis furnishes the result that *every 88th person of 6 years and over must be credited with the possession of a printed prayer-book, or every 85th person of 6 years and over of the rather poorer classes.* Surely, the Catholic people were not as bookless on the Eve of the Reformation as historians would have us believe.

Our bibliographical survey brings out most strikingly the fact that down to the time of the Reformation and long after the Psalter in its entirety or a prayer-book consisting mainly of Psalms and other portions of the Bible was the type of a manual of prayers used exclusively by the laity, the few prayer-books which do not contain textual extracts from Scripture forming a negligible quantity. Yet, even these latter manuals, the precursors of our modern prayer-books, are entirely inspired by the Bible or like the "Corona B. M. Virginis" only a free rendering of certain Psalms or like the "Psalterium B. M. Virginis" a recast of the Psalms applying them constantly to Mary, but retaining the first words of each verse.

This extensive use of the Bible as a laymen's prayer-book made the laity familiar with the Sacred Text to such an extent that they could readily understand the numerous Scriptural allusions made by their preachers in their sermons, such a wealth of allusions as to mystify a modern audience. This great familiarity of lay people with the Bible enabled medieval preachers to draw abundant quotations from Scripture with telling effect. There are ten quotations in a medieval sermon to one in a modern sermon and besides the whole composition is imbued with Scripture, states the Anglican Divine J. M. Neale (*Mediaeval Preachers* p. XXV, XXVII). Such sermons could only be relished by people of extensive Scriptural knowledge and now-a-days would be out of place in our churches. The Book of Psalms, the prayer-book of medieval laity, exerted a great influence upon Christian arts and contributed very much especially to the development of its symbolism. This explains the reason why the medieval artists displayed in their works, at church and at home, such a varied symbolism drawn from Scripture; they knew that the lay people who saw or bought their works, were able to understand their artistic and Biblical language. Our modern non-Catholic "expert" connoisseurs blunder now and then most egregiously, when they try to explain what was plain as daylight to the medieval laity. The Berlin Museum preserves a statue representing the Annunciation of Our Blessed Mother. We see there that Mary holds the fabulous unicorn, *i.e.*, Christ. A modern connoisseur of art put the inscription below: "Wood statue representing a woman with a goat," as if the goats at Berlin had a horn in the center of the fore-head! But perhaps the most striking proof that the Scriptures were not hidden from the laity is furnished by Luther himself. He was compelled to use Biblical phrases in his writings to gain the people to his cause. The common people were too much impregnated with the language of the Bible to be swayed

by the language of philosophy unlike our contemporaries. The Lutheran Minister, John Valentin Andreae (died 1654), wrote of the German Protestants of the seventeenth century: "The regular recurring prayers are abolished yet so that now most pray not at all." And this disuse was precisely the main cause of ignorance of Scripture prevailing now among Protestants.

JOHN M. LENHART, O. M. Cap.

## GREAT AMERICANS AND WHY

(PATRICK HENRY)

Born May 29, 1736

MANY a great man is celebrated for one out-standing moment of his life. The world remembers that one thing about him. But as to what preceded or what followed, its cause and its effect, are forgotten, so that the deed itself stands outlined against the sky of memory, like a mountain top rising above a belt of thick cloud.

So it is with that most brilliant event in the life of Patrick Henry. Generations of schoolboys know that he once made a ringing speech ending with the words "Give me liberty, or give me death." They have recited it themselves, and if possible, have visited the old church at Richmond in which the soul-stirring plea was made.

But who was Patrick Henry, that he should spring to his feet on that memorable March 23, 1775, and pour forth a flood of brilliant eloquence that stirred his hearers to united action? What was the occasion for this plea, and what its result?

Some one has called Patrick Henry "the trumpeter of the Revolution." Not alone because of his speech of 1775, however. Ten years before he had dared stand up in the Virginia House of Burgesses and defy not only the Stamp Act measure, but the opinion of those cautious, loyal members of the House who regarded any resistance of royal orders as treason. This intervening decade was one of growing leadership with him.

Here is an incident of that period that shows the moving power of his eloquence; it is related by a certain Major Scott, and occurred at Williamsburg, Virginia:

"Mr. Henry was declaiming against the British King and ministry, and such was the effect of his eloquence that all at once the spectators in the gallery rushed out. It was at first supposed that the house was on fire. Not so. But some of the more prominent of these spectators ran up into the cupola and dowsed the royal flag which was there suspended."

So we may safely assume that this lawyer and legislator was often speaking on patriotic subjects as he rode back and forth and across the country, making speeches of which no records survive.

The name of Patrick Henry is practically synonymous with oratory. He has been called "The Orator of Nature," because his manner of speaking was inspired by his own thoughts and feelings, because he had none of the set mannerisms of the trained "eloquentist." To be sure, he lived in those stirring times that bred orators, men who thought and felt deeply on public welfare matters. That he should excel his competitors proves him a mighty orator indeed.

The biographers of Patrick Henry agree that he came honestly by his abilities. His mother was a Winston, and her brother William was credited with oratorical powers equal to Patrick Henry's. It is said that during the French and Indian war, shortly after Braddock's defeat, when the militia was marched to the frontiers of Virginia, "this William Winston was a lieutenant of a company; that the men were indifferently clothed, without tents, and exposed to the rigour and inclemency of the weather, discovered great aversion to the service, and were anxious and even clamorous to return to their families; when this same William Winston, mounting a stump (the common rostrum of the field orator of Virginia), addressed to them with such keenness of invective, and declaimed with such force of eloquence on liberty and patriotism, that when he concluded the general cry was: 'Let us march on! Lead us against the enemy!' and they were now willing, nay, anxious, to encounter all those difficulties and dangers which, but a few moments before, had almost produced a mutiny."

But it was not alone from the Winstons that Patrick Henry "got the trick of his tongue." There was Celtic blood on his father's side, as his name indicates. In fact, Captain John Henry, the father of Patrick, born in Aberdeen, Scotland, was second cousin to the mother of the famous Lord Brougham, which makes Patrick Henry a third cousin of the great English advocate whose vehement tongue led to English anti-slavery reform and English parliamentary reform.

The Henrys were Celtic, the Winstons were of Welsh stock. Either side could have given Patrick his vivacity of spirit, his conversational talent, his gift of eloquence, his instinct for the dramatic, which were so happily combined in this great colonial orator.

The early years of Patrick's life gave little hint of the celebrated champion he was to become. He seems to have been a normal boy, more fond of rod and gun than of books. He was named in honor of his uncle, the Rev. Patrick Henry,—whence the Jr. he tacked to

his name for years. By the combined efforts of Uncle Patrick, father John, and the small school in this section of the Virginia county of Hanover, at the age of fifteen young Patrick acquired some knowledge of Latin, Greek, mathematics, history.

Patrick Henry left almost no records of his own life, but through John Adams we learn that the Virginia orator had, at the age of fifteen, read Virgil and Livy in the original. Hence it is allowable to surmise that liberty and republicanism got into his head by way of old Rome, as well as by breaching the breach of that something which dwelt in the wilderness." It is on record that Patrick had a most retentive memory; not for verbatim passages, however, but for the facts, or sentiments, he culled from history or poetry, which he restated in his own expressive language.

He was never given to boasting, and was quite willing to be known as one of the common people, and some of the more cultured folk of his day, such as Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, were inclined to look upon him as poorly educated, for all they must marvel at the man's command of language. Jefferson admitted "How he obtained the knowledge of it I never could find out, for he read little, and conversed little with educated men." But Lincoln has been similarly discredited as a scholar, while Jefferson, the most accomplished man of his times, was no orator.

Both Patrick Henry and Abraham Lincoln were Liberty's spokesmen, and prove that when a man's heart and brain are fired with high, unselfish, humanitarian principles, he has no difficulty in finding the words to express his ideas. Both were devoted readers of the Bible, which alone would account for the lofty style of their oratorical diction.

"Not a scholar, surely," says one of Patrick Henry's biographers, "not even a considerable miscellaneous reader, he yet had the basis of a good education; he had the habit of reading over and over again a few of the best books; he had a good memory; he had an intellect strong to grasp the great commanding features of any subject; he had a fondness for the study of human nature, and a singular proficiency in that branch of science; he had quick and warm sympathies, particularly with persons in trouble,—an invincible propensity to take sides with the under-dog in any fight."

So equipped, at the age of twenty-four, after nine years of groping in the dark toward his real vocation, Patrick Henry decided to take up the study of law. After one month's study of Coke upon Littleton and the Virginia laws, he succeeded in getting a license to practice law, chiefly, he once confessed, because he out-

argued one of the examiners,—none other than the courtly, polished, witty, learned John Randolph.

Success was not immediate, and at the end of four years he was still as poor and unknown as he had been when he applied for his license. Then came a case that enabled him to attain fame. The side he was on was wrong, according to law and equity, but it happened to be one in which law itself was in error.

This celebrated *Parson's Cause* was a controversy between the clergy and the Legislature of the state, relating to salaries claimed by the former,—which were then paid by the commonwealth and not by congregations. Young Henry took part against the clergy. His biographer Wirt has described the scene most vividly:

"The array before Mr. Henry's eyes was most fearful. On the bench sat more than twenty clergymen, the most learned men in the colony. The court-house was crowded with an overwhelming multitude, and surrounded with an immense and anxious throng. In the chair of the presiding magistrate sat no other person than his own father . . . He arose very awkwardly and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads, the clergy exchanged sly looks, and his father almost sank with confusion from his seat.

"But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For, as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own actions, all the exuviae of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic, of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart, in a manner which language cannot tell. Add to all these, his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed its images; for he painted to the heart with a force that almost petrified it."

As for his argument, in this matter, as in all big topics that commanded his attention, he was guided by the future. He assailed the laws passed by the Virginia House of Burgesses, and though the clergy and their lawyer cried "treason," he kept right on. When he attacked the worldly clergy as grasping and unchristian, they filed out of the court-house. But his audience remained, hanging upon his words throughout the hour he spoke. He touched on the bondage of the people, and warned the jury that unless they seized upon the opportunity now at hand to sustain the liberties of the Commonwealth, they would rivet their own chains, perpetuate their own servitude.

It took considerable courage to speak out against the King, and against the clergy of a church established by law. But we know now he was right, that he already foresaw the time when there would be neither king nor Established Church in America. The people felt he was right, too. At the close of his address they seized Henry and carried him into the court-yard in a kind of triumph. His father, quite forgetting where he was, sat in his magistrate's chair with tears of ecstacy running down his cheeks.

Naturally, this speech made him some enemies. But its effect was lasting, and for the public good. It gave impetus to popular government and "may be said in a certain sense to have been the commencement of the Revolution in Virginia; and Hanover, where dissent had appeared, was the starting-point."

Too, it lifted the Orator of the Revolution out of obscurity. Eighteen months later, on May 20, 1765, Patrick Henry became a member of the House of Burgesses. That august body had plenty to worry about,—namely, what to do with the Stamp Act, which was to go into effect on November 1st.

Now there was much discontent over the measure in Virginia. But the leading men,—the aristocrats, mainly,—were so afraid of appearing disloyal that it did not occur to them to "do other than curb their tongues, talk in whispers when criticising His Majesty, and write guardedly when sending their protests to London. There was much indignation against King and Parliament, but every man of high influence shrank from the odium that seemed sure to follow the cry "Resist!" It was Patrick Henry who spoke the word—who raised the cry.

For days the question had been left unmentioned. Then, on May 29th, which was also Patrick Henry's twenty-ninth birthday, Burgess George Johnston, of Fairfax,—lawyer, scholar, man of character and champion of liberty,—took the floor moving that the

Stamp Act be brought up for consideration. In doing this he was co-operating with Patrick Henry who seconded the motion and introduced a series of resolutions which declared that the House of Burgesses and the executive had "the exclusive right and power to lay taxes and imposts upon the inhabitants of this colony"; and that, consequently, the Stamp Act, and all other acts of parliament effecting the rights of the American colonies, were unconstitutional and void.

The resolutions were received with vehemence, both for and against. Patrick Henry led the defence, and "he was equal to the task he had assumed." Now at length he had a theme worthy of himself—not confined by technical rules or provincial limits, but broad as the British Empire, affecting the rights of mankind, and appealing at once to the highest powers of the intellect and the warmest feelings of the heart. He rejoiced in his subject, and grasping it like a giant he expanded it before his astonished hearers, until its sublimity began to force itself upon them. His words were pregnant with a nation's freedom.

"He reasoned upon the chartered rights of the colony; he unfolded the written grants of English monarchs, even in the age of servitude, and showed the clauses guaranteeing the privileges of America. He explored the depths of the British Constitution, and, by long-established precedents, proved the connection between taxes and the free consent of the people; then leaving charters and human conventions, he entered upon an inquiry into the natural rights of man, and announced doctrines then almost unheard, but which have since become the basis of our government."

His nerve and resolution were equal to his eloquence. In the midst of the debate he thundered that outburst that shows his perfect mastery of the situation,—that "warning flash from history": He had been denouncing the injustice and the impolicy of the Stamp Act. Suddenly he exclaimed, in clear, bell-tones:

"Caesar has his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third—"

"Treason!" came in a shout from the Speaker, high on his dais. "Treason! Treason!" cried Burgesses from all sides of the room.

The orator paused in stately defiance till these rude exclamations were ended, and then, rearing himself up with a look and bearing of still prouder and fiercer determination, he so closed the sentence as to baffle his accusers without in the least flinching from his own position,—"And George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

The resolutions passed, and they, as well as the fiery words of their champion, thoroughly roused the colonists to resistance, all up and down the Atlantic border. Eight colonies adopted similar resolutions, in some instances using the identical wording of Patrick Henry's.

"Mr. Henry," says Thomas Jefferson, "certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution." Edmund Randolph wrote "On May 29, 1765, Mr. Henry plucked the veil from the shrine of parliamentary omnipotence. Woodrow Wilson comments: "Henry's words were the first words of a revolution, and no man ever thought just the same after he had read them."

Patrick Henry almost never kept any memoranda concerning himself or his work. But with his will was found a sealed letter endorsed: "Inclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia Assembly, in 1765, concerning the Stamp Act. Let my executors open this paper." On the back of the paper, containing the resolutions as adopted by the House, was the following statement, which not only proves the writer to be a man of education and of high patriotism, but is a sermon worthy the attention of all Americans for all time:

"The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act and the scheme for taxing America by the British Parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent.

"I had been for the first time elected a Burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the House, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised, and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law-book, wrote the within.

"Upon offering them to the House, violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the Ministerial party were overwhelmed.

"The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established by the colonies. This brought on the war which finally separated the countries and gave independence to ours.

"Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath

bestowed upon us. If they be wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader! whoever thou art, remember this, and in thy sphere practice virtue thyself, and encourage it in others.—P. Henry."

On the very afternoon of his victory, Patrick Henry left Williamsburg for his home, having been ten days a member of the House of Burgesses. He was seen "passing along Duke of Gloucester Street, wearing buckskin breeches, his saddle bags on his arm, leading a lean horse, and chatting with Burgess Paul Carrington, who walked by his side. "The least pretentious man in all Virginia, certainly her greatest orator, perhaps even her greatest statesman."

From this time he was a power in the state, and the scepter of power formerly held by the wealthy planters of the commonwealth was in the hands of this county court lawyer. He was the mouth-piece of resistance, the representative of the masses as distinguished from the aristocracy, and a political power his enemies could not overcome.

The Stamp Act was repealed, but the spirit that prompted it remained unchanged. England continued to regard the colonies as an offspring that must obey her tyrannical orders. So for ten years Patrick Henry's abilities as a statesman were in great demand in Virginia. He had a leading part in all the counsels of the time, whether in the House of Burgesses, local committees and conventions, or a deputy to the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia, always displaying business-like and lawyer-like qualities when elocution was not in demand.

It was on Thursday, March 23, 1775, in the second revolutionary convention of Virginia assembled at Richmond, that Patrick Henry took the floor and moved that the militia should be organized and the "Colony be immediately put into a state of defense." One marvels that his resolutions met with opposition, since it was not only a revolutionary convention, but his motions contained nothing that had not been already approved by other colonies and even other counties in Virginia.

Some historians believe the opposition was to Patrick Henry himself, as a leader, also that while other colonies and conventions had only recognized the probability of war, Patrick Henry would have this convention virtually declare war itself.

Once more Patrick Henry was ahead of his contemporaries. But opposition only roused him the more, gave him occasion for his master-stroke in oratory, beginning with that courteous compliment "No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very honorable gentlemen who have just addressed the House," and ending with that impassioned battle cry "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

The words are hackneyed from being much repeated, for more than a hundred years they have been parodied and bandied about by the humorists. Yet, if we read it as though we had never heard it before, some of the sentences sing like bits of melody.

Then, we must remember how the orator threw himself into his part, body and soul, making his hearers exultant, grim, firmly resolved to follow his lead.

There are two descriptions by eye-witnesses that memorable day in St. Johns Church, Richmond. Here is the report of a Baptist clergyman:

"Henry arose with an unearthly fire burning in his eye. He commenced somewhat calmly,—but the smothered excitement began to play more and more upon his features, and thrill in the tones of his voice. The tendons of his neck stood out white and rigid like whipcords. His voice rose louder and louder, until the walls of the building and all within them seemed to shake and rock in its tremendous vibrations. Finally his pale face and glaring eyes became terrible to look upon. Men leaned forward in their seats, with their heads strained forward, their faces pale and their eyes glaring like the speaker's. His last exclamation—'Give me liberty, or give me death'—was like the shout of the leader who turns back the rout of battle. When he sat down, I felt sick with excitement. Every eye yet gazed entranced on Henry. It seemed as if a word from him would have led to any wild explosion of violence. Men looked beside themselves."

And now John Roane: "You remember the conclusion of the speech, so often declaimed in various ways by school boys—'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!'

"He gave each of these words a meaning which is not conveyed by the reading or delivery of them in the ordinary way. When he said, 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?' he stood in the attitude of a condemned galley slave, loaded with fetters, awaiting his doom. His

form was bowed; his wrists were crossed; his manacles were almost visible, as he stood like an embodiment of helplessness and agony.

"After a solemn pause, he raised his eyes and chained hands toward heaven, and prayed, in words and tones which thrilled every heart, 'Forbid it, Almighty God!' He then turned toward the timid loyalists of the House, who were quaking with terror at the idea of the consequences of partaking in proceedings which would be visited with the penalties of treason by the British crown, and he slowly bent his form yet nearer to the earth, and said, 'I know not what course others may take', and he accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighed down with additional chains.

"The man appeared transformed into an oppressed, heart-broken, and hopeless felon. After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colony under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly, and exclaimed, 'But as for me,'—and the words hissed through his clenched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was strained against the fetters which bound him, and with his countenance distorted by agony and rage he looked for a moment like Laocoön in a death struggle with coiling serpents; then the loud, clear, triumphant tones, 'give me liberty,' electrified the assembly.

"It was not a prayer, but a stern demand, which would submit to no refusal or delay. The sound of his voice, as he spoke these memorable words, was like that of a Spartan paean on the field of Plateau; and, as each syllable of the word 'liberty' echoed through the building, his fetters were shivered; his arms were hurled apart; and the links of his chains were scattered to the winds.

"When he spoke the word 'liberty,' with an emphasis never given it before, his hands were open, and his arms elevated, and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood erect and defiant; while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of Freedom, and expressed all that can be acquired or enjoyed by nations and individuals invincible and free.

"After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the word 'liberty' to cease, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side, and clenched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast. He stood like a Roman Senator defying Caesar, while the unconquerable spirit of Cato of Utica flashed from

every feature; and he closed the grand appeal with the solemn words 'or give me death!' which sounded with the awful cadence of a hero's dirge, fearless of death and victorious in death; and he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast with the right hand which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart."

One more tribute, this from Edmund Randolph: "Henry was his pure self. Those who had toiled in the artifices of scholastic rhetoric were involuntarily driven to an inquiry within themselves, whether rules and forms and niceties of elocution would not have choked his native fire. It blazed so as to warm the coldest heart. In the sacred place of meeting, the church, the imagination had no difficulty to conceive, when he launched forth in solemn tones various causes of scruples against oppressors, that the British King was lying prostrate from the thunder of heaven. Henry was thought in his attitude to resemble St. Paul, while preaching at Athens, and to speak as a man was never known to speak before.

"After every illusion had vanished, a prodigy yet remained. It was Patrick Henry, born in obscurity, poor, and without the advantage of literature, rousing the genius of his country, and binding a band of patriots together to hurl defiance at the tyranny of so formidable a nation as Great Britain. This enchantment was spontaneous obedience to the working of the soul.

"When he uttered what commanded respect for himself, he solicited no admiring look from those who surrounded him. If he had, he must have been abashed by meeting every eye fixed upon him. He paused, but he paused full of some rising eruption of eloquence. When he sat down, his sounds vibrated so loudly, if not in the ears, at least in the memory of his audience, that no other member, not even his friend who was to second him, was yet adventurous enough to interfere with that voice which had so recently subdued and captivated."

The resolutions were passed. And as he had foretold, the war was actually begun. Within less than a month the Battle of Lexington had been fought, within six weeks Patrick Henry was making a speech to men in hunting shirts, armed for battle.

Virginia's first overt act of war, says Thomas Jefferson "was Mr. Henry's embodying a force of militia from several counties, regularly armed and organized, marching them in military array, and making reprisal on the King's treasury at the seat of government for the public powder taken away by the Governor.

From orator and soldier, Patrick Henry became statesman and public servant. He was a delegate to the convention which met in May, 1776, and instructed the Virginia deputies to the general congress to propose to that body to "declare the united colonies free and independent states." That same year he was elected the first republican governor of Virginia. After three years he returned to the legislative body, until he was again elected governor.

His last public speech was made just three months before his death, at Charlotte Court House, in which he made this last plea to his native state, then in revolt against the Alien and Sedition laws:

"You can never exchange the present government but for a monarchy. If the Administration have done wrong, let us all go wrong together. Let us trust God and our better judgment to set us right hereafter. United we stand, divided we fall. Let us not split into factions which must destroy that union upon which our existence hangs. Let us preserve our strength for the French, the English, the Germans, or whoever else shall dare invade our territory, and not exhaust it in civil commotions and intestine wars."

His last public act was worthy this great orator and true patriot.

Patrick Henry was undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary men of an extraordinary epoch. He had a natural genius for moving men, due, mainly, to his own moral courage. To that mysterious eloquence which swayed and took captive all minds, he united a nerve and resolution which when thoroughly aroused were indomitable.

In his private life he was kindly, good-humored, agreeable, temperate, frugal, a devout Christian, a simple man, a plain citizen, a good neighbor. His last years were spent on his estate, Red Hill, which he considered "one of the garden spots of the world."

H. W.

## PYSCHOLOGY—PYSCHO-ANALYSIS

THE greatest victory of modern psychology has undoubtedly been the realization of the unconscious as a psychological fact. There is evidence enough that this discovery is genuine; as, for instance, that we find the unconscious not at all like our conception of it, and that it astonishes us; astonishment is one of the most reliable signs of a genuine revelation. The revelation is not yet science, however; we have seen the unconscious as Livingston saw Central Africa, and with much the same emotions; but the time when we can map it out is still far ahead. What we chiefly realize at present—and we are like all other explorers in this—is that the unconscious is much greater than we had conceived; and using dangerously the little knowledge we have, we have actually given it a higher rank than consciousness itself. In the praise we have showered on the unconscious impulses we have forgotten the few commonplace facts about the conscious control of action which, baldly set down, are its eternal justification—that without it we should not be human beings but animals, that in the exercise of it alone are we free agents in any sense, and that the more consummate becomes our discipline in it the nearer we approach the ideal of Man.

For many minds the prefix *sub*, as applied to consciousness, is connected with the notion of the threshold, and for them the sub-conscious must be regarded as *below* the threshold. For practical purposes it may be permitted to treat the conscious, the sub-conscious and the unconscious as making up a great series of states of gradually diminishing intensity from focal consciousness on the one hand to total passivity on the other, the whole being divided into two by the threshold, which is assumed to occur just above the sub-conscious. At any given moment, then, the subliminal would include all the

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*Psycho-Analysis.* Term used by persons who do not know Greek for purposes always questionable and generally mischievous.

*Psychoanalysis* (which is what they mean) I have once seen correctly spelt. Imagine *psycho-agogic* or *psycho-omporos*!

From George Saintsbury's Note Book.

elements of which we are not conscious, though these elements may be roughly classified into a group having some activity (the sub-conscious), and another having none.

As distinguished from the natural sciences, experiment in social research cannot produce a definite and measurable result, for the final purpose is concerned with human behaviour and character—matters which cannot be weighed and tested in the laboratory. A school of experimentalists have, however, adopted plans in recent years, basing educational reform upon results of exact measurement; and these would claim to confine the term "Experimental Education" to such investigations. They follow the methods of Experimental Psychology, and look forward to the time when education can be "recognized as an exact science." This school of reformers looks to Meumann as its leader; and the most important contributions so far made in Great Britain are based upon the researches of Meumann, Lay, and other German teachers. In the United States, Thorndike is the leader of a group of investigators who carry quantitative methods of research even further afield. "The more cautious opinion regards these labours as helpful rather to psychology than to education itself. Much has been done to explain phenomena of memory, association, imagery, and habit; and the old doctrine of "faculty psychology" has been subjected to a great variety of laboratory investigation, allied to a search for some formula of general intelligence which may reconcile the disputants in this ancient controversy."\* Equal activity, however, has been shown in the treatment of school instruction: all branches of the arts of language, including modern languages and of elementary mathematics, have been examined by laboratory tests.

It is obviously to the educator's advantage to recognize the distinction between the active and the passive elements that make up the content of the subliminal. At any given moment this content may be divided into two sections, the smaller of which will include all the elements that for some reason or other are at that moment exercising influence on the content of consciousness, while the other section includes all the remaining elements, these being mere potentialities. The first section would then represent the sub-consciousness, while all the other elements would belong for the moment to the unconsciousness. On this view all the ideas that are either on their way into consciousness or have just passed out of consciousness will form the most prominent elements of the sub-conscious

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\* *Critique of Pure Reason*, Bk. I, p. 303, French translation; Alcan. 1909.

segment, while ideas that are more or less closely connected with these will have a greater or less degree of influence on whatever ideas are at that moment in consciousness. Whatever has once formed part of the mental content, and has been driven below the threshold, will necessarily form a part of the subliminal content.

Psycho-analysis, by its study of border-line states of the mind (*e.g.*, the phenomena of hysteria, which are better understood now, as a result of the observation of shell-shock cases and war neuroses) and by its investigation of dreams (Freud's theory of the suppressed wish, though now dismissed by some, as inadequate, has been a useful working hypothesis), has already thrown light on the complex problem of trance-mediumship. Thus it has been shown that the medium's mysterious activities are really excessive examples of what quite ordinary people do and experience.

Without attempting to differentiate the two opposing views, it may be said that Jung differs from Freud mainly in that he attaches less importance to the factor as a motive in conduct, and that he insists upon the recognition of moral influence on the sub-conscious mind as shown by the teleological aspect in dreams. But the end of mental healing is neither that the conscious should rule the unconscious, nor that the unconscious should guide the conscious; but that the unconscious should more and more be "brought into consciousness." And that is the problem not merely of psycho-analysis, but of human culture. The teaching of the new psychology brings a personal lesson to everyone. A knowledge of subconscious mental processes enables everyone to study himself, and better equips him to overcome many of the minor troubles of life. Self-analysis provides rules of conduct in life, and to those who have the courage offers a self-resolution which will enable them to see in themselves the source of their miseries, which too often they attribute to the outside world.

Logically there is room for only two states, Consciousness and Unconsciousness; for at any given moment we are either conscious or we are not. Psychologists recognize this when they speak of the threshold of consciousness. Once an idea falls below this threshold it is unquestionably in the realm of the unconscious. But practical considerations interfere with the smooth-running distinctions of logic. All the elements that are said to be below the threshold are not in the same state. Some appear to be perfectly passive, others uneasily dormant, and still others are in a condition of what may be called subactivity. The state of affairs below the threshold is not unlike the state of affairs above. In both cases the elements that make up the content may be arranged according to their

power of influencing the mental process at any given moment. The continuity between the upper and the lower realm is recognized by the term that is often applied to what lies below the threshold. This view obviously reduces the importance of the threshold, if indeed it does not challenge its very existence. Yet the plain man readily admits that there is a difference between what is above the threshold and what is not. His trouble is to distinguish between the two grades—subconsciousness and unconsciousness. The process of education consists largely in building up connections among elements that it is of importance to keep co-ordinated with one another. When Herbert sets up the ideal of education as the cultivation of a many-sided interest, he is really pleading for such a correlation of the elements of experience that the content of the subliminal shall be sensitive to the appeal of certain kinds of stimuli that may originate within the realm of consciousness.

But here's the trouble. The minute a science is popularized it is in danger of being vulgarized, and when it is vulgarized (and commercialized) it becomes a very real and often a terrible menace. I believe in radium. But I'd hate to have everyone experimenting with it. I believe in the virtues of X-ray, but I want experts to manage it. I believe dynamite is safe if men know how to handle it; but one doesn't give it to children to play with. And psychical research is a matter for highly-trained experts, for pathologists, for alienists, for psychologists, for neural experts, not for exploitation by wizards who peep and mutter in twilight rooms and dark cabinets at so much an admission to the seance.

Psychology in all its modern guises has, as the French say, "arrived"; to-day it is a word to conjure with, while two decades ago it was simply the concern of a few solemn professors and their students. "The success of psychology is undoubtedly due," says an anonymous writer, "to the fact that discriminating persons in all departments of life have recognized that this science is a real help to the co-ordination of their particular activities and methods; the value of psychology is not so much in its discovery of what is new, as in its setting in order and arranging intelligibly what has been all along in civilized communities common knowledge. For this reason its methods have been adopted in medicine, education, commerce, politics, and many other specialized branches of social activity. Has psychology any contribution to make to religion?" The question has already been answered in relation to certain departments of Church life; most of us now recognize that we must study the psychology of the "herd" in the arrangement of our Church

services ; the preacher, if he is to make his message effective, must understand the value of the psychology of persuasion, either intuitively or by study ; and the catechist must be to some extent conversant with child psychology if he is to get the best out of the members of his Catechism class. But we have to acknowledge that so far little has been done by competent and definitely Christian teachers to apply the methods of psychology to the religious experience of the individual soul.

Psycho-analysts teach that there is a *Censor*, a kind of mental mechanism, to prevent what is in the unconscious becoming conscious, except it be duly disguised. Their view of human nature is very low. Most of them, especially the Freudian psycho-analysts, regard man as being a well-mannered and cleverly hypocritical animal, altogether base and sexual at heart, and they say that were our dreams not disguised by the *Censor*, they would awaken us from sleep, on account of their ugly animal grossness.

Further, they teach that we have learned by custom and convention (not of course by duty or religion, for they don't admit true conscientiousness in man) to suppress our primitive animal instincts. But in doing so, we often suppress too violently, or in a wrong way, and cause a *complex* or mind-wound which later on gives us trouble. Or it may be that the *complex* is formed in other ways, but eventually it makes itself felt in the unconscious and our nerves begin to suffer. Their aim, then, is to find out what the *complex* is, how it originated, and finally, having analyzed it, to dissolve it so that it may cease to upset the mind.

The true *flair* of the psycho-analyst is for symbolic detail. Mr. Mordell in his book on the *Erotic in Literature* regards the unconscious and the erotic as well-nigh synonymous, and looks askance at the theorists who have discarded this emphasis of Freud's. Now, Freud has discovered that dreams about flying, riding, swimming, landscapes, rooms, boxers, burglars, serpents, and machinery have a sexual significance. Very well, Mr. Mordell says ; it is clear that writers who affect these subjects are unconsciously expressing a symbolic wish. Ruskin is rich in landscapes ; we divine an attachment to his mother and an unfortunate love affair. Mr. Kipling has an "undue interest in machinery"—but Mr. Mordell decently refrains from pressing his point against living writers.

The psycho-analyst should be both imaginative and cautious, fertile in suggestion, but a stickler for evidence. To a certain kind of mind explanations which consist in the application of a few prin-

ciples to a great diversity of phenomena possess so extraordinary an attraction that, in the attempt to squeeze everything into their scheme, they lose not only their sense of probability but also their sense of humour. It cannot be denied that psycho-analytic literature has a great attraction for this kind of mind, and the practitioners of psycho-analysis sometimes seem to be of the same species.

It is a far cry from to-day to the days of Babylonian astrology and the earliest forms of Gnosticism, *pace* the question as to the pre-Christian or post-Christian origin of Gnosticism. Anyway, the gulf is bridged, and the modern seer dabbles in the magic arts of centuries ago; he has assumed the mantle of the Valentinian prophet, aping his role, mouthing his jargon and adopting his pseudo-intellectualism. Ophitic diagrams, the secrets of the Kabbala, the services of Pythonesses; all these are at the disposal of the modern searcher after the Unknown.

Literature, too, there is in abundance, ranging from studies of Christian Mysticism (treated in a non-Christian fashion) to the higher forms of Eastern Pagan Mysticism with its promise of powers of omniscience and of omnipresence. Weeklies, fortnightlies, monthlies, quarterlies issue from the press in great numbers and in every language. Not all, certainly, hold out the same guerdon. The rewards offered vary from the miraculous attainments of the perfect *yogi*, which are personal to the adept, to the revelation of the future and the revealing of secrets through the mediumship of another. These latter allurements make up the bulk of the advertisements in the various occult magazines.

Whatever the practical results of psycho-analysis may be, we have to remember that behind the practical treatment there lie definite theories upon which the practice is based. When we come to examine these theories we find that they differ fundamentally, particularly on the subject of dream interpretation. Thus, one theory makes the dream a symbolic realization of suppressed sexual cravings (Freud); another makes it the expression of the self-preservation instinct (Adler); and still another finds in the dream a solution of mental conflict (Rivers). It is obvious that with such widely divergent theories there will be considerable differences in the results obtained, and consequently psycho-analysis cannot claim to be considered an exact science.

A complex, in Mr. Bousfield's words, "is a mental constellation fixed in the unconscious mind which opposes the reception of facts, opinions, or beliefs which are in opposition to the complex." The

victim of a complex does not suspect its existence, and endeavours to give rational explanations of his beliefs or disbeliefs. But the illogical character of these attempts at rationalization is often sufficient to show that he is guided not by reason but by feeling. The examination of Freud's writings has convinced Mr. Bousfield that Freud is suffering from a complex, and he has been able to determine its elements. We may summarize them as disbelief in moral responsibility, in survival after death, in free will, in God or spirit, and in means of cognition other than the physical senses. How does such a complex arise?

Of certain things I am conscious. I know I am writing this and why. But probably no one reading it is conscious of what he ate for supper last night, though he can quite easily recall it. It was, they say, "in" his preconsciousness. Much more, he cannot recall at will, say, what happened on his fifth birthday. But some stimulus or other can bring it surging up. It was, all the time, in his subconsciousness. There may be more that no stimulus suffices to recall: what occurred, say, when he was three. That exists, if anywhere, in his unconscious. These memories, then, are said to be different "levels" of the unconscious, according as it is more or less difficult or impossible to recall or make them conscious.

Psycho-analysis implies an analyzing of the soul or *psyche*, but the soul is a simple spiritual substance and cannot be analyzed. What is meant, however, by this inaccurate name is an analyzing of the experiences of the soul or mind with a view to finding out what particular experience it is which has brought about the present nervous trouble. For psycho-analysts base their treatment on the assumption that nervous disorders, hysterias, obsessions, insomnia and many other ailments are due to the presence of some disturbing factor, some mind-wound (or *complex* as they call it) in the storehouse of the mind.

The psycho-analyst first wins the confidence of his patient and then by means of careful (but not necessarily leading) questions, and by association tests induces him to lay open what he thinks and feels, at leisure, in careless moments, what he dreads or hopes for, and even what his nightmares consist of. By these means, nervous trouble in adult life can often be traced to half-forgotten shocks or difficulties of early childhood, and, once the load of inhibition or repression is removed, the patient can look squarely at his trouble, see it in its true proportions and, usually, lose it.

Dr. Ernest Jones once said that the first remark about a discovery was: There is nothing in it. The second: It is wicked. Then: We

knew it all along. Alack! We have been making nearly all three about his own theory, or that of his Freudian masters.

Unfortunately, Petronic Rabelaisian and Casanovaian ethics have disturbed the human equilibrium.

Let us see now how, in practice, the psycho-analytic method is conducted. The patient must be absolutely open with the analyst, telling his whole life story, manifesting what is most secret and intimate in his conscience, concealing nothing whatever, neither sins nor details of sins. Further, he must recount in full all his dreams. He must submit himself to "free-association" tests: that is, he must tell at once and in full all the thoughts suggested to his mind by any word the psycho-analyst may choose to utter. This great self-revelation takes much time. The patient must be prepared to give an hour a day for many months, or even for a year or two, to his analyst (and he must be prepared to pay highly for the analyst's time). Meanwhile the analyst is searching for the hidden trouble of mind that has caused the neurasthenia or obsession. If he finds it (and it may have had its origin in some forgotten childish experience) the analyst traces the influence of this experience down through the patient's life, and aims at getting him to assimilate normally that troublesome experience into his mental life.

Someone has said that the new psychology recalls in a somewhat startling way the old theology of the days of St. Athanasius. The inquiring student finds himself in a controversial atmosphere where anathemas rather than arguments are hurled by the parties at one another. The bewildered novice finds a Vienna school, a Zurich school, a Nancy school, and now a Geneva school each claiming to be orthodox and deplored the heresy of the others. It is very odd, and yet the reason is not far to seek. In the first place, the theory itself of unconscious mind rests on a non-rational foundation, or at least on a principle which is supra-rational; and in the second place, every theory aims at laying down rules for the accomplishment of a spiritual work on the carrying out of which salvation depends.

In 1895 Freud first put forward the idea that our conscious mental activities were largely controlled by the activities of the unconscious mind. This theory was suggested, in the first instance, to explain certain forms of hysteria, but an enormous amount of more recent work shows quite clearly that the role of the unconscious is just as important in normal as in abnormal minds. The theory at first met with violent opposition, but is now generally accepted in its main outlines; the position at the present time being closely

analogous to the position of the theory of evolution some ten years after it had been propounded by Darwin. In the same way that the idea of evolution was well known before Darwin, so psychologists had been aware of the unconscious before Freud; the latter, however, for the first time brought forward experimental evidence of its existence and showed how its mode of action could be investigated. There is another close parallel between the development of the two theories; Darwin, Wallace, Weismann, and Mendel all held different views as to the mechanism of evolution, and the strife between their various adherents is active to this day. So with the New Psychology: there is a bitter feud between the disciples of Freud and of Jung as to the interpretation of certain phenomena, but all are agreed as to the activity of the unconscious mind and its preponderating influence in our total mentality.

Men and women have primitive instincts and appetites which are socially or otherwise impossible. Restraint and discipline are therefore necessary. In favourable circumstances the appetites and instincts are turned from their primitive purposes and directed to other, new and socially valuable purposes. These instincts, however, are strong and tend always to return to their ancient paths.

Owing to the mechanism of "forgetting" the individual is not conscious of the natural tendency of his instincts. Having, as he supposes, yoked them to new purposes, he has forgotten their existence, he "does not know that he knows." Yet they are there, ready to rebel against the socially good work set them to do. Because they may not enter his consciousness in their true forms they tend to enter it in various disguises, in dreams, in mannerisms, and so on. The fears and terrors of neurotic persons are disguised appetites which have not been successfully yoked to high purposes or which have broken away from the yoke, and are breaking away also from the realm of forgetting.

An auto-suggestion is a notion which, becoming grafted on the imagination, automatically and unconsciously realizes itself in a way that can best be described as non-voluntary. A good illustration of the meaning of this is given in M. Baudouin's book.\* If a plank thirty feet long and nine inches wide is laid on the ground, and a person is asked to walk along it he will be able to do so with perfect ease, without placing either foot on the ground. Supposing now that the plank be suspended between two points at a considerable height from the ground, no one except perhaps a tight-rope

\**Suggestions and Auto-suggestions*, p. 88.

dancer would venture across, or if he did he would probably fall. Why? Because the fear of falling is aroused (the notion), the body becomes unsteady and falls. All effort to maintain one's balance not only fails, but increases the instability, so that the fall is inevitable. The notion of falling is the unconscious cause of the fall. The only way to escape falling is to have a firm conviction to the contrary, that is, of not falling. In walking along the plank on the ground the person would unconsciously have this notion and gets across without mishap.

The principal factor is the imagination by which apparently is understood the fact that some mental imagery has spontaneously or non-voluntarily taken hold of the attention to the exclusion, partial or total, of other imagery or notions. Attention is so firmly riveted on the notion concerned that contrary notions cannot gain a footing.

The method aims at increasing a person's self-reliance—all are familiar with the formula that has to be repeated twenty times night and morning, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better." For ourselves, we see a real danger in this concentration upon the self, it may very easily lead to a serious eccentricity of character; particularly if applied to growing children—and M. Coué strongly urges us to influence the young by auto-suggestion. As the lecture proceeded we found ourselves constantly remarking that the speaker was advocating methods which had been in use for centuries in the Catholic Church, but with this important difference, it was the Self, not God to whom the individual was referred. "Shut our eyes," M. Coué says to us, "and repeat to yourselves these words." Then he proceeded to suggest to us that we were healthy people, and so on. We were, in fact, being "led in prayer," but the prayer was addressed to the Self, and it made us shudder. A Catholic may surely be pardoned for believing that our Mother Church has taught us a better and a surer way to spiritual health.

At the present time there is a distinct risk of psycho-analysis becoming to some extent a fashionable craze. Treatment by those who are not thoroughly versed in the subject may cause serious harm. No one without good reason should allow all his natural expressions to be brought to the surface by anyone who claims to be an adept.

In the majority of books written to expound the various theories, are shown a lack of accurate and logical thinking, and a still more marked lack of reverence and respect for what is sacred—and all is written with a ludicrous air of superiority. Written in a popular style they deliberately set themselves to propagate sex-knowledge,

without weighing the consequences of the harmful illustrations of sex-abnormalities. Its ramifications are amazing. In Pedagogy, Ethnology, Aesthetics, Literature, Psychology and Therapeutics, new methods are discussed and investigations prepared in the light of its assumed discourses.

It would be unfair to refuse to acknowledge the merit of the work done, or the value of the facts classified and analyzed by the new psychologists, but it is of the spirit in which they do their work, the materialistic basis on which they support it, that we have reason to complain. It is the fashion of some Church papers to condemn psycho-analogy as rot and trash, they emphasize only the danger, and the possibilities of abuse, and no doubt the majority of their readers are contented to accept this opinion as final, and in their turn to condemn the whole system without having read a word of the literature. But so important are the questions raised that no second-hand opinion ought to satisfy those who are in a position to judge for themselves. In order to arrive at a considered opinion it is essential that the inquirer should have in his hands a clear and unbiased elementary exposition of the teachings of psycho-analysis.

By means of the cathartic method the mind may be cleared of the "bottled-up" unction. By means of test words, we can gain slight indications of underlying mental disturbances. About a hundred selected words, such as head, green, water, stick, long, etc., may be mentioned one at a time to the patient and he is asked to give the first thought which each of these words arouses in his mind. If the word possesses no significance to the patient, and does not awaken any latent memory, the answer is given readily, but if the word stirs up by association of ideas some deep emotional conflict, the patient hesitates to reply or gives an answer which may serve as a clue to the latent disturbing memory. By following up these clues we are enabled eventually to unearth the original experience or emotion which, by being repressed, gave rise indirectly to the symptoms which the patient presents. This original disturbing emotion may be forgotten or apparently unknown to the patient. When the patient is encouraged to talk of this emotion (complex), the long-repressed and pent-up feeling associated with it finds vent by means of language. The feeling having been discharged, it no longer strives to release itself by indirect channels, and the symptoms disappear. The conscious advances more rapidly than the whole content of the mind, and it can quicken the advance of that content only by making it conscious.

"It has been maintained by some," writes Dr. Jones, "that the application of psycho-analysis is not "treatment," but only a method or technique to disclose the origin of nervous and mental symptoms, but the textbook referred to devotes a whole chapter to treatment, which is summarized under three heads, viz.: Dream Interpretation; Free Association; and Transference. Dream interpretation depends upon the assumption that there is during sleep a kind of personified guardian preventing thoughts, ideas, and impulses rising from the unconscious mind into consciousness. If they succeed in passing through the "Censorship," then they appear as the dream, which can be narrated, but in reality they represent latent tendencies which have been repressed, and with them certain emotions; the whole forming a complex. In this way, whatever comes into consciousness is interpreted, in accordance with a certain key, to be symbolic of tendencies in the unconscious mind; for instance, dreams of daggers or snakes are of phallic origin. There are various mechanisms in dreams, described as condensation, dramatisation, displacement, regression, and secondary elaboration, by which psychic importance is attached to the latent content or to the unconscious mind. Free association is the method of discovering the tendencies of the unconscious mind by the comparison of irrelevancies that are expressed in speech, and the "stimulus word" reaction is timed by a suitable chronoscope, which latter is, however, rarely done. A "transference" is necessary before psycho-analysis is complete—i.e., emotional reactions must take place in connection with the analyst, and this is either positive or negative, depending upon the patient's "resistance." He cannot help this emotion, which is stated to disclose the condition of his unconscious tendencies, and the latter are deemed to be the fundamental dynamic processes that guide conduct."

The theoretical interpretations formulated by such eminent authors as Freud, Jung, White, Kempf, differ on several points. Freud and Jung, for instance, emphasize the psychical origin of neurosis, while Kempf and White take more integral and biological views. Thus Kempf differs mainly from Freud in insisting more on the physical aspect of etiology of neurosis, showing the part played by the viscera and the autonomous nervous system in the development of morbid symptoms. This view, in turn, is based on a theory of the nature and origin of emotional states differing radically from that held by Freud.

" 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus  
Our bodies are our gardens, to the which  
Our wills are gardeners."

Psycho-analysis as its very name implies, is a searching analysis of our mental "make-up," by the application of a specialized technique, with a view to showing and recovering to consciousness from beneath its threshold the real determining motives and tendencies that lie behind our attitude towards life. Its ultimate purpose, it follows, is resynthesis. Here it must suffice to say that the treatment proceeds, not by way of "suggestion" on the part of the analyst, but by eliciting—and these are the words of a great authority—"the material from the patient himself by free association of thought involving the abandonment of all critique on his part, by the observation and analysis of symptomatic actions, and especially by the analysis of the patient's dreams", dreams being recognized by Sigmund Freud at the *via regia* to the exploration of the unconscious. Psycho-analysis reveals an immense mass of small details, any of which may or may not possess significance.

Psycho-analysis discloses the unconscious existence of manifold phantasies, which have their end root in the infantile past and turn around the so-called "Kern-complex," or nucleus-complex, which may be designated in male individuals as the Oedipus-complex and in females as the Electra-complex. These terms convey their own meaning exactly. The whole tragic fate of Oedipus and Electra took place within the narrow confines of the family, just as the child's fate lies wholly within the family boundaries. Hence the Oedipus conflict is very characteristic of an infantile conflict, so also is the Electra conflict. The unconscious is the great generator and reversion of psychic energy. As long as it is in contact with Reality, whether subjective or objective, it is constructive. But when it is reflexive, and only engaged in creating phantastic and unreal, it destroys, for it then begets disease, neurosis, insanity, even death itself. It is not safe to play with this so-called new science, without knowledge of the laws that govern them; and the result of such play is more often than not, disaster. There is no room for freedom in such a conception. Such is the opinion of eminent psychologists.

Man is not merely animal, he has a soul, a spiritual nature.

Appetitus autem sensitivus non respicit communem rationem boni, quia nec sensus apprehendit universale; et ideo secundum diversas rationes particularium bonorum diversificantur partes appetitus sensitivi. Nam concupisibilis respicit propriam rationem boni, inquantum est delectabile secundum sensum, et conveniens naturae. Irascibilis autem respicit rationem boni, secundum quod est repulsivum et impugnativum ejus quod infert nocumentum. Sed voluntas

respicit bonum sub communi ratione boni; et ideo non diversificantur in ipsa, quae est appetitus intellectivus, aliquae potentiae appetitivae, ut sit in appetitu intellectivo alia potentia irascibilis, et alia concupisibilis; sicut etiam ex parte intellectus non multiplicantur vires appetitivae, licet multiplicentur ex parte sensus.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, whilst readily admitting that all the instincts of the sensitive life are grouped under the same dynamic finality, the conservation of the species, and hence the tendencies of the sensitive life, as such, are only more or less sublimations of the primitive components of the group "nutrition-reproduction," which Janet places at the base of his classification of tendencies, there exist over and above, for man, higher instincts manifesting characteristics, different, and even opposite, to those of the sensitive instincts. The superior tendencies are exercised in virtue of judgments and by means of voluntary acts. The sensitive instincts are not composing elements in relation to the higher tendencies but rather subordinate mechanisms; stimulus-reaction complexus, capable of realizing movements in response to the will. It is fundamentally incorrect therefore to regard religious tendencies, as a biological blossoming forth, of a composite of the sexual instinct. This distinction we have drawn is deducible *a priori* as has been hinted from the theses of rational psychology.

It has the advantage of being supported by the finest experiments of contemporary psychology.<sup>2</sup> In this sense we can welcome the pronouncement of a well-known English specialist<sup>3</sup>: "Freudism is dead in England, but psycho-analysis, denuded of its offensive associations, was never more alive." There is a very healthful tendency observable amongst the English doctors and psychologists who have approached and discussed the new science; they have been led by their own fine natural feelings to a drastic pruning of the system, whither we also are led by traditional scholastic psychology. The reason for the morbid pre-occupation with the subject of sex is difficult to find, not in the host of vulgar charlatans who have popularized Freud's teachings, but in Freud himself. A recent writer<sup>4</sup> gives a very sensible reply, that the "first patients of Freud were in a morbid condition of body or mind, or both." There may be, a shadow of an excuse for Freud, as conversation with the many of those who served in foreign armies during the War shows that the

<sup>1</sup>St. Thomas, 1<sup>a</sup>, q. 83, a. 5.

<sup>2</sup>J. de la Vaissi  re, *El  ments de Psychol. Esp.*, pp. 290-301.

<sup>3</sup>Sir R. Armstrong Jones, M.D., *Science and Progress*, Jan., 1921.

<sup>4</sup>E. M. Caillard, *Hibbert Journal*, July, 1920.

herd of *poilus* and *soldati*, *qua* herd, with their pre-occupation about what the English "Tommy" calls the "birds," would go far to confirm a pessimist in a judgment that all the nations are in a morbid condition. The protagonist of psycho-analysis was, however, distressed at the misunderstanding of his terminology; the word sexual must be sublimated. To avoid, in future, the responsibility of defective applications, the director of the movement (Freud) is going to form an international school which will receive as members only those capable of rightly applying the principles.<sup>5</sup> Dr. Jung wishes to understand the *libido* as "la véritable force de la vie. Putnam<sup>6</sup> wishes to give a much larger sense to the word. Maeder<sup>7</sup> will have us take the word sexual in the sense the poets give it when they speak of "la faim et l'amour qui menent le monde." Edmund Jones understands Freud in his use of the phrase "sexual instinct" as meaning "the will to power" of Schopenhauer, or the *elan vital* of Bergson. It is sheer dishonesty in the use of words (practised in all charity to cover Freud). We would do well to recall the principles of semantics enunciated by Kant and by St. Thomas, that no one has the right to be a law unto himself in the use of words.

They are so many studies in the morbid anatomy of society, so many flashes of light into dark corners harbouring squalor, disease and vice. They cannot be ignored by the historian. The comprehension of the crimes of a period is an important element in determining its character. They may be great significant historical events. Beaumarchais's litigation and the Collier Affairé were the overture to the French Revolution. What a flood of light might be thrown on antiquity if we had but had only one verbatim report of the proceedings of a trial in Athens 350 B. C. or Rome 50 B. C. For such we should gladly barter some speeches of great orators which have come down to us in forms in which, as we may gather from Cicero's and Pliny's letters, they were never delivered. Instructive are the different modes of trial which not only vary much from country to country, but which even in the same country may greatly change, although no overt alteration has been made in the rules of procedure. No less interesting are the mysterious fluctuations in public opinion as to offenders.

In the human race pleasure and duty are in frequent conflict, and criminality consists in giving the reign to pleasure when pleasure conflicts with duty. When Dr. Mercur says that every man is a

<sup>5</sup>*Les Médications Psychologiques*, vol. II, 1920.

<sup>6</sup>J. J. Putnam, *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, 1910, p. 375.

<sup>7</sup>*Le Mouvement Psycho-analytique, Annales Psychologique*, 1912.

potential criminal, it means that every man experiences this conflict from time to time.

"Occasionally a trial reveals or suggests a plot as complex and unexpected as any devised by Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau. And so these collections have served as quarries in which novelists have dug freely. How many scenes, episodes, and characters could be traced back to Howell's State Trials? Smollett, Charles Reade and Lord Lytton are only a few who have borrowed from this inexhaustible source. M. Bourget has frankly admitted his indebtedness to the reports of trials in the Paris Courts, and many modern French novels are in substance reproductions or obvious variations of reports in M. Alfred Bataille's *Causes Criminelles et Mondaines*.

"So little has really been found out about psycho-analysis that the only advice one can give is to suspend judgment on it. It is a dangerous method which requires great care, and its results are sometimes deplorable," he said. "Many cases have, on the other hand, been cured by it. We must therefore keep an open mind until we know a great deal more. As for those who speak of the new psychology, they are generally new to psychology. Most psycho-analysis can be explained in terms of ordinary psychology.

Psycho-analysis cures patients by making them feel that they have been the victims of some very early evil impression, usually sexual in character, which has continued unconsciously to them to colour all their subsequent mental life. Some of the curious theories of secondary personality, the subliminal self and what has recently been called "our hidden guest," represent in other terms what the medieval observers and thinkers expressed in their way by an appeal to diabolic influence. They felt that there was a spirit influencing these patients quite independent of themselves in some way, and their thoroughgoing belief in a personal devil led them to think that there must be some such explanation of the phenomena. Even great scientists in the modern time who have studied psychic research have not been able to get away entirely from the feeling that there is something in such possession, and have admitted that there may be even alien influence by an evil spirit.

The new psychology is not content with the formal exposure of a fallacy; it finds the cause always in a disharmony between the conscious and the unconscious, which produces confusion of thought. In fact, "the origin of fallacy is emotional, not formal"; an unconscious emotion rationalizes itself so as to achieve a seeming harmony with the conscious; and this rationalizing, which is not really rational, produces the fallacy. It is not that emotion is necessarily

the enemy of reason—that itself is a fallacy which Blake attacks in the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell"—it becomes the enemy of reason only when it is unconscious and so isolated. The cause of fallacy is exaggeration of unity in the self making a pretence of unity. Fallacies are also due to ignorance, inadvertence, etc., without any emotional root. A man may, for instance, have motives which he suppresses because he is ashamed of them; in that case the motives remain and act, but the suppression takes the form of false reasoning, the aim of which is always the pretense of a unity that does not exist. This kind of suppression is commonest in people who start with some false assumption about human nature. If, for instance, they believe that all natural desires are wrong, they will never admit to themselves that they do a thing because they want to do it. Always they find some moral reason for doing it which is not the real reason, and they live in a state of fallacy which, by its incessant rationalizing, prevents the exercise of the reason.

One often hears people saying, when they are discussing the misdeeds of some miserable outcast, and, after a comfortable dinner, shaking their heads over his hardships, that if we were in his place we would in all probability do the same thing. It would be just as reasonable to say that if he were in our place he would do the things we do. There are thousands of poor, hard-working, miserable men and women in this country, but in spite of the strain to which they are subjected they do not steal. They behave a great deal better than some of those who write about them. The truth is, not that each of us would do what any other would do in given circumstances, but that many of us, being what we are and where we are, have actually, at one time or another, committed crimes not differing in essence from those punishable by law, and actually punished when the transgressor is caught.

The idea of retribution still plays a great part in our theory of punishment, and that we have never accepted Bentham's view that the sole object of legal punishment is example. The right to punish is entailed by the right to self defense. Whether a State that professes to be purely secular, and does not accept Christian morals, has a moral right to punish, except in the offender's own interests or for the sake of example, is a very open question, but he does not discuss it.

Delicacy of conscience may be largely the outcome of education and wholesome influence, just as want of correction, evil surroundings and bad company will invariably damage the moral sense. The

caprices of the young have to be checked. We have to impart to them the best traditions of the past. All this we recognize and have been recognizing for centuries. We do not on that account seek to evade the basic fact, namely the existence and supremacy of conscience. There is a great deal of deliberate sin in the world. Sinners themselves would be the first to confess it, and they ought to know. The Catholic Church is alone competent to make a pronouncement upon the question, for she alone has been and is in possession of "inside" information on the matter. Sooner or later, everyone has to make a choice between the pleasant and selfish successes of life and the lonely path of self-denial; one must either live for self or for others, and the perfect life is perfectly unselfish.

There are some few, however, who take a benevolent interest in the criminal, and work for his reform. Just as Shaftesbury contended that conscience was the product of education and fashion, these will argue that the criminal is largely, if not altogether the product of his environment, and that, as Dr. Maudsley puts it, no man can escape the tyranny of his organization. The improvement of a man's surroundings may work wonders. Indeed, it has done so, since Henry Fielding, one of its early advocates, appealed for the annihilation of the filthy dens which in his day were hotbeds of the worst forms of vice. But it is impossible to exterminate what have been called "economic" offenses, that is to say, those which are due to the effect of fluctuations in food prices and wages on minds below the average strength.

The theory then that the prison is "a repairing shop for humanity," a moral hospital, is untrue. It is rather indeed a criminal factory, as is sufficiently proved by the fact that the vast majority of those whom it receives, leave it much the worse for their experience there. Munsterberg goes so far as to say, "Criminals are not born, but made; not self-made, but fellow-made."

It frequently happens that in the opinion of his relatives the criminal is not a bad man. Sometimes they know so much of the other side of his character that they cannot believe him guilty of the crime he has committed. The officials, on the other hand, only know him because of the evil he has done. If his friends start with a prejudice in his favour, it is equally true that the officials start with a stronger prejudice against him, and with a less extensive knowledge of his antecedents. This is of no consequence so long as we are only concerned to punish crime, for it is the business of the Court to determine whether the prisoner committed the crime

charged against him. When that has been settled, it is for the judge to pass sentence on the man of whom he knows nothing further than that he has done something which the law condemns. Of course, if we really intended to cure the person of his tendency to transgress, or to seek compensation from him for the mischief he has done, it would be necessary to know something about him, and we would not have the absurd exhibitions which are afforded by our Courts.

Some of our present sociologists accuse no one but "Society" for any crime committed, and would condemn no individual to punishment. This, however was not H. B. Irving's attitude:—

"We must concentrate all our strength in fighting the criminal element in nature, both in ourselves and in the world around us. With the destructive forces of nature we are waging a perpetual struggle for our very existence. . . . What is anti-social, whether it be written in the pages of the historian or those of the Newgate Calendar, must in the future be regarded with equal abhorrence and subjected to equally sure punishment. Every professor of history should now and then climb down from the giddy heights of Thucydides and Gibbon and restore his mental balance by comparing the acts of some of his puppets with those of their less fortunate brethren who have dangled at the end of a rope."

A number of writers, abandoning the attempt to draw a fixed line between virtuous and vicious passions, have boldly maintained that vices have their place as well as virtues, and that the true salvation lies in the golden mean.

The Greeks seem to have pointed to the idea of a blend or harmonious adjustment of all the powers as the perfection of character. Plutarch says (*Essay on Moral Virtue*), "This, then, is the function of practical reason following nature, to prevent our passions either going too far or too short. . . . Thus setting bound to the emotional currents, it creates in the unreasoning part of the soul moral habits which are the mean between excess and deficiency."

Civilization has no time to deal with the criminal or the diseased in any form. As to whether the criminal exists there may be two opinions, so that there may be two opinions as to how he should be dealt with. But that, logically speaking, the consumptive or the sufferer from any permanent infectious disease, or the man or woman who is temperamentally unlucky, or who, let us say, through drink, habitually commits mean actions—that these degenerates should be either executed or relegated to pest colonies as in mediaeval times

the lepers were—that this is the logical corollary of the modern commercial state, no thinking person could very well deny. But imagine the dislike that would be felt even by the normal, the prosperous, and the perfectly healthy for the constructive critic who first seriously enunciated this doctrine, or for the statesman who attempted to enforce a Poor Law based upon it.

Dr. Devon the Glasgow medical authority writes, that "If every person brought to prison for the first time were asked to tell his own story, to give his opinion as to the causes of his fall and as to the means which might be adopted in order to restore him to the ranks of the law-abiding, a great deal of light would be thrown on problems which are not so complex as some people imagine. Prisoners are no greater liars than officials. They tell the truth when it suits them, and they don't waste falsehoods. If they tell more lies than some others, it is because they have more occasion to do so, since they have reason to fear that whatever they say will be used to their disadvantage. Many of them have suffered from the attentions of the people who mean well, and whose muddling would long ago have raised a protest but for the respect which is given to good intentions. The statements made might be checked outside the prison."

A new science naturally meets with pig-headed opposition from vested interest in the old ones it supersedes. Exasperated by this opposition, its adherents make claims on its behalf which are only proportionate to the efforts of its opponents to belittle it. Where, as in the case of psycho-analysis, it not only threatens the incomes of the doctors but treads on the moral corns of the vulgar, hostility is redoubled, and the believers are on occasion provoked into losing their heads.

Referring to modern experiments in psychology, Sir Clifford Allbutt said at a public meeting that "the popular psychology of to-day is an eminent instance of false science and of the mischief of borrowing the terms of science for talk about notions which did not answer to the requirements of science. The so-called 'psycho-analysis' had no units, no measurements, no way to any controls, no precise definition, no separation of objective and subjective evidence. For advocates of this psychology to pretend that their matter was science was to strain language and to deceive themselves."

"It was one of the misfortunes of science, as it was of social adventure, that every new point of view, as soon as revealed in part, was mobbed by a crowd of half-educated thinkers, among whom fanatics

and imposters found many dupes. Nay, even pickpockets were now appealing to their judges to regard their cases from the psychological point of view. It was the fashion at present to analyze everything, and often to forget that science was not concerned with values. Such people were ready to analyze a dung-heap.

Psycho-analysis is by no means so simple as some moralists would imply, it is rather lengthy and difficult. The public concept of psycho-analysis remain rather ludicrously wrong. Apart from some of Freud's theories, which lay too much stress

Our lower nervous centres seem to have a life of their own, by which the necessary functions of the body are carried on, without any knowledge on our part. And through our lives, as we form habits, and learn to do unconsciously what we at first did by conscious effort, we are, so to speak, organizing the unconscious, handing over to it more and more of our ordinary working day activities. But for what we give up in this way we may or ought to make compensation by the opposite process: by bringing into consciousness more and more of that which is above us. The conscious personality of man is a thing which has gradually through an unmeasured series of ages, been brought about by a slow organization of the unconscious to serve the ethical needs of the race.

To conclude, all people unhesitatingly believe that they feel themselves thinking, and everyone agrees that we discover states of consciousness. So far, the existence of such statements have never been doubted by any critic, however sceptical in other respects they may have been. What introspection does is to supply us with a direct instead of a hypothetical knowledge of mental process. Like all other modes of observation, it is capable of being immensely improved by systematic training and practice. Nevertheless there are certain drawbacks attaching to the introspective method, the most important of which is that the mind in watching its own workings must necessarily have its attention divided between two subjects—first the mental operation itself which is to be observed, and then the object to which the mental operation is directed. This difficulty, however, is not so serious as may seem; for in the first place, retrospection is to a large extent free from it. Secondly it must be borne in mind that it is not the isolated observation which is of importance in introspective psychology, but rather the accumulation of a vast number of observations, each helping the others. Introspection is sometimes spoken of as though it were a fact which could only be accomplished by a trained acrobat, while to the unprofes-

sional it is enshrouded in a mystery box. Like many other things we do we do it very well without being able to say exactly how we do it.

An acute psychologist once remarked that "those famous historical persons who have passed through two antithetical phases of character, survive for us usually only in one of those phases, that we can remember only the post-conversion Augustine and the pre-abdication Diocletian. Such one-sided views of great and complex characters suit our rough and lazy methods of ordinary thought, content to regard a man only on that side which has been most prominently displayed to the world. But such methods are fatal to any clear psychological conception of character or to any sound ethical conception of life. Francis lived one of these double-sided lives, and the Francis we remember is the emaciated saint already developing the stigmata of divine grace.

We are all liable to abandon certain habits and to acquire others as time goes on. Passions burn themselves out. Interests wane with the years, and are replaced or displaced by others. There are many who continue in a course of conduct long after they have ceased either to enjoy it or to be fit for it; but in ordinary circumstances one interest in life merges into another, and one habit is destroyed and replaced by another. The criminal habit persists because we make it difficult for those who have acquired it to give it up for anything else that might appeal to them. The desire to cast out the devil from them is often accompanied by a determination to substitute what they consider a worse devil. They will not turn over a new leaf in order to write the next page at the dictation of somebody else. They prefer to retain their individuality even though they go to hell or to prison for it, rather than accept Heaven and servitude at the hands of those who do not understand them.

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON.

### WHO ARE THE GHOSTS?

**I**F HIS reported public utterances be correct, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has reiterated the time-worn sophistry of the spiritists, that conventional Christianity has failed and that Spiritism alone furnishes the way to the Universal Church, of which men have dreamed through the ages.

No Catholic requires a refutation of this statement. It has become the commonplace thesis of men whose uncertainty of belief is matched only by the shallowness of their reasoning, but except for such persons, it carries no conviction. Any impartial observer needs only to visit a Catholic Church at any one of its several Masses on Sunday and he will see in the attendance and devotion of the congregation the unanswerable evidence that Catholicism has never failed and that, in very truth as well as in name, it is the Universal Church.

Sir Arthur's statement as to the reviving and guiding influence of Spiritism has been ably answered by many scholars, Catholic and non-Catholic, who have pointed out the uncertainty of the alleged phenomena upon which he bases his conclusions and who have advanced other hypotheses, at least as plausible as the spiritistic one, to account for these phenomena. Besides this, the Catholic Church has forbidden its members to have any traffic in any way with Spiritism. But since Sir Arthur continues to preach his doctrine of the "New Revelation," it may not be out of place to review the subject in a very brief way and to present a few objections to his position.

Roughly speaking, one may hold one or more of three possible opinions in regard to Spiritism.

1. One may denounce the system as a bare-faced fraud. The Reverend C. M. de Heredia, S.J., whose own personal skill as a magician gives his words great weight, is the most prominent Catholic who inclines to this view. At least he seems disposed to solve in this way most of the cases which have come to his attention and demonstrates how easily he can duplicate, by sleight-of-hand, the most mysterious effects of the "mediums." He leaves

open the possibility of diabolical interference but thinks that Satan is usually content to work through human deceit and trickery.

2. One may say that the phenomena are produced without conscious fraud but according to some imperfectly understood physical or psychological law. This view seems to find favor with the distinguished Swedish convert, the Reverend Baron Johan Liljencrants, although he too leaves open the possibility of *diablerie*.

3. One may admit that the phenomena are produced by spirits. The Catholic savants who adopt this view maintain that the spirits are devils, while non-Catholics, if they admit the existence of any spirits at all, usually admit that the spirits are what they claim to be, namely, deceased human beings. Sir J. Godfrey Raupert, whose researches have been rewarded by knighthood at the hands of the Pope, is typical of the Catholic scholars who adhere to this third, demonistic, view. Taking into consideration the facts which are known from the Scriptures and the teachings of the Church, it must be admitted that Raupert's stand is very reasonable. It certainly is the safest theory for the untrained person to adopt, since even in those cases where a natural explanation seems adequate, there are very real moral, mental and physical dangers. No one who is not a trained expert can say where the natural leaves off and the supernatural begins.

The Reverend Simon A. Blackmore, S.J., in his new volume, "*Spiritism, Facts and Frauds*," has discussed the various aspects of Spiritism and the attitude of the Catholic Church thereto with great lucidity and deep scholarship. Father Blackmore is not predisposed to favor any one theory but analyzes each problem upon its own merits. For a Catholic layman who wishes to acquire exact and definite information according to the point of view of the Catholic Church, Father Blackmore's book cannot be too highly recommended.

Now Spiritism has no right to demand anything more than that the world test its claims according to the evidence adduced. The world is justified in refusing to accept these claims unless and until they are proved. As long as a situation exists whereby the results obtained through the mediums can be explained according to the laws of nature, without invoking the spiritistic hypothesis, the spiritists must not object if intelligent men prefer the natural explanation. Spiritism has no right to demand anything so essentially Christian as faith. Its creed is the negation of Christianity. As Sir Arthur has written, "Christianity must change or perish."

Whatever else they may believe, the spiritists do not recognize anything like the Divinity of Christ, the redemption of man or the eternal reward and punishment which follows the present life. To them, death is merely an interruption in the course of an existence which continues after death in much the same way as before, except that the bodily envelope has been shed. In Doyle's own words, "The spirit is not a glorified angel or a goblin damned, but it is simply the person himself, containing all his strength and weakness, his wisdom and his folly, exactly as he has retained his personal appearance." And, "Hell as a permanent place does not exist." And again, "Too much seemed to be made of Christ's death. Every religion has equally had its martyrs. It is no uncommon thing to die for an idea. Men die continually for their convictions. Thousands of our lads are doing it at this instant in France."

To the adherents of Spiritism, Christ was nothing but a human being who possessed highly developed "mediumistic" powers, by which He was able to perform His miracles. This alleged similarity between the miracles of Christ and the hocus-pocus of the seance-room is one of Spiritism's most fondly cherished beliefs. Sir Arthur himself contends that the Transfiguration was merely an instance of "materialization."

But we have yet to learn of a "medium" who has made the deaf to hear and the blind to see; who has cured the leper; who has raised the dead to life. Christ did all of these things and more. He did not require the dark-room or the circle of sitters. He did not require that "conditions" be made perfect before His "controls" might be expected. Christ did not dupe His followers with fraudulent tricks and then fall back upon the explanation that since the "power" had deserted Him, He had recourse to deception so as not to disappoint His disciples. What Christ did, He did openly and in the light of day. His miracles were worthy of the dignity of the Son of God and were not merely petty conjuring tricks or inane and pointless messages. The more one compares the miracles which Christ performed with the alleged manifestations of the modern "mediums," the more must one be convinced that there can be no similarity between the two things.

In spite of his surrender of any rational and Christian basis for faith, Sir Arthur does not base his belief upon mere scientific proof. As he writes in "*The New Revelation*," "The objective side of it ceased to interest, for having made up one's mind that it was true there was an end of the matter." As Houdini has pointed out,

in "*A Magician Among the Spirits*," "He (i.e., Sir Arthur) has refused to discuss the matter in any other voice except that of spiritualism and in all our talks quoted only those who favored it in every way, and if one does not follow him sheep-like during his investigations then he is blotted out forever so far as Sir Arthur is concerned."

In other words, Sir Arthur does not possess the judicial fairness of the unbiased investigator. He seems completely to have lost the faculty of criticizing the phenomena which he observes. He blindly accepts any evidence, no matter how far-fetched or unreliable, which would tend to support his views but cares nothing for any argument which does not wholly agree with them. Whatever he sees in the seance-room he believes and uses as an argument in his favor. He is solely the attorney for the defense.

If Sir Arthur is content to be attorney for the defense, he must not object if a prosecuting attorney be introduced into the case. If he desires to present only his own views and has no patience with those who differ with him, he must not object if someone appears in their behalf. And this leads to the presentation of one of the great objections to the truth of Spiritism, that is, the great difficulty of proving the identity of the alleged spirits.

Even if it be conceded that the manifestations are produced by *some* spirits, the whole proof must be useless unless one can depend upon those spirits telling the truth. A lying spirit is no more worthy of credence than a lying human being. And in the case of strange and unseen personalities, whose arrival, presence and departure must remain veiled in mystery, the first question which they must answer is that of their identity. If they cannot be believed when they tell who they are, they cannot expect to be believed upon any other point.

In the case of a human being who claimed to be the Emperor Napoleon I, his neighbors would be justified in refusing to believe whatever he might tell about his army, his code of laws, or his exile. Everyone knows that the Little Corporal is not walking around in the flesh. And knowing that any person who calls himself Napoleon must be either a liar or a lunatic, one reasonably would doubt whatever he might say. Or suppose a sum of money is wired to a person. The claimant goes to the telegraph office and is compelled to produce a reasonable amount of evidence that he is the person to whom the money was sent. Mere verbal assertion is not enough. Yet in either case, there would be no question as

to the humanity of the impersonator of Napoleon or of the claimant of the money.

Similarly, it is necessary to do more than recognize the spiritual nature of the entities which swarm about the entranced "medium." One must be able to learn whether they are the identical spirits which they claim to be. If they lie when telling their names or if they are unable to give satisfactory proof of their identity in the first place, there is no assurance that their information upon other subjects is reliable. Any "New Revelation" built upon communications from such spirits would be built upon sand. A demand for reasonable proof of identity as a condition precedent to the acceptance of their claims is not unfair. Even as in the case of the human being, mere self-serving assertions need not be accepted as true. Nor is it unreasonable to be dissatisfied with vague platitudes, of a faintly pious tint. "The devil can cite scripture for his purpose."

So far, the spirits, if such they be, have never fulfilled the above demand. This failure of the alleged spirits to prove their identity in a convincing way is the great stumbling-block to the demonstration of the truth of Spiritism. If Catholics did not have the certainty of their own Church upon this question of evoking the souls of the dead, the very indefiniteness and confusion of the evidence upon which Spiritism bases its claims would justify them in refusing to accept the conclusions of its adherents.

The proof usually submitted, in its last analysis, consists of facts or thoughts peculiarly within the knowledge of a deceased person, which are related by the intelligence claiming to be the spirit of that person. Suppose something, which asserts that it is a dead father, is holding a conversation, through a "medium," with a living son. The message comes in these words:

"Don't you remember the time I took you to your grandmother's on the Fourth of July? You were just fourteen years old and had run a nail through your foot on the preceding day. I told you that we would go to the mountains for a vacation and you said that you would like to go but that your foot was very sore."

The son acknowledges that the facts related in the message are correct and concludes that the personality which has been addressing him is indeed the spirit of his father. The line of reasoning on the part of the recipient of the message runs something like this:

"No one except my father and I ever knew what we said on that occasion. This personality, which claims to be my father, correctly

repeats the conversation. Since I am not repeating the conversation myself and since my father is no longer alive, therefore this personality must be the spirit of my father."

This, in a nutshell, is a sample of the reasoning by which spirit identity is considered proved. There is one serious difficulty with such a process. Even though no intentional fraud be perpetrated by any human being, as long as a living person still knows the facts stated in the message and is thus able to check their accuracy, it is possible that the information contained in the message comes in some way from the mind of this living person. In other words, this mind may in some way be acting as a store-room, from which the facts are extracted by separate and untruthful intelligence, or it may be acting as a stereopticon, according to some as yet unknown law of psychology, and projecting its images upon the screen of the "medium's" mind. In either case, there is no necessary inference as to the definite identity of a particular spirit. Conceivably, if an alleged spirit were to relate a fact which had been known only to the deceased person *and to no one else*, this might be evidence that such alleged spirit were the discarnate individual which it claimed to be. The only difficulty with this kind of proof would be the inability of any living person to verify it or to recognize it as true, since no one except the deceased person had ever been admitted to the secret.

Spiritism, in all its years of experimenting, has never proved the clear identity of one spirit. Spiritism is based upon many fallacies but this is one of the most serious of them because one of the most fundamental. Spiritism, if it has any worth, must have it as a religion or at least as a philosophy. The raps, the table-tippings, the materializations and all of the other ghostly claptrap mean nothing in themselves. Unless Spiritism can produce a message for humanity that is worth listening to, it has no more dignity than witchcraft or any other form of profane supernaturalism. As long as mankind is justified in doubting the alleged spirit when it gives its name, just so long is mankind justified in distrusting any other statements which may follow. And where such distrust exists, there can be no solid basis upon which to rest any religious or philosophical system.

Of course, the foregoing has only an academic interest for a Catholic. No matter what evidence may or may not be produced, he may have nothing to do with Spiritism or with anything akin to it. The Decree of the Holy Office, dated April 27, 1917, reads as follows:

"Question.—Whether it is allowable to assist at spiritistic communications or manifestations whatsoever, even though they bear the appearance of being honest and pious, through a medium as he is called or without him, and whether hypnotism is used or not, either by interrogating souls or spirits, or hearing their answers, or else by simply looking on, although one tacitly or expressly protests that he does not wish to have anything to do with evil spirits. The answer is in the negative all around." (Translated by Raupert.)

For a good Catholic, the subject is closed.

DANIEL J. MCKENNA.

## HENRY DE MONTHERLANT

THE importance attaching to Henry de Montherlant is manifest. He belongs to the younger generation; he served in the war, and has treated the world conflict in fiction. His fundamental ideas are largely original. But to some Americans another fact probably appeals even more: M. de Montherlant evinces keen interest in athletic sports, certainly an unusual trait for a French author. Further, he reminds one of Ernest Psichari, Renan's sublime grandson, who fell in the retreat from Belgium. To be sure, circumstances spared him Psichari's struggle for the faith. And yet he was exposed to the annihilistic influences which in the last years of the war enticed not a few French soldiers. Fortunately for Montherlant, his Catholic environment had made him immune from subversive doctrines.

The novelist comes of ancestors ennobled in the fifteenth century, and he especially cherishes their glorious deeds. One of his progenitors, a delegate to the Estates General of 1789, was guillotined during the Terror. His great grandfather published an elaborate work devoted to the cause of Catholic education, and was afterwards influential in securing the adoption of the Falloux law, to which the French owe the existence of their Catholic schools. His grandfather was a soldier in the service of Pope Pius IX.

Born in 1896, Henry de Montherlant inherited an iron constitution, which enables him to accomplish double tasks. He was educated at the College of the Holy Cross in Paris, the unforgettable years he spent there being reflected in *La Relève du Matin*. Likening the devoted Fathers to Lacordaire, he bestows upon their affectionate solicitude and elevating influence praise without stint. Only a poet can depict as he does the inspiring chapel services, at which the pupils were brought to realize the seriousness of life.

As the young man had scarcely completed his secondary education at the outbreak of the war, he passed from school almost direct to the barracks. Various allusions in his fiction indicate that he enjoyed military training. Attracted by the national sport of Spain, he had more than once spent his vacation in that country. To gratify his desire for daring feats, he was assigned to a danger-

ous sector of the war zone. But fate seemed contrary: though he received several minor wounds, something always prevented the fulfilment of his fond dreams. This explains why the hero of his autobiographic novel, *Le Songe*, envied the good fortune of soldiers who met a glorious death.

After the war, Montherlant's buoyant energy sought an outlet in athletic sports, a theme he considers especially in *Les Onze devant la Porte Dorée*. No other French writer since the sixteenth century has so poetized the subject. Being a classical student, he vaunts the physical perfection of the ancients, and notably the harmony that such perfection fostered among their faculties. Naturally he lauds the achievements of the federated Catholic clubs for physical education, with their hundreds of thousands of members. The Paris branch possesses at its athletic park near Vincennes a stadium, ball grounds, a library, and a chapel. Says the novelist: "Above all else, the chapel seems to me important. Here at last we find reconciled those two principles which, even before the time of St. Paul and St. Augustine, were regarded as incompatible. What restrictions and heartaches their so-called antinomy has caused in the world!"

But Montherlant makes a sharp distinction between rational athletics and abuse of physical culture. True, his satiric shafts riddle ignorant prejudice against athletic exercise such as his hero Peyrony encounters at home. And for some time Peyrony seems to be an ideal youth. By and by, however, athletics becomes his ruling passion, causing him to neglect intellectual culture. Owing to such disappointments, our novelist's enthusiasm for athletic sports as they are too often practised has cooled.

Montherlant's interest in physical culture is his least important aspect. There remains for consideration his tribute to youth, his impressions of the war, his views philosophic and religious. Like his masters, Chateaubriand, Barrès, and Péguy, Montherlant is a subjectivist whose every utterance bears the imprint of his personality. This feature enhances the lyric beauty of *La Relève du Matin*, which has been called "a spiritual record of young France in the late war." It is pre-eminently a hymn to the genius of youth.

According to Montherlant, our most intelligent years are those between the ages of twelve and seventeen, the very period that past centuries thought dull and "ungrateful," in spite of eloquent facts. Few realize that Britannicus was poisoned at the age of fourteen

or that Beatrice was only twelve when Dante loved her. Nor, at the time of her miraculous rescue, had Iphigenia passed the age of thirteen; and Juliet was but a year older. Thus a considerable portion of the personages who have appealed to the imagination were young. Monseigneur Dupanloup used to assert that he had never known intelligence superior to that of children. Similarly, Michelangelo averred that he was wiser in his youth than in maturity. And did not the sublime words that Jesus uttered in the Temple at the age of twelve transcend the comprehension of His parents?

Montherlant's convictions are partly based on his school days, and conditions at the College of the Holy Cross during the first two years of the war. At times his epic sweep conceives his *alma mater* as a vivid personage, transmitting to the pupils her accumulated vitality and spiritual perfume, with which they mutually inspire one another. *La Relève*, replete with tender affection, throws a flood of light upon the younger Catholic middle class. With his finger on the pulse of French youth, Montherlant has registered its sensibility and intelligence, its aspirations and mystic fervor. By virtue of his concern for ethical and spiritual matters, the book is a mirror of his heroes' conscience without a parallel in the French language.

And with *Le Songe* he has made a notable contribution to war fiction, a field already gleaned by such predecessors as Barbusse, Duhamel, and Dorgelès. Besides, almost contemporaneous with his volume appeared similar romances by J. Kessel, Thierry Sandre, and Philippe Barrès. It is true also that some French literature in the style of the previous period counts as war fiction owing to its setting. For example, Dorgelès belongs in reality to Zola's school. Nor was Duhamel much influenced by the European upheaval. On the other hand, such of their younger colleagues as Kessel, Philippe Barrès, and Montherlant owe to it their sensibility, style, and outlook. Surprisingly enough, for naturalness and moderation they excel the older group.

Whereas Barbusse and Duhamel regarded the Great War as degrading, to these younger soldiers it seemed, if not actually elevating, at least "*la plus tendre expérience humaine*." In them it fostered fellowship, inspiring respect even for the enemy. They declare that no veteran of the World War can despise another. Like young Barrès, Montherlant dwells upon such themes as youth, comradeship, and patriotism. Like him and Kessel, too, he passes

lightly over politics, refraining from tirades against the incompetence of high officials and shortcomings among civilians.

Unhappily, *Le Songe* exhibits features less commendable. Lack-ing a well constructed plot, it resembles the monologue of a capri-cious character endowed with more genius than patience. Alban is a superman torn between conflicting impulses, even in matters of the heart. True, he loves Dominique for her purity and physical attainments, yet only Douce appeals to his sensual instinct. Neither holds the centre of his affection, for there we find intrenched his young comrade, Prinet. This tender attachment gives rise to much of Alban's reflection, the charm of the book.

But such meditations concern the author's philosophy and religion, subjects difficult of analysis, owing to their complexity. And yet his general tendencies are clear enough. He affirms that two philosophic systems struggle for supremacy. The one, feminine in its genius, is based on the unverifiable. Of Oriental origin, it engendered Utopia, which begot Disorder. Alexandrianism, By-zantinism, Protestantism, revolution, romanticism, humanitarianism, Bolshevism—such is its progeny. The other philosophy, virile, rational and founded on nature, fosters order and stability. It attained its most complete form in ancient Rome after the con-quest of Greece. It is identified with Catholicism, the Renaissance, tradition, authority, classicism, nationalism.

Little wonder that Montherlant, like Juvenal, should champion "the order of the Tiber" as opposed to "the disorder of the Orontes." He attributes the ills of Europe mainly to one fundamental cause: the diminution, in the last fifteen hundred years, of Romanity in religion, politics, and jurisprudence; of Hellenic influence in the arts and sciences. In this disastrous curve France reached her lowest point between 1900 and 1910, since then a salutary reaction having been at work.

Montherlant's birth on the anniversary of the foundation of the Eternal City seems to have predestinated his cult of "Latinity." To mention one notable example: in an epic moonlight scene of *Le Songe*, Father de Pestour expresses to Alban the hope that he will compose psalms to the glory of our Saviour. And when Alban asks if he shall write in French or Latin, the minister of God re-plies, with the words of St. Paul: "*Sun civis romanus.*" The memorable words make Alban realize the superiority of the universal Church over the belligerent countries. As if to crown his mystic reverence, Father de Pestour gives him a medallion bearing the

effigy of Pope Benedict XV. Alban considers the Church as something more than the second mother of Roman civilization; she is, as well, the continuation of the Empire in the modern world.

The broad scope of Montherlant's ideas is obvious. Unlike certain *littérateurs*, so-called "*bien pensants*," he does not confine himself to apologetics. On the contrary, he offers a rational political doctrine, and stands on firm philosophic ground. While some of his views can be traced back to De Maistre, Maurras, and Lasserre, they are chiefly his own. Of the younger French writers he appears as the most vigorous champion of reforms indispensable to social salvation.

He derives essentially from two influences: Catholic environment and the war. And in his work the two mingle advantageously again and again. The war not only stimulated and crystallized his spiritual convictions; it enabled his robust personality to take the shortest way to unhampered expression, thus avoiding "society" and literary *cénacles*. Hence his originality, apparent on every page. Profoundly elegiac, his recent *Chant funèbre pour les Morts de Verdun* has aptly been compared to an episode from Dante. Owing to profusion of ideas, his principal difficulty is to hold his pen in check. His work, all of superior quality, surely entitles him to first place among the French romancers of his generation. M. de Montherlant plans to spend the next few years in Italy, and some predict that he will bring back a work glorifying the genius of Catholicism.

WILLIAM H. SCHIFFLEY, Ph.D.

## IN NATURE'S REALM

## THE BIRD NAMED SWIFT

"And to and fro the blue swifts wheel."—William Sharp.

**A**S HIS name indicates, the swift is one of the most perfectly constructed flying-machines ever invented. For rapid and protracted flight he has no equal, the swallow being the only bird of his size that can compete with him. It is estimated that the swift flies at the rate of two-hundred-fifty miles an hour, and can travel a thousand miles at a stretch. His aerial evolutions are wonderful demonstrations of speed, skill and grace.

"The swift and the swallow are near akin," says Tennyson in one of *Idylls of King Arthur*, and they are akin in the sense of being expert aeronauts, of somewhat similar appearance and ability. But there is no close family relationship, as the birds do not belong to the same order, the swallow being placed in the song-bird group, and the swift family in an entirely different group.

The swift has been called an "aerial thoroughbred." His entire body is built expressly for constant flight. His body is small; the breast-bone is very sharp in the keel and furnishes a good brace for the highly developed wing-muscles that play across it; the wings are long and pointed. The short tail seems like an insufficient rudder—when flying he appears to have none at all, one of the easiest means of distinguishing him from the swallow. But this apparent handicap cannot be one in reality, judging from the bird's performances a-wing.

"And the dashing swift that would ricochet  
From the tufts of grasses before them, yet—  
Like bold Anteus—would each time bring  
New life from the earth, barely touched by his wing."

—Bret Harte (*The Birds of Cirencester*)

Mr. Harte's comparison of the bird to Anteus, the legendary giant who derived all his strength from the earth and lost his vigor when lifted in air, is more poetical than parallel, except that these

downward swoops are usually for the purpose of snatching a bite of food. For his feet rarely touch the earth; it is against his nature to perch anywhere, and he is in constant flight during his waking hours. He is never seen to alight anywhere except where nesting and roosting go on, being able to collect plenty of supplies on the wing.

He appears to use very little wing motion as he skims about, in widening circles, in the upper air, darting backward and forward, and seeming to take delight in his marvelous skill and grace. At times he sails with wings apparently set, and at other times keeps them flapping so rapidly that it has been debated whether he uses them simultaneously or alternately, though the latter method is now generally thought to be the true one.

John Burroughs tells of an observation of their powerful wing-control: "They outride the storms. I have in my mind a cheering picture of three of them I saw facing a heavy thunder-shower one afternoon. The wind was blowing a gale, the clouds were rolling in black, portentous billows out of the west, the peals of thunder were shaking the heavens, and the big drops were just beginning to come down, when, on looking up, I saw three swifts high in the air, working their way slowly, straight into the teeth of the storm. They were not hurried or disturbed; they held themselves firmly and steadily; indeed, they were fairly at anchor in the air till the rage of the elements should have subsided."

It would almost seem that James Montgomery had solved the secret of this constant flight; in his poem on "The Birds" his dialog with the swift is as follows:

"Why ever on the wing, or perched elate?  
—Because I fell not from my first estate;  
This is my charter for the boundless skies,  
'Stoop not to earth, on pain no more to rise.' "

Of course, it would be impossible for such an accomplished aeronaut to be much of a songster; he is content to let his wings express the music in his soul. Neither is it possible for such a joyous bird to remain utterly silent while executing his graceful flights, and he must chatter in a shrill staccato twitter to his fellows as he skims past them. Mr. Burroughs interprets the rhythmical, penetrating, high-pitched chirp: "Chippy, chippy-chirio, not a man in Dario can catch a chippy-chippy-chirio" which is surprisingly apt.

"The screaming swifts race to and fro."

—William Canton (In the Garden)

Often, this shriek is a battle-cry, for swift belongs to the aerial division of the feathered police that keeps down insect pests. Winged ones are his specialty, being the most easily caught while the bird is on the wing. As a mosquito destroyer he has no equal, as will be evident by watching him industriously at it about twilight, and later, especially on clear and moonlight nights. But wingless species that he can carry off by skimming close to the ground are also on his bill of fare, ants, spiders, grasshoppers, beetles, worms, grubs. He often courses along a stream, where gnats are plentiful. "Swift or swallow on the wing seems the only living thing on the Congo River," according to Longfellow.

The nature of his food necessitates migration, which is done in a surprisingly short time. So short, indeed, that it was formerly believed by some people that swifts spend the winter in some hollow tree, lying in a torpid state until spring. Even Dr. Coues, an American ornithologist, concedes: "Not impossibly winters in such retreats in a lethargic state. "But no one has ever discovered such a winter-bound colony, and this saying is to be regarded as a folk-tale started by ignorant people who found the birds nesting in trees and therefore decided that, being hollow-tree dwellers like the owls, woodpeckers and chickadees, the swift was also an all-the-year-round bird; seeing none about during the winter, of course, the hearsay grew that the birds were hibernating:

"Ye sweet birds  
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,  
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?"

—John Wilson (Hymn to Spring)

Audubon declares for migration, and proves it to his own satisfaction, or indeed, to that of any thinking person. The world is a small place to one who can travel a thousand miles between sunrise and sunset, and so the swift has two migrating periods, spring and fall.

"While yet the golden August days were long,  
Prescient of this the shrill-voiced swifts had fled;—  
Wise birds that would not stay to sing their song  
When their delights were dead."

—Anon. (Autumn)

"But now the earth is green again,  
And the blue swift wheels in air."

—Robert Buchanan (After Snow)

There are about fifty species of swift inhabiting temperate and warmer parts of the globe, among them the European swift, or black swift, the esculent swift of Asia, the principal maker of the celebrated nests so highly esteemed by the Chinese as food. In America there is the white-throated rock swift found in the southwestern states of Wyoming, Utah and Nevada, black above and white below, a large and beautiful species and high-flier of almost incredible velocity, with a loud shrill twitter, nesting in the most inaccessible places in great colonies—also the cloud swifts, so called because of the great height to which they can fly, found in the Rockies up into Canada.

But the most familiar species in America is the chimney swift, "the swift that haunts the chimney," as Frank Bolles terms it, found from Florida to Labrador and west to the Rocky Mountains during the breeding season. The winter is passed in Mexico and South America, often, erroneously, called "chimney swallow":

"The wayward swallows flicker through the air,  
Or, safely sheltered 'neath the mossy eaves,  
Sit chattering scandal at their clay-built doors;  
While others, with a taste for soot and smoke,  
Dart down the chimney, with a muffled noise,  
Echoing the distant thunder."

—Thomas B. Read

Before the coming of civilized man, these birds made use of hollow trees for their nesting and sleeping quarters, and even some of the old-fashioned ones still breed in trees. Audubon describes a colony numbering thousands that nested year after year in the shell of a large sycamore near Louisville, Ky. The progress of civilization, however, has made the house chimney the fashionable home for up-to-date swifts, and many an unused flue is used for a swift nursery during the summer months.

"Deep and narrow, and dark and lonely,  
The sooty place that you nested in;  
Over you one blue glimmer only,—  
Say, were there many to make the din?  
This is certain, that somewhere or other  
Up in the chimney is loosely hung  
A queer-shaped nest, where a patient mother  
Brooded a nest of tender young."

—Anon. (*The Chimney Nest*)

The nest is oddly shaped, but cleverly constructed. It is built entirely of small sticks and twigs, gathered while the architect is in full flight. They are from the ground or broken off as the swift dashes past a branch. They are glued with saliva firmly to the inside of the tree or chimney, and to each other, the lower ones being placed in a semi-circle and fastened to the wood or brick, and the others laid criss-cross upon them and so interwoven to make a pocket-shaped cradle. Usually there are several nests in one chimney, for the swift is no solitude-lover and flocks with his own kind. The east or south side, five to eight feet below the top, is the favorite location.

Humans who are occupying the house belonging to the chimney do not long remain in ignorance of their super-tenants. For there is more or less commotion about the chimney top which echoes down into the rooms below. But, as Lowell says: "Thank fortune, the swift still glues his nest, and rolls his distant thunders night and day in the wide-throated chimney, still sprinkles the evening air with his merry twittering."

"Hark! a sound as of rushing waters,  
Or the rustle of falling leaves,  
Or the patter of eager raindrops  
Yonder among the eaves!  
Then out from the dark, old chimney,  
Blackened with soot and smoke,  
With a whirr of fluttering pinions  
A startled birdling broke."

—Julia C. B. Dorr (*The Chimney Swallow*)

Chimneys are not chosen merely for nesting sites, but for snug sleeping quarters. Audubon once counted nearly a thousand entering one chimney for the night, and left off because the number grew too great to count. When sleeping time comes, the birds begin to gather, flying in a circle high above the chimney, and as they go round they sink lower and lower and the circle grows smaller until it resembles a large whirling funnel. Those at the lower part plunge into the chimney in turn, and so none are injured.

"With circling swoops they flit across my view,  
Like winged darts by hidden power sent,  
Then lightning-like  
The chimney strike,  
And pass from sight,—and then, behold, anew  
The air is by their sable feathers rent!"

—Anon. (*The Chimney Swallow*)

Both young and old hang to the walls like bats, supported by their claws and tails. Indeed, that is the chief use for both, the feet being very small and weak and useless for walking, but strong enough to serve as hooks when the bird hangs himself up for the night, where, with claws firmly caught in a crack or ledge, he is as safe as a coat hanging on a peg. The shafts of the tail feathers are very stiff, and end in a row of sharp points, which are of great service as a prop, for while hanging by the claws the swift is also resting on his tail, the sharp spines pressing against the hard bricks and bracing him firmly. While the flock is settling, there is considerable gossip of the day's doings, almost musical in its happy, contented murmur.

"I slept in an old homestead by the sea,  
And in the chimney nest  
At night, the swallows told home-lore to me,  
As to a friendly guest,  
A liquid twitter, low, confiding, glad,  
From many a glossy throat,  
Was all the voice, and yet its accents had  
A precious, golden note."

—Horatio N. Powers (*Chimney Swallows*)

Chimney swift is approximately dressed for his surroundings, being a sooty brown generally glossed with faint greenish tinges above and paling below into gray on the breast. The wings are black, and there is a velvety black space about the eyes, like a fresh dab of coal-black. Both sexes look alike. At first the young are blind and naked, and mouselike, and they remain in the nest a month before they are strong-winged enough to venture out. But before the month is over, they have done considerable scrambling about the brick walls, and often get to the mouth of the chimney to anticipate feeding time. But by early autumn they are strong enough for the southbound journey: "The chimney swallows leave us early, for example, apparently so soon as their latest fledglings are firm enough of wing to attempt the long rowing-match that is before them."—Lowell.

Of course, not every chimney is a good one from the swift's viewpoint. Many being built nowadays could not possibly house a swift family, to say nothing of a colony, and it almost seems that the birds will have to go back to their forest homes if they are to increase and multiply. It is the wide-mouthed, deep-throated flues that attract

them, not the pert little thing no bigger than a stove-pipe. If swift neighbors are desired, old-fashioned chimneys must be built for their accommodation.

“And, as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom.”

—Longfellow (*To an Old Danish Song-Book*)

“A harsh, cracked throat like the old stone flue  
Where the swallows build the summer through.”

—Madison Cawein

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

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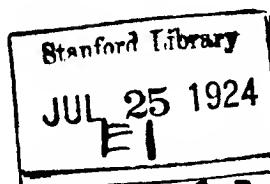
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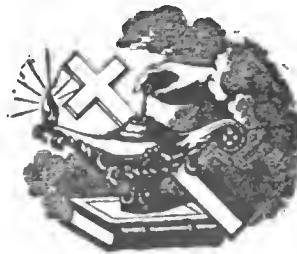
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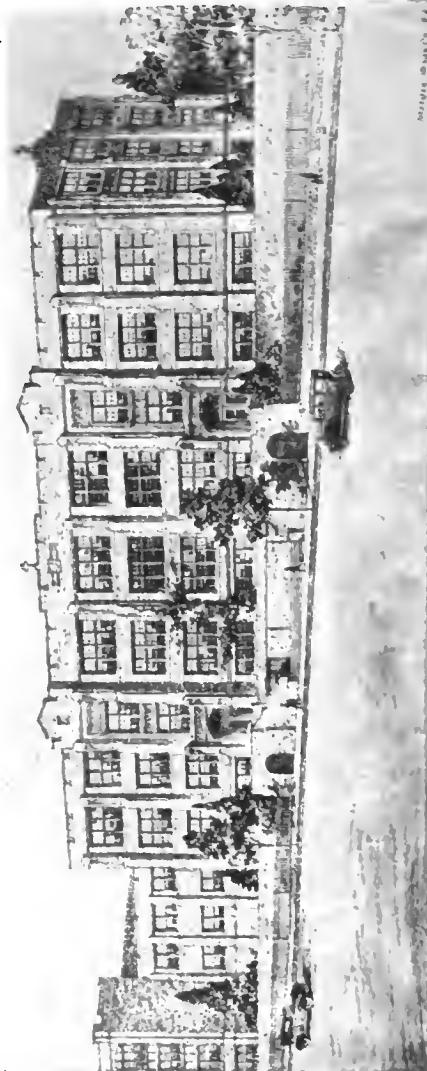
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1905	94.9	76.4	278	370
1906	94.2	78.6	311	384
1907	96.6	86.1	301	372
1908	95.9	79.3	279	356
1909	96.2	78.5	256	330
1910	96.7	79.4	353	432
1911	97.3	81.3	369	449
1912	97.0	79.9	364	456
1913	97.8	82.5	359	456
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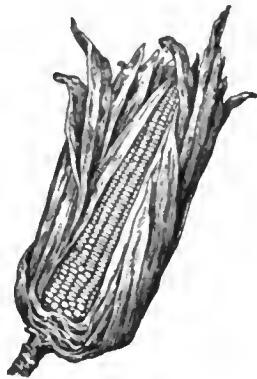


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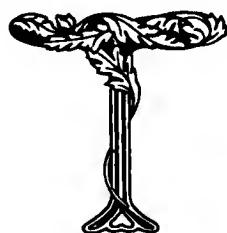
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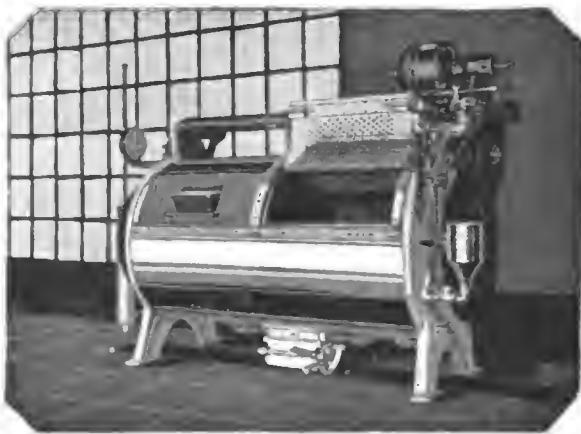
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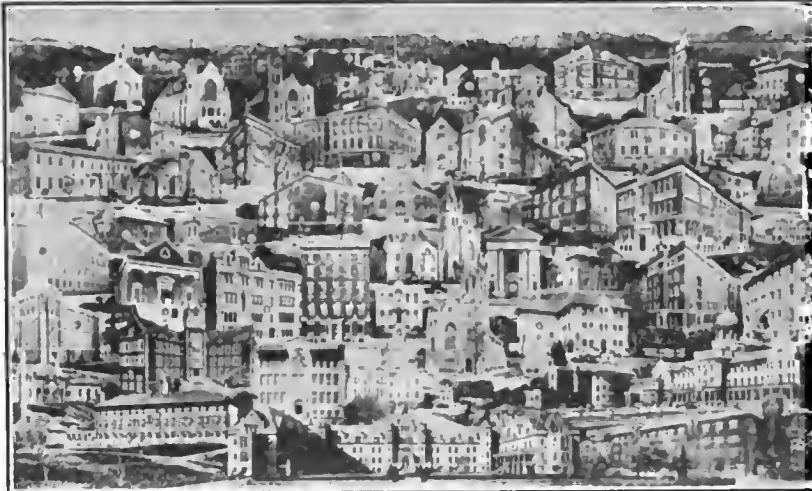


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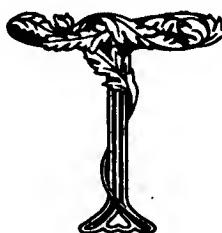
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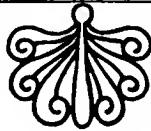


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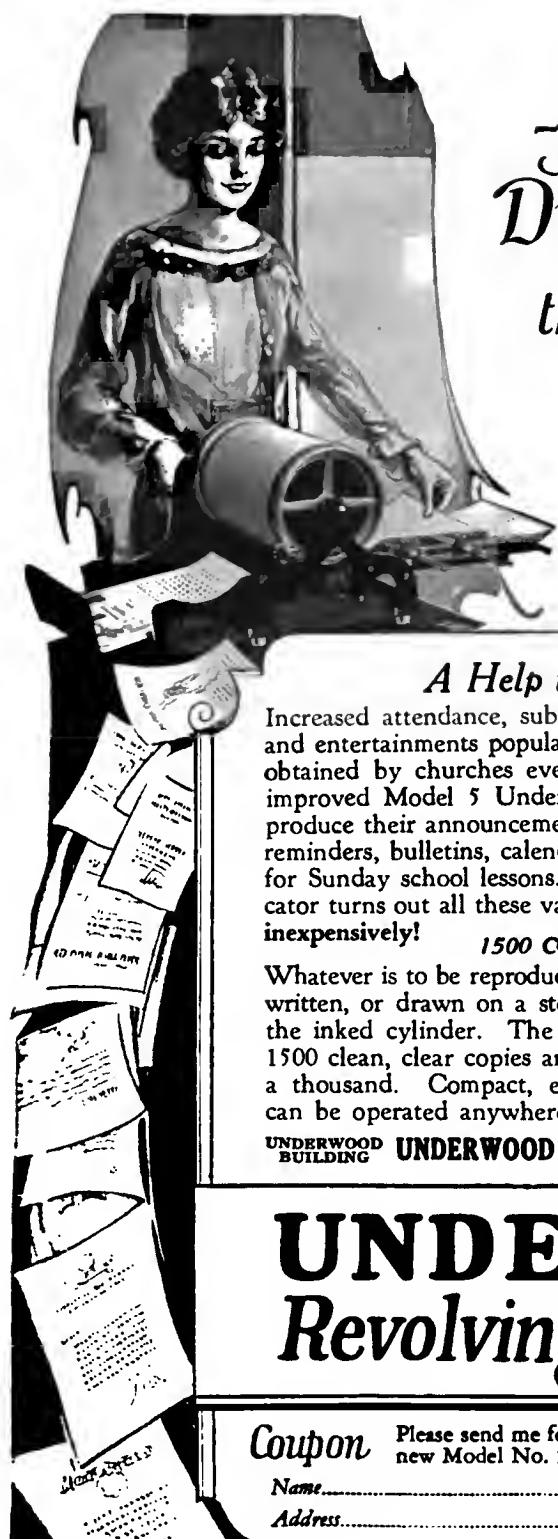
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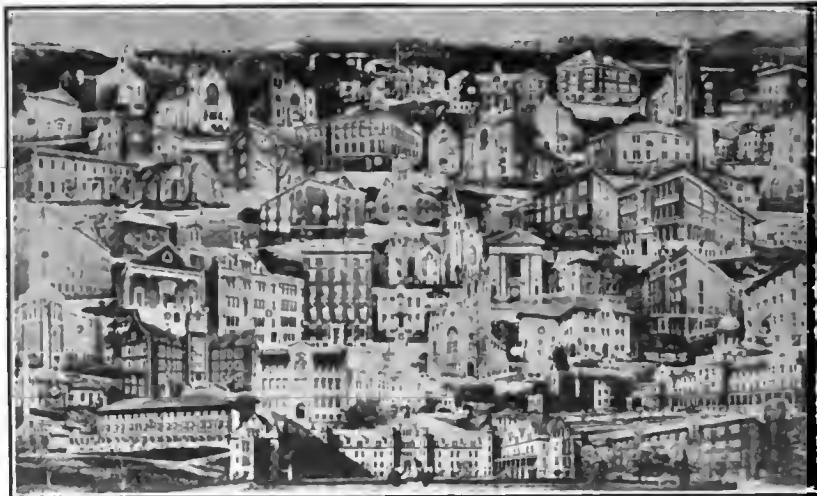
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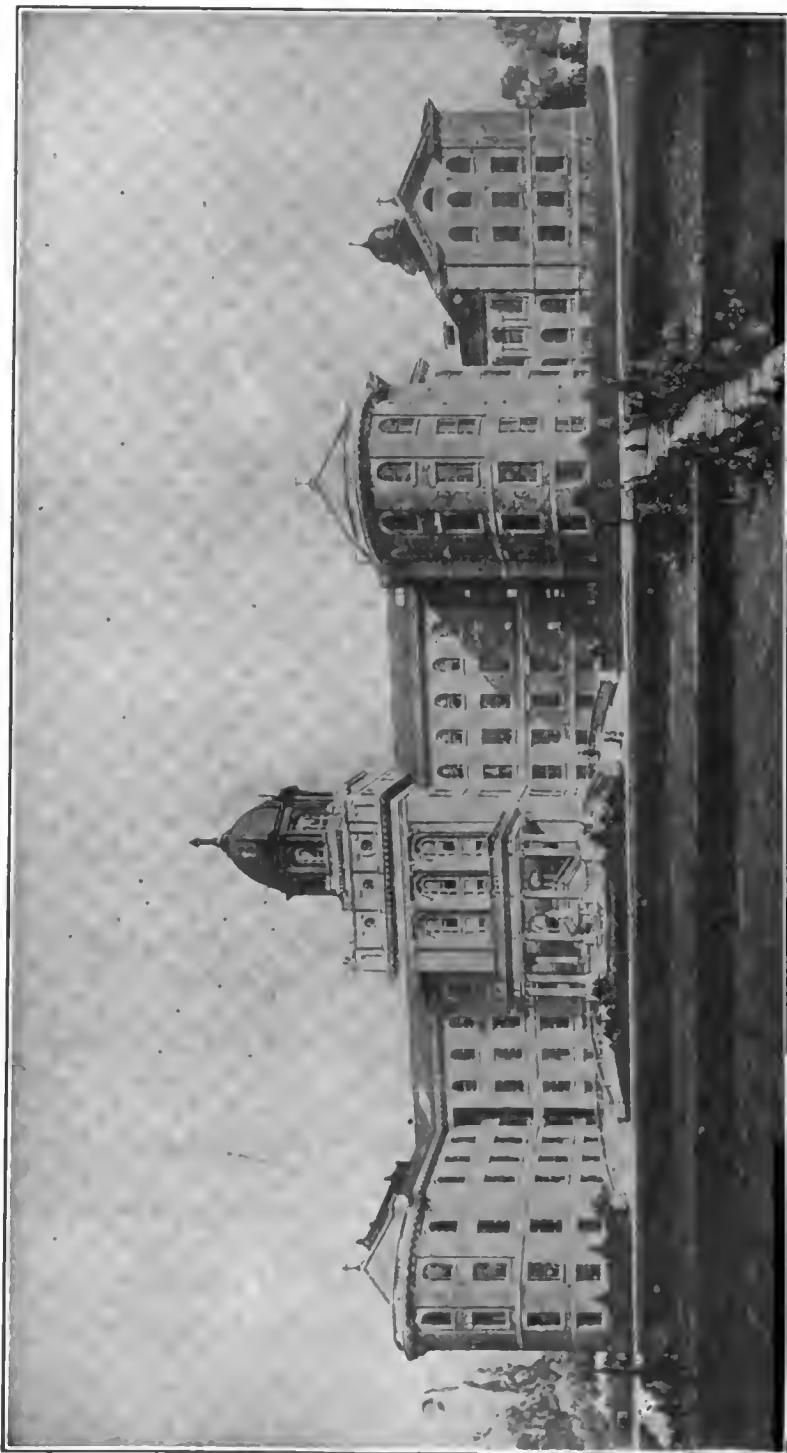


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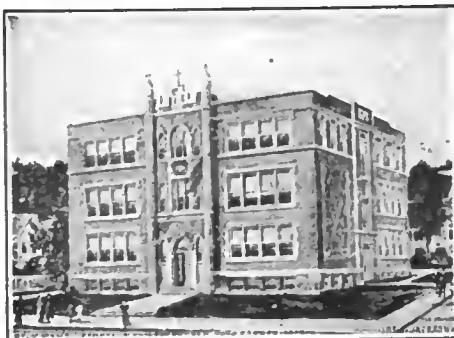
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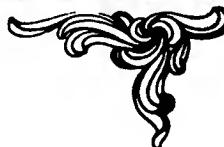
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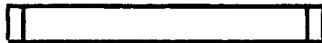
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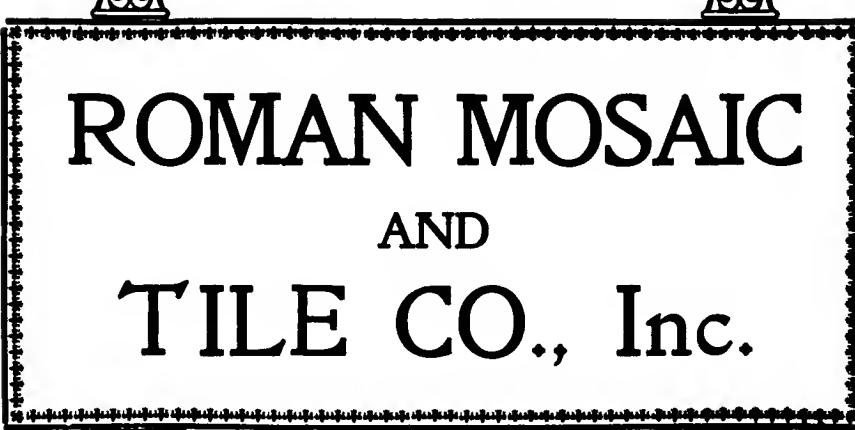
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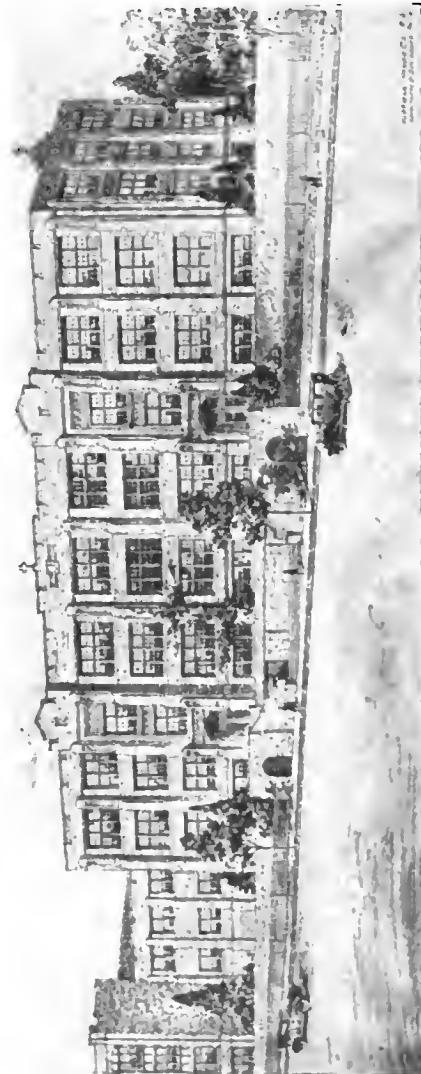
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